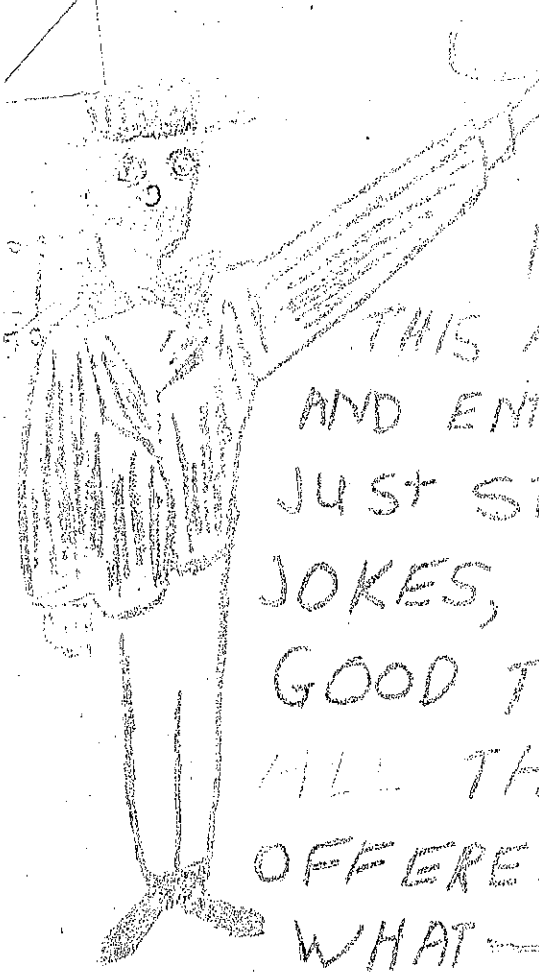
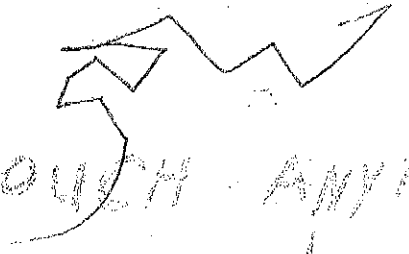
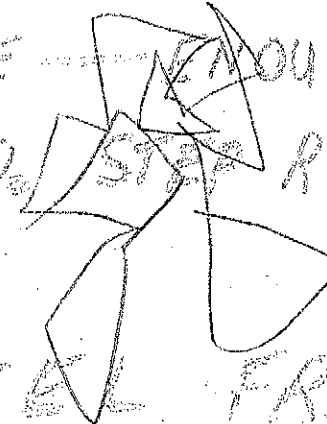


YES LADIES &  
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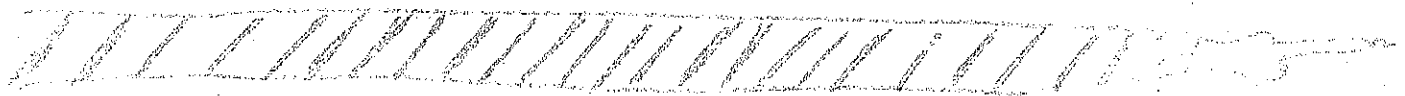


For The FIRST TIME IN  
THIS AREA — FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT  
AND ENTERTAINMENT — ABSOLUTELY FREE —  
JUST STEP INSIDE PRESENTING —  
JOKES, POETRY, DITTIES, SATIRE,  
GOOD TIMES, DANCING GIRLS —  
ALL THE LATEST CULTURE  
OFFERED TO YOU AT NO COST  
WHAT-SO-EVER. WHY YOU  
NEVER WANT TO LEAVE. SO YOU CAN

STAY FOREVER. NO OUTSIDE & JUST STEP  
INSIDE — ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY — DON'T BE  
AFRAID. STEP RIGHT THROUGH AND YOU'RE IN!



FEEL FREE TO TOUCH ANYTHING  
AND TO SPEAK OUT LOUD!



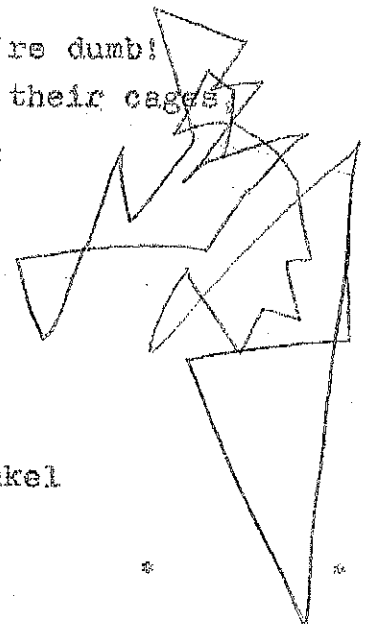
## INSCRIPTION

Someone told me  
It's all happening at the zoo.  
I do believe it,  
I do believe it's true.

It's a light and tumble journey  
From the east side to the park;  
Just a fine and fancy ramble  
To the zoo.  
But you can take the crosstown bus  
If it's raining or it's cold,  
And the animals will love it if you do.

The Monkeys stand for honesty,  
Giraffes are insincere,  
And the Elephants are kindly but they're dumb!  
Oranutans are sceptical of changes in their cages,  
And the Zookeeper is very fond of rum,  
Antelopes are missionaries,  
Zebras are reactionaries,  
Pigeons plot in secrecy,  
And Hamsters turn on frequently,  
What a gas! You gotta come and see.  
At the zoo.

- Simon and Garfunkel



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KINGSTON NEWSPAPER Issue # 1 Dec. 1969

Produced by and for the members of Kingston House

### EDITORS

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Some Things Change - Some Things Don't

Jeff Wernick

Some people believe that history repeats itself and others think the house is changing. Looking over a few Castles from Fall 1966 we found some interesting things.

There were 41 female house plans and 19 male house plans (as compared to 30 altogether now) in CHP. Castle was not allowed to be distributed to the general campus. Kingston had 72 members ( we have 77 now ) and placed 2nd in Follies. The house placed sixth in intramurals 1965 - 1966, losing to such house plans as House of York, Playboy's Penthouse and Big House. Artie Spar and Paul Karchawer ran for the S.A. Senate as Lower Freshmen and Bruce Mandel ran as a Lower Soph.

Going back a little further, I found a Kingston Yearbook for Fall 1965. Here are some excerpts that look familiar:

" We had fifty men for the entire six week prospective period (Fall 1965). After 6 weeks of smiling, laughing, shaking hands and hanging around the voting meeting took place at the house. That day will live forever in our minds, for Pres. Vic Blum, 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!"

-Mickey Kail

" Our house 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."

- Dave Mintzes (Crusader For Cleaniness)

" We always know how to come in second"

- R. Kushner 1

"We have had many complaints about our parties from the girls who attend them. One girl 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."

- Smug Eddie Brown

Well, that was Kingston House four years ago. Can you believe it? Sure - why not?

A House Is Somewhat  
Of A Strange House,  
Larry Greenberg

There are these houses from QC,  
Strange though it may be,  
Belonging to one of them is me.  
If you wonder how this all came about,  
Let me tell you to clarify your doubt.

I gave each house a stay  
To hear what they all had to say,  
Slowly my head turned into a spinner,  
With every house, the number one winner.

Shall I go down to Crown?  
The thought did wake me frown.  
And the name Big Pink must be a gag,  
Unless each member is a fag.  
And members of the House of Knight,  
Spastics all could do no right.  
Now I was in a terrible bind,  
Making Dew Drop would be a hard grind!

But, alas! The sea did split before my eyes  
As a thousand cherubs' voices went on the rise,  
And the Hamhocks soulful tune did pay homage,  
As He stepped from his golden carriage,  
Walking to his ivory booth  
Did walk the bearded Gloatche.

On his head did sit a mighty,  
A green crown made of IVY,  
REGAL robes he did wear,  
Ever present that omniscient stare.

Those who saw,  
Were in awe,  
As I watched in growing fear,  
For He held high his BAMBOO appear.

He raised his spear above the crowd,  
Silence reigned, he spoke aloud.  
His words came forth with elegance and grace,  
Then I knew which house held the number one place.

The crowd began to roar,  
My own voice I felt beginning to soar,  
It is KINGSTON, KINGSTON forever more.



day

Voting meetings are such pleasant occasions. To begin with, everyone always comes on time. We are all such early risers and would not think of keeping anyone waiting for the wonderful few minutes he will spend in front of our membership. For some reason or other, one finds the prospectives in a bit of a cold sweat prior to their appearance at the meeting. I can't possibly reason why. It appears that many of the members have a rougher time of it than anyone being voted on. They have to listen to their fellow members.

This year's meeting was not much different from years past. Even though we were lacking a few of our most prestigious jokers who have since gone on to other worlds, the membership did their usual outstanding job. We never did find out exactly who got the trophies on the mantelpiece and for what special talent.

One of our favorite questions was "What can you do for the house?" I wish some members would think about another question, "What have you done for the house?" I think that many of us would find that harder to answer than the previous question.

I've been told not to vote on sympathy. However, when I am told by that same individual to take into account that someone's car was stolen, I wonder. I am told not to vote for someone because he does not participate in sports. However, when a just excuse is given, I am told that a vote for this individual is a sympathy vote. I am also told that a death in one's family is no excuse for his not spending time at the house. I still wonder.

I am told that the membership is closer than it has been for a long time. The quiet discussions at the voting meeting certainly proved that. The short, happy lunch break made that even more evident. After all, we can still laugh together. A voting meeting can appear very funny; it can be very sad.

## The Birth Of Joe King

Jeff Hornick

This is a story about a typical Kingston member who I call "Joe King". Joe is typical in that he is involved in the same things and is capable of feeling the same emotions as everybody else. Joe is you, me, and a little bit of everybody. Somebody we acknowledge but never really know.

As a prospective joe was told to meet the guys, say hello to them, talk to them - know their names. After awhile he found out that being a prospective actually consisted of saying hello, eating out, being around and little else. Joe found it hard to be friendly and felt to talk to many of the members. "Do the guys really want me to be a quiet person and not get to know me? Maybe things will be different when I'm a member" - he thought.

Joe was voted in because he seemed to be a nice guy although nobody was really crazy about him. "He's very shy and quiet - but he's a nice guy," someone said. In fact most of the quiet and shy prospectives who seemed nice got in - it was the outgoing, friendly ones that had trouble. Anyhow, Joe figured that once he was in Kingston he would acquire fifty friends, instead, to his disappointment, he found he had only fifty acquaintances. Joe knew he wasn't a gem but somehow he felt he could do better than that.

Joe went to every scheduled event trying to get in with the members. As an active member he made a few friends but still felt alienated from the rest of the house. It seemed like many people voted on him with no intention of becoming his friend. Associating himself with only planned events Joe, naturally, started bitching how the house was not doing anything. Then he realized ("didn't anyone else realize?") that the best times to be had from the house were the unscheduled ones. Not just being around like a prospective but actually being inside and included. Sometimes there are downs and sometimes ups but neither



are scheduled.

" When does a person feel like a member? - feel he belongs. Is it when he participates in everything? Is work a measure of belonging? Do you have to go on Pae, or have a girlfriend, or paint Pollies scenery, or be- an athlete or not have a girlfriend? Is it when everybody likes you? Is it when the house is important to you? So many people offer their right arms to the house (it is hard to think that a loose, dangling arm will help the house) when what the house really needs is both arms in working order. So you can't please everyone - everyone can't please you. Why does the house have to be so polar?"

Well, Joe has been in the house for several years (too short to be an old member, too long to be naive). He has friends but his contentment is cut short by the insecure atmosphere of the house. "The house is just a skeleton - a ~~seamwork~~ framework that is drafty, it rattles and if you let go of it, it collapses. The skeleton does all the work of support and protection while the rest of the "body" just hangs on. If you cut out the "bones" or the people who are the backbone of the house - the body is left with nothing to hold on to. It doesn't take a medical expert to point to yourself or others to see who are bones and who are bodies."

It took the Mets 8 years

It only took us 6.

When you've reached the skeleton

And picked the bones clean.

What's left?

## "OUR GANG"

George Rozansky

The following is an exposé on the immoral, the corrupt and the lecherious members of a house plan known as K - House. The time, the place and the names of the characters have been changed to protect me.

It was Friday night. My name is Sgt. Friday Night, and for the past six months I have been assigned to penetrate the organization known as K - House. My purpose being to bring to the surface the indecent activities of the said group. Arriving at my destination at 8:58 PM I proceeded to walk in the front door ( or the back door - it makes no difference as it is the only door used). At 8:58.01 I confronted Belly Boy, who, confusing me for a member of the opposite sex, proceeded to put the squeeze play on me. Fighting him off, with my unmatched knowledge of karate, jujitsu and other assorted oriental combat techniques, I found myself forced into the Kitchen Area.

It was a bash night and so the Bash stood in the center of the room. Playing my part of member in good standing, I hungrily approached the bash and came into clash with "The Beards". The Beards are notorious drinkers in this organization who wouldn't give a second thought to cut your throat for a cup of that devil-made brew. After making a formal toast and passing their bloodshot, lecherious eyes I continued through the TV room.

Here was what I had been searching for! There, couples, cowering under the protection of darkness, were in various stages of LUST. Making a quick note of the situation I then entered the living room. This room was jammed. By the juke box five members, known as the Hams, were vocalizing to the song being played. Across the room seven others in a tight circle were vocalizing to the same song-in competition. Sensing the hostility, I knew blood would be flowing soon; so I walked to another corner.

Peering over my shoulder I saw a dreadful sight.

Hot Rodder was approaching. I couldn't miss him with that red beany on his head. Behind him were 13 of the ugliest, drunkenest, blasterly men I have ever seen. Immediately I wondered if my cover was blown.

Trying to maintain my cool, I greeted Hot Rodder. At once I knew my cover had been blown. The Ostrich was on my right with the Mouth. On my left was Pretty Boy and Mousey. Turning my head slowly I saw the Bitcher moving in behind me, with the Magician and Tricky Dicky bringing in the support. I was surrounded with no hope of escape.

Muscling through the circle came the leader of this motley crew. He is known as "Wolf". Barrelling up to me and looking me straight in the eyes he began to speak in that whisper type voice which has made grown men cry.

"You're a Copout, G-Man, and your number's up. Take him," he instructed.

All at once there were a million arms flying and I found myself being helplessly carried out of the house into a waiting vehicle. Before going under I vaguely remember Mousey beating me with a shoe (Boy was he vicious!). The deep, dark pools of blackness were beginning to lift, but the pain was still inside my head. I opened my eyes to the flashing yellow sign before me. It was over. I had been left to die in this pit of the wilderness. I was at Rye, N.Y..

*Sgt. Joe Friday Night*

## The Loneliness of a Kingston House Quarterback

I'm really nauseous....My stomach is tied in knots like a pretzel....My hands are shaking....A cigarette....good....that'll calm me down a bit....no good.... I can't light it....too nauseous to smoke it....it's 12:30... time to suit up....game starts at 1:00.....

Mandel at center....Duke on the left.... Dave on the right....Elwood split left....Harlowe split right....Lesser and T Gern to protect me.... Glootch the quarterback. Here comes the hike....high...low...right...left... a floater....damn Mandel...."Hit that man Duke"....beautiful....watch out for that linebacker...."Sorry Harlowe, I blew the pass"...."Hut 1, Hut 2, Hut 3"...."Gern go out"....watch the sideline....don't go over the scrimmage ....throw it hard....don't throw an interception...."Great catch Ronnie!" ...."Good Block Dave!"....screen to the left....shit, I blew that one too! ....sweep right....on set....don't slip again Duke....Nice catch Lesser!.... Mandel scores his second point!....Gern tiptoes down the sideline....Touch-down!!!!....extra point....secret play....Harlowe-block him....forget that ....split the middle linebacker....nice catch Dave! We win!!!! K.....I .....N.....G.....S.....T.....O.....N.....KINGSTON! WE'RE NUMBER 1!!!!!!!

I want to thank the members of the football team for helping me, and bearing with me while I'm learning the tricks of my new trade. Thank you and don't forget

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE NUMBER 1 WITH ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

T. Glootch

## Here-After

Jeff Wernick

I dreamt I died. I died and my soul left my body and went skyward. I flew through space for many years in a euphoric state until I saw a huge shining gate. Upon arrival, an official looking person wearing a halo handed me a white robe. "Don't I get a halo?" I asked. "No sir, you have to earn it" he replied. I entered and stretched out before me was all of the hereafter - populated, spacious, shining, glorious.

I saw billions upon billions of people raising their voices in hymns, strumming instruments, dancing and drinking a red brew out of paper cups. I was given a cupful. To my surprise it was bash!

"What's going on here?" I asked. "It's an eternal bash party!" "An eternal bash party? - fantastic!" So I sang, I danced, I drank and I never slept ("you don't have to sleep here", someone said).

After a few days of this I became tired and weary and could not find any respite in sleep. The party continued unceasingly - billions of drunk people - freaky holiday - earsplitting noise - the grotesqueness! I ran to the official - "I can't stand this! I don't want this! Please, send me away! Please send me to the other place!"

"That's quite impossible sir," he said. "This is the other place."

Our Bash

George Rozansky

I write these lyrics to thy name,  
Hoping to give you your just fame;  
But any who have seen you flow,  
Of your potency they must know.

Yours is truly a wondrous Art,  
To make people sing, dance, laugh and fart;  
To make troubles vanish from our minds,  
You with your grapefruits, lemons and limes.

The common things of which you are made,  
Are the same ingredients for lemonade.  
Except for the Vodka and Gin;  
They are added for a little sin.

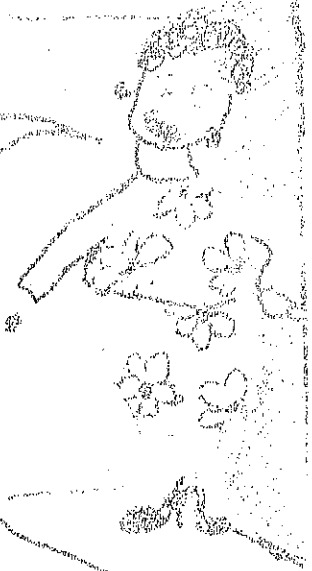
And, although others have tried their hand,  
At making a drink to wear our brand,  
Or other fakes by a different name,  
None have come close to equaling your fame.

For, at Kingston, we hold the Secret dear,  
Only told from ear to ear,  
Only told to those who care,  
Only told but once a year.

From Mandel to Gloatch it passed,  
The secret to get everyone smashed,  
And now, to Bimmel, it seems a fact,  
That he will learn the artful tact.

But, whoever may wear the shoes,  
To know the art; To make the brew,  
Only one thing I know for sure,  
That KINGSTON BASH shall ever endure.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU HAVE  
TOO MUCH STUDYING TO DO? IF  
YOU DIDN'T SPEND SO MUCH TIME  
AT THAT HOUSEPLAN YOU'D HAVE TIME!  
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A LITTLE CONSID-  
ERATION FOR YOUR PARENTS? IF IT  
WASN'T FOR US WHERE WOULD YOU BE?  
IN VIET NAM OR IN THE GUTTER-THAT'S WHERE!  
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE - MOVE OUT - GO TO WORK  
DO YOU THINK YOU KNOW MORE THAN ME? - HA!  
I WENT THROUGH THE DEPRESSION - YOU GOT IT  
EASY... NU - WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT WITH  
GIRLS OF YOUR OWN RELIGION? THERE ARE PLENTY  
OF NICE GIRLS AROUND. LISTEN TO ME - I KNOW!  
SO BE A GOOD BOY AND THROW OUT  
THE GARBAGE. YOU SHOULD ONLY GROW  
UP AND HAVE A KID WHO DOESN'T  
THROW OUT THE GARBAGE  
YOU GOT IT EASY  
EASY... EASY...  
EASY!



## THE KINGSTON FATHER - SON BREAKFAST

Harry Comerchero

"Queens College may someday have a med school ..."  
"Isn't there anymore lox or cake?" "The Fat Albert Award goes to ..."  
"Hey son, are there girls like these at Kingston all the time?" "OK! Who put the ashes in my coffee?"

These are just a few of the many sounds heard on Sun., Nov. 30 at the Kingston Father - Son Breakfast. Following the success of last term's Mother - Son Breakfast, it was only fair that this time around we give the fathers a chance to find out what kind of characters their sons are roaming around with until all hours of the night. Unfortunately, some of the fathers were more interested in studying the sample of girls we had on hand than meeting some of the guys. If you happened to notice whose father's eyes were popping out you'd understand the saying "like father, like son!" But, no matter what caught the fathers eyes, they all seemed to have had a good time.

Bergman and Scott, taking care of the group on the dais, started things rolling with a hardy welcome to the guys, their fathers and the special guests, which included Pres. McMurray of QC. At the conclusion of McMurray's speech, everyone settled down and devoured ... their bagels and lox, danishes, coffee and all the other goodies served by those sexy ladies from Dew Drop, Chalet, College Inn, Venus, D Phi E and A E Phi. (Overheard at the next table - "These girls can really serve coffee, but how are they at about two in the morning, son?" - "How should I know, Dad? You know I don't indulge in that kind of stuff!").

Then came the part of the breakfast that all the guys were waiting for - the Coof Awards. With Howie Elson away learning how to pull teeth, Harry Comerchero, the Jewish Indian with the fastest wit in the west, was called upon to do the honors. After revealing that he really wanted to grow up to be a Howie Elson, Comanche started



giving out the awards.

Bob Mirel received the Pat Albert Award - a rolly polly doll. He once said he'd give anything to go to bed with a real doll. The Speaker of the House Award went to Ira Gluck. The award was a blank piece of paper, which isn't surprising since his speeches never really say anything anyway (Ed. note - That's debatable!). Sheldon Wolf received the Organ Grinder Award. He always wanted an organ to grind with. And who else but Mark Glowatz would get the Civil Rights Award. We gave him a box of chocolate babies to take home to mommy.

The Dick Clark Dance Award, a dancing doll, went to Les Forrai. Now he'll have something to dance with at Honka Monka. The next award was a serious award - the Academy Award for the best dramatic performance by a sober Kingston member at a Good and Welfare meeting, and it naturally went to Jimmy Adler. Jimmy wasn't at the breakfast to accept his award because he was in the middle of filming his new movie - "Take My Money And Run!"

The Biafran Poster Boy Award was presented to our expert dietician Frank Lieber.... Last year he was a roll, this year he's a breadstick. The Hairstyle Of The Year Award (a book on how to rid yourself of tics, lice, and other uninvited guests) went to our own Miss Lady Clairol - Al Greenbaum (with Al Karlin running a close second!).

Before "readjournaling" one final award - The Robert Frost Award For Excellance In Speech And Diction went to none other than our beloved, but confusing, VP George Rozansky.

A large part of the success of the breakfast was due to the excellent presentation of the Awards by Comerchero. It was just great to hear 20 minutes of continuous laughter by both fathers and sons. For his first try at show business, Harry really came over big. The word is out that Arele's has offered him a job replacing some unknown, a Howie something-or-other. All in all, the entire breakfast was undoubtedly a big success. Those who were there had a terrific time, those who weren't - well, you don't know what you missed.

# KINGSTON HOUSE

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW - 1989

Jeff Wernick

Kingston House, celebrating its 28th anniversary, released their membership roster with a grand total of 177 members. When asked if such a large number of people caused a lack of unity Pres. Larry Bergman II replied - "No, of course not. Kingston will always be a close, spirited house plan. In fact, I was just talking to the Vice President - uh - um - whats-his-name. Well anyhow the Housechairman ummmm ... I think his name begins with a B or maybe an M. Well anyhow we're all good friends - that's for sure!"

Walter Goldsmith (a venerable old member) demanded that the house offer a pension fund to the elderly members. However, the motion fell flat on its face when someone kicked Walter's cane out from under him.

Treasurer Artie Spar Jr. came up with a new master plan to pay off the twenty year old Con Ed bill.

"I propose we give them \$1.98 a month and all the loose change that falls behind the couch. It won't square the bill but I figure we can leave it for the next administration."

Rabbi Mike Cohen was speechless last Friday night when he spoke for two hours and nobody laughed at any of his jokes. Said Mike two days later, after regaining his voice - "I don't understand it, nothing I said was funny to them." Face it Mike - you're just another pretty face.

House Chairman Barry Himmel, elected for the 40th straight time, in an effort to fix the house phone, offered to anyone who would wait for the serviceman - two pin ball machines, a free game of bagel-bagel, freedom from rotation for your whole life and the one and only key to the soda machine. There were no takers as the Bimmel usually gives these things to everybody anyhow.

Last Saturday afternoon Sheldon Wolf, while building Follies scenery, fainted dead away when he saw twenty-five members approaching the house. Unfortunately, these members had come to the house for a massive card game and

and not to build scenery. When Shel (still under the impression they came to help) was revived all he could say was - "in all my twenty-two years never have so many people showed up at one time - unreal!" The card players, impressed by Shel's faith in them, nobly interrupted their game and sparing no effort played another hand in Shel's honor. Now that's spirit!

Everybody knows that Kingston House has been producing fine leaders for twenty years. However, no member ever reached the pinnacle of height as Ira Gluck who today won the Presidency Presidency of the United States with a brilliant campaign platform. The complete text of Pres. Gluck's ( or as his friends call him - "Ducky Glucky" ) campaign is reprinted below:

