



THE WILDCAT



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THE WHEATLEY SCHOOL, OLD WESTBURY, NY

Vol. 50 No. 2

First Principal Mr. Boyan Reflects on Wheatley's Origins

by Norman J. Boyan

I deeply regret that I cannot be with you personally to celebrate The Wheatley School's 50 Anniversary. Thanks to an electronically talented neighbor and good friend, I am able to join you vicariously.

Others on this platform can speak to the 47 years since I left the school in 1959 to take a post at the University of Wisconsin, but I can tell you a bit about the first three years. As we assembled here in September I knew we had an opportunity to do something unique, to start a school de novo. We were full of hope and promise, which we both enjoyed and fulfilled.

Why the name Wheatley? Early architectural drawings referred only to East Williston Junior-Senior High School. The school board, however, wanted

to find a name which fit the entire school district. After the board discovered that the name

"Wheatley" had years earlier been associated with the school district, the members quickly coalesced on that name. The choice led some to believe that ours was a private school. Some of you may recall that only recently, Wheatley was not included in a national ranking of public secondary schools because the raters thought it was, indeed, a private school. No matter. The Wheatley School very early became a name which all of us of can and do cite with pride in the roll of outstanding public high schools.

How many of you remember that before 1955, 9th through 12 graders from the East Williston School District attended Mineola High School, with tuition paid by the district? In 1955 we began weaning ourselves away from Mineola, opening a junior high school division,

Grades 7 through 9, on the second floor of the Willets Road School. As we prepared our-

selves to enter the new Wheatley building in 1956, we debated whether we should recall an entire grade level from Mineola so that we could open with a Grade 7 through 11 school. Happily, we decided to do so, despite some unease in the community. The group who returned from Mineola included a cadre of outstanding school leaders as well as the heart of our undefeated football team of 1957-58 and an equally strong basketball team.

The Wheatley School very early became a name which all of us of can and do cite with pride

Was the new building ready on time? Not by a long shot. When the students arrived in September 1956, they shared the building with workmen who were still crawling all over the place. We learned how to cope with no lunchroom, no auditorium, no gymnasium, no science labs, no shops, no art rooms, and a balky heating system. One glitch did work out in a fascinating way. We had ordered 2400 locker locks, one for each hall locker and one for each gym locker. Only 1200 were delivered. What to do? We decided, for reasons which I really can't recall, to put the locks on gym lockers and left hall lockers without locks. Wheatley was then, and some years to come, the only secondary school in the area where hall lockers went without locks, a condition which often shocked visitors.

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Schedule of Events

- Friday, October 20:**
 - 8:00 am - 2:30 pm - Open House
 - Evening - Individual Class Parties
- Saturday, October 21:**
 - 9:00 am - 12 noon - Home Sports Games on fields
 - 2:00 pm - 3:00 pm - SWS "Come and Go," SWS room
 - 3:00 pm - 4:00 pm - Alumni Art Show Lobby
 - 3:00 pm - 3:45 pm - Wheatley Former Athletes, Auxiliary Gym
 - 4:00 pm - 5:15 pm - Formal 50th Anniversary Ceremony, Gym
 - 5:15 pm - 6:15 pm - "Meet and Greet" for each class - Assigned Rooms
 - 6:15 pm - 11:30 pm - Celebration Dinner and Dance
- Sunday, October 22:**
 - 8:30 am - 11:30 am - Sixth Annual East Williston Walk-A-Thon for Charity - Wheatley
 - 12:00 pm - 2:00 pm - Picnic, Wheatley grounds

Wheatley's 50th Anniversary Provides a Time to Reflect on Its History

by Mili Mehta

To the Wheatley alumni: welcome! As you walk through the newly (relatively speaking) renovated hallways of Wheatley, you're bound to notice major changes in the building, faculty, and atmosphere of the school you once called your own. It's a strange feeling to see the building you once knew so well inhabited by new youngsters. For both alumni and current students, the high school which both call their own has undergone many changes. You are not the only class that ever occupied the school—your yearbook has been or will be shelved away like many before and after



The showcases in the lobby show off Wheatley memorabilia through the years.

you. However, Wheatley has endured change throughout the decades, for its yearbook is life-long.

How about a blast from the past for all you returning alumni, desperately searching to find the school you once knew? Here's a chance for Wheatley's current students to become aware of the history and transformations of their current medium of education. As for the building layout itself, the "hospital wing" was not coated with the fresh white paint and shiny new tiles that scuff marks are left on today. Nor was that pseudo-spaceship-like thing that suddenly landed there a couple of years ago—that surprised the alumni, didn't it? No one knew that extraterrestrials had been invited to attend their alma mater.

Originally, the current sci-

ence wing was home to the library, currently known as the "Information Media Center." Of course, the library, far from needing the name of "media center," was old-fashioned in the modern sense with card catalogs and more books than laptops. Eventually, the library was moved to the current multi-purpose room's location, which made it necessary for all students to walk through the haven of books and learning on the way to classes. Instead of the main office, the home economics class for girls was situated near the front door. Wheatley had its very own auto shop where the district offices

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Mr. Boyan Remembers

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especially when they heard that we experienced almost no pilfering or other disturbance to student possessions. They were even more shocked when they learned that once a month, all students cleaned out their lockers and washed the doors.

Were we from the start a conventional secondary school? Not really. For example, in our administrative organization, we departed from the norm of the day when we established the position of Curriculum Associate as part of an extended principalship, instead of the more traditional Department Head. The pattern was later copied in secondary schools in other places as a vehicle for the improvement of instruction. We also developed a unique arrangement for inducting new

teachers, which did not last very long at Wheatley, but became the basis for a teacher internship program at the University of Wisconsin-Madison for a period

a modest "school within a school" program in the junior high division.

Some other things I remember, a few on the lighter side:

(1) the student vote on school colors in favor of red and white (I wanted grey and green); (2) really short-skirted uniforms for cheerleaders (I wanted longer skirts, but could not fight the coalition of cheerleaders and my wife.); (3) the day the undefeated football team threw Assistant Principal Wes Wathey and me into the showers (a pact we made with the team if it went the entire season without a loss); (4) the first formal

prom, an incredibly beautiful night, held on the night of a raging snow storm; (5) the student-faculty basketball game, won by the students, during which I wore a false Mohawk hair-do and after which I gave up my dream to play point guard for the Boston Celtics;

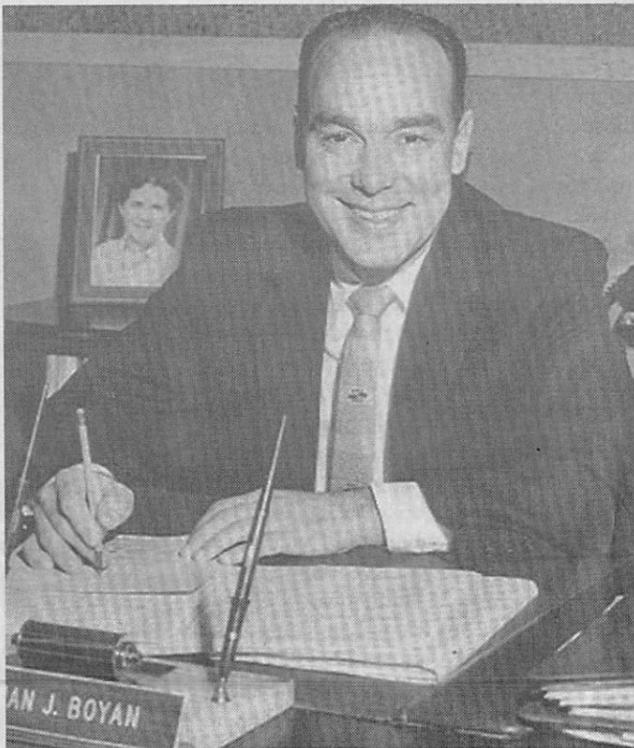
(6) the Northside School fire which brought 4th, 5th, and 6th graders to Wheatley for the better part of a year; (7) the time the football team came in from practice to see the principal's wife trying out our new trampoline and cheered her on; (8) the surprisingly calm acceptance by students and parents of a prohibition against wearing jeans to school (How would that fly today?); and (9) that final assembly program for me when the band played "On Wisconsin" and Wes Wathey presented me a red Wheatley "W," still in my possession, along with the Wheatley ring given me by the first graduating class.

It is the people who make the difference in the life of a school

All the while, we did have fun and we did lay the foundation for a highly successful educational experience which faculty and students have continuously nurtured over the years. We learned then, as all of you have come to know, that it is the people who make the difference in the life of a school. We were fortunate then to find the people, both locally and continuously recruited from far beyond the New York City metropolitan area, who did the job so well, then and later.

We did lay the foundation for a highly successful educational experience

I thank you deeply for this opportunity to reminisce. You have helped me to bring back warm and happy memories of an earlier time and of people who have affected my life to the good. I count the years I spent in this school among the most enjoyable and productive of my adult life, made so by the unusual mix of faculty, staff, students, and patrons who offered such genuine and generous support. Institutions, like people, however warm and satisfying memories of the past may be, must look to the future. So it is that I hope for all of you who now carry the Wheatley torch continued success and great accomplishment. Best wishes to all of you who find here today joyful memories of the past and to all who look forward to the next Anniversary celebration. I cannot leave you, however, without saying a special word of thanks to all of Wheatley's principals, but most especially to Wes Wathey, a true and loyal colleague, who served Wheatley so well in the beginning and for so long afterward.



Norman J. Boyan

of time. We put in place a rotating schedule which permitted all classes, which met only four days a week for an extended time, to share in the most productive and least productive times of the school day. We set up an Honors Study Hall system monitored primarily by the students themselves. And we established

Changing Technology

by Evelyn Tegnell

We came to our respective schools, I to the Wheatley School and Gordon to Garden City High, in the fall of 1960. At that time, the business department was located across the hall from the office. My 8th grade typing classes were too large for the number of typewriters, and so I would rotate one row out each day. Later, many students remarked how helpful that thirteen week typing course proved to be.

Soon the business department was moved to larger rooms. The Wheatley School was a first in providing electric typewriters for its students. A year before

my retirement in 1979, we installed a word processor/computer...big box. I remember Frank saying, "Come, let's learn

this computer," and can you believe I replied, "Computers will never happen in my lifetime."

Wonderful memories of Wheatley flood my mind. The warm faculty relationships, my students,

(many of whom keep in touch) and the pride we felt being a part of such a great school. How can we not say thank you to the association officers and the school board for our contracts that enable us to live comfortably in retirement?

Happy 50th.



Evelyn Tegnell

The Physics of Cattle Herding and Frisbee Throwing

by Janice Wang, class of 1973

Physics class began with a brand new teacher (Dr. X for the purpose of this article), who purportedly was formerly a college professor. As became quickly apparent, he had no experience in high-school "crowd control." The class was bored one day, and not particularly interested in what he had to say, when suddenly the guys in the class started "mooing." En masse, the guys were mooing softly like a herd of cows. The teacher kept lecturing and writing on the board... no reaction. The guys continued to moo and started shifting their desks forward and back. Again, no reaction. I couldn't tell if the teacher was ignoring us, or just unable to hear, because he had a very large, very visible hearing aid in

each ear. As the noise escalated, he periodically glanced at the class, which of course, would become instantly silent, so he would continue with his lesson. It wasn't until the noise escalated into a full-scale "cattle stampede" and the desks had moved a full foot forward that he finally told us to stop, at which point the class erupted into laughter, and the lesson began.

Suddenly the guys in the class started "mooing."

On another day, same class, same teacher... it was a beautiful day, and everyone was staring wistfully into the sunny, grassy quadrangle (at least I was—and you all thought I was

such an attentive student?). It was the middle of class and the entire school was dead quiet when some noise burst out in the quad. A couple of students (not from our classroom) ran outside and started throwing a Frisbee back and forth. We all stared in surprise, since no one was ever seen in the quad during class time.

For some reason, our teacher opened the emergency window—a hinged glass panel above the radiators that was never open—and jumped out into the quad to apprehend the students. As soon as he ran out, the students ran back into the school. Dr. X reentered through the window. As he closed the window, we heard a throat-clearing cough from the hallway. Dr. Belasco, head of the Science Department, was standing outside looking with bemused shock at the new-hire.

Herb Wheeler Rolled Through Wheatley

by Herb Wheeler

By way of introduction, I must tell you that the way in which I came to teach at the school was somewhat out of the ordinary. After holding several math teaching and administrative positions during many years in the Berkshires of Western Massachusetts at minimal salaries which barely supported a family of five, I decided it was time to move on. Accordingly, when the Federal Government under the National Science Foundation announced a program of Academic Year Institutes for post graduate training of math and science teachers, I applied and was accepted. I was to have a fully paid year-in-residence at Harvard, taking courses beyond those I had taken there for my Bachelor's and Masters' degrees. In addition, I could receive a stipend for my family. Presumably this would allow the United States to catch up with the Soviets who that year had successfully put the first satellite, Sputnik, into space.

My year completed, I had to find a job for the next year. With this in mind, I hid myself to

suppose was seated there? Dr. Norman Boyan, principal of a new school, The Wheatley School. After introductions all around, a second meeting with Dr. Boyan, a first visit and tour of the school, and an interview with Jack Devlin, math and science department chairman, I was hired to teach math the next year.

The period of the 60s and 70s was somewhat unsettled as Dr.



Herb Wheeler

Boyan left at the end of my first year and the board of education, depending on Wes Wathey, vice-principal, to fill in the gaps, scoured the country to find someone to succeed Dr. Boyan. After several abortive trials, the

they appointed Wes to be principal. At the time, there was considerable unrest among the students as they sought to eliminate traditional restrictions and gain more freedom to manage their own affairs.

Some sort of student government was needed. Rejecting the usual, they opted for a Town Meeting as most democratic. At regular intervals, all those students who wished, with a moderator whom they elected, met in the auditorium to discuss and open those issues of current importance to them. Anyone could speak by lining up to await his turn at one of two microphones. Committees could be formed as needed. Wes asked Warren Loring and me to advise.

Despite my misgivings about the size of the group, the meetings were orderly and business was conducted smoothly, in part due to the talents of Todd Glickman, who was elected moderator, and in part due to the flexibility and wise oversight of Wes Wathey who met regularly with the moderator and me to discuss the Town Meetings. After high interest, eventually

At the time, there was considerable unrest among the students

Once my position at Wheatley seemed secure, my wife and I bought a house in Huntington, from which I commuted to Old Westbury, frequently by bicycle. One day (must have been a holiday), a group of my students on bikes passed me going in the opposite direction. I thought of organizing a school cycling club. When I put out a call for members, the response was encouraging. From that day until I retired, the Wheatley Cycling Club was a regular part of our extra-curricular activities.

We took short rides after school on Fridays, luncheon rides on many weekends, and overnight camping trips once or twice a year, when our bikes, food and gear would be trucked to a reserved campsite out east and we would spend all of one or two days taking exploratory

comparable help in planning and organizing our activities for many years.

Many Nassau County high schools belonged to the Mathletes, an organization which conducted contests, sessions held in member schools, involving the timed solution of mathematics problems of a more difficult nature or off beat variety from those encountered in the regular curriculum.

When Wheatley came of age, that is to say finally reached the end of the growth process by which it gained a class each year, until there was a senior class, and thus a complete mathematics curriculum for secondary school, the math department decided to join the Mathletes. Jack Devlin asked me to be the advisor. Actually, apart from organizing and squirting the group to and from meets, there wasn't a great deal to do. Coaching in advance was impossible. I generally met with the students after the meet to critique the results and discuss the problems and to answer questions. Any advance preparation simply was the result of what they learned in their regular classes with an excellent set of teachers. On the whole the

the Graduate School of Education Employment. When I explained my mission, who do you

board finally became aware that the best qualified man had been under their noses all the time and

the student government faded away because the students had obtained all their objectives.

rides around the east end of the South Fork. Here again I must cite Todd Glickman for his in-

of teachers. On the whole the Wheatley math team performed at least as well as any, if not better.

What Have We Left Behind?

by Christine (D'Elia) Staricka, Class of 1992

I took a ridiculous amount of time to consider what I should contribute to this special edition. I planned a humorous retrospective of Wheatley teachers, a sentimental essay about the wonderful advice I received in my 5 years there, a sort of inside look at SWS and how it affected my lifelong learning style. All would have adequately showcased how I feel about my alma mater, and all would likely have presented the reader a picture of my life today and how it was shaped by my Wheatley experience.

Each one, though, seemed to center around displaying my personal story and how, although I am different from other Wheatley graduates, I look back as fondly as they. But am I really so different? Aren't we all unique? Then why do we spend so much of our high school time trying to prove how alike we are? We want to fit in; we hope to blend and be part of the crowd. So where is the turning point- the magical moment we realize that everyone's story

is what makes them interesting?

Although I am different from other Wheatley graduates, I look back as fondly as they

As an adult, making friends entails discovering commonalities, reasons to invest time in this new, other person. When we were younger, simply being together at school was reason enough. We gleaned background information gradually as children, but when we grow older we are flattered when someone takes the time to inquire about and to truly listen to our past. I believe that for most people, the turning point comes in the years which immediately follow high school, whether in college or the military or during a person's first job.

Leaving the comfort zone of the community in which we grew up and trying to make our own

place in the world is a process whose very foundation is establishing our background. Leaving Wheatley is what we have in common, readers. What did we leave when we walked out that door for the last time?

We left the faculty, an astoundingly well-educated group of people who know that the easiest way to help a child succeed is to believe in him. To simply expect the best of the students in one's classroom puts a great honor and responsibility on those students and makes them want to work hard to live up to the teacher's dreams.

Many in a graduating class have known each other nearly all their lives

We left the student body, a religiously and economically diverse group of teenagers whose friendship and history of being

schooled together provide each one with a solid base from which to grow. A high school where the student body draws from just one middle school, which draws from just one elementary school, is a relatively rare thing in America. It's not simply the small class size which enriches the Wheatley experience but the fact that many in a graduating class have known each other nearly all their lives.

We left our own imprints on the history of Wheatley

We left a generous and resourceful school district which provides far above and beyond what is required for the high school graduate throughout his years at Wheatley. From the modern, clean buildings and facilities to the well-kept athletic fields, from the current and best-available computers to the well-appointed music and art departments, Wheatley, for many stu-

dents, proves to be a better environment in which to learn than many of the institutions at which they continue their education.

We left the Wheatley tradition of teaching using the best and newest methods available, of never being afraid to try a new approach to disseminating information. Each department at Wheatley works together to ensure that the students are not only learning the content they need to graduate, but also gaining the skills to continue learning for the rest of their lives.

Finally, we left our own imprints on the history of Wheatley. Each of our unique childhoods and families, each of our portfolios of schoolwork and test results, each of our contributions to the arts and music departments, each of our athletic competition statistics, each of our personalities are woven together in the history of the school we have in common. This newspaper itself is a testament to the input we have all had in creating a school where excellence is expected and where excellence is achieved.

Then And Now: What Differences Do Four Decades Make?

by Paul Hennessy, class of 1960

Can it really be four plus decades since we earned diplomas from that pioneering school in Old Westbury with the distinctively unpublic name?

The power of the time resides in our memories—of friendships, fun, first loves, some wins, a few losses, and a lot of learning in many ways.

Looking back, with hindsight's advantage, The Wheatley School was a unique place—a very unusual combination of towns that formed a high school. And while the student body wasn't "diverse" in a contemporary sense, there was enough variety that it felt almost multicultural for suburban Long Island, 1950's vintage.

Tales of the Library

by Evelyn Barrow

I had been Lillian Shapiro's replacement for one term at Willets Road, while attending that be realized that two professionals were needed to run a proper library for the number of students that Wheatley had then.

They also wanted to try keeping the library open two nights a week. I was just finishing my MLS at Post and was offered the job, but still had a few more months to go. I don't know how I got together with Esther Rothstein, but we kind of sold ourselves as a package—we would share the job. We promised they would never have to call a sub; we were both qualified, and we were each willing to come in, one night a week from 6 to 8. And so it came to pass.

One of my early nights was April 4, 1968, the day Martin Luther King was assassinated. I remember coming to the Study Center with a small portable radio, sitting glued to it with not another soul in the building. There may have been a custodian, but he was not visible. It was such a momentous event that it felt scary to be there alone.

There was never enough use of the Study Center after school hours to justify keeping it open, but they did keep the second professional position. Thus, we lived happily ever after for ten years, until we were transferred to Willets Road—not by choice. But that too was another experience...

It was a spirited group who was the first class to travel the full four years from '56 to '60, taught by talented and enthusiastic teachers, coaches and administrators. How did our Wheatley experience change us? And, more importantly, how have we since grown, matured, thrived, struggled, endured, and, in some cases, helped raise the next generation?

The answer to the first question was that we were shaped in countless ways we dimly understood—much like our own teenagers. Probably the simplest summary is "I'm a part of all I've met"—having lived, loved, laughed, and played with a delightfully unlikely group of co-conspirators.

Our good fortune was to grow up in a fascinating, though protected, time and place—a peaceful "eye" before many storms to come. From the con-

temporary perspective of 9/11 plus five, as I write this, our innocence "back in the day" was striking, though we would never have admitted it then.

The class of 1960 graduated in the glow of optimistic prospects

The class of 1960 graduated in the glow of optimistic prospects, inspired by the promise of an exciting, young president who seemed to be talking directly to us when he spoke of "passing the torch to a new generation." We responded confidently, many joining the Peace Corps and other idealistic causes, armed with the belief

that we could and would make a difference.

The assassinations of John Kennedy—and later his brother, Robert, and Martin Luther King—created profound changes in our mentality (and humility). The Vietnam War also loomed large, especially for those serving there, but significantly influenced all of our perceptions of reality, decision-making, morality, and foreign policy.

No longer the Rolling Stones, but not yet the Grateful Dead, most of us wouldn't choose to time-machine back to those thrilling days of yesteryear, but there's a fascination in remembering what it was like—and what we were like—especially with others who shared the experience. It is not a matter of wanting to live in the past; rather just not wanting to lose it completely.

Selected Responses from class survey

Most vivid memories of Wheatley years 1956 to 1960:

- spirit and pride in the new school
- closeness of the class-camaraderie, affection among friends, much laughter
- innocence of a simpler time, parties, a safe feeling, lockers without locks
- reckless energy of youth, driving the back roads of L.I. with few cares
- competition on and off athletic fields, very successful athletic teams
- beautiful, unattainable women, and being too shy to talk to them
- a close community of diverse people

Elsie Bodnar on the Origins of Aurora

by Elsie Bodnar

How did Aurora come to be?

doors on Bacon Road, we had no senior class. The juniors came mainly from Mineola and were an unhappy lot. They missed their former classmates, teachers and activities. They were especially worried they would not experience the usual senior "entitlements," and they wanted a yearbook, as much for memories as for college applications. A small delegation approached me requesting help. I don't know to this day how they knew I had been yearbook advisor in my former school in Pennsylvania. I was taken aback. I thought I had left all that behind. I was not prepared to assume all those responsibilities again, but the students looked so distressed that I reluctantly agreed.

How did Aurora come to be?

I warned them that they would have to work harder than they then realized. We would have to work starting from scratch. We had no work place, no equipment, no supplies, no seed money with which to start. We had NOTHING! As I spoke, I recalled that in my former school, I had shared responsibilities with a colleague who took care of the finances (sales, bills, supplies, etc.). I supervised the editorial, photographic and artistic end. When I realized I would now have to

do it all alone, I was ready to panic; they were ready to work.

My memory is fuzzy about how much we accomplished they recruited classmates over summer vacation. I was not sure the students who volunteered were well suited for their assign-



Elsie Bodnar

ments. I did not yet know the students well enough to judge, but it turned out that the editors had chosen well.

We met in my classroom. Later, we inherited a janitor's broom closet down the hall from my room, in which we could store a used, slightly abused typewriter, a file cabinet (also used and battered) and supplies as we acquired them. It was a tight squeeze for two or three of us to work there, so we shuttled back and forth from my classroom to the broom closet. We did our best to make the proverbial lemonade.

Early in the school year in English class, we read the Greek plays and included the mythology. When the name Aurora,

goddess of the dawn and the beginning of things, attracted their attention, I crossed my fingers and hoped. They did yearbook, despite the grumbling of the boys who wanted a name from their athletic team, or wild animals, or Indian chiefs, or such. Aurora prevailed.

As I think back over the years to all the Aurora staff members, it is with the greatest of admiration I remember them.

It was not difficult to sell the yearbook to the seniors, but I fear they strong-armed the under-classmen. We decided we could not accept their payments in installments. We needed full payments in order to meet our quarterly payments to the publisher. If we were a little short, I contributed whatever I could. The business staff also sold doughnuts after school. Whoever had a car was given permission to leave early from a free period to bring back the doughnuts—fresh, aromatic and warm from the ovens—I can smell them now. They sold well. But I'd be horrified at the thought of selling all that

sugar and transfat today.

We couldn't afford the highest quality paper, or the finest material for the cover, or an elaborate design for the cover. The yearbook representative was generous enough to sketch a rising sun with sunbeams reaching out to a new day, a new beginning. That design in one configuration or another served as the Aurora logo in ensuing years. Each year proved a little easier, but no less demanding. When I was first asked by a few of my top colleagues how much I was compensated for my time, I was surprised to realize I was working pro bono. They had a fit! I had been too busy to think about such matters. It was not until several years later that I received any remuneration.

To my knowledge, the most well-known Aurora editor-in-chief was Carol Alt. She became a famous fashion model whose beautiful face appeared on countless magazine covers. She then acted in movies in Italy. In recent years, I saw her selling cosmetics on Q.V.C.

It saddened me over the years that neither the school at large nor the senior class in particular ever realized how hard their classmates had worked to produce their yearbook each year.

As I think back over the years to all the Aurora staff members, it is with the greatest of admiration I remember them.

I send greetings and best wishes to all,

With Fond Remembrances
Miss 'B'

The Beginnings of PE: Before There Was a Gym

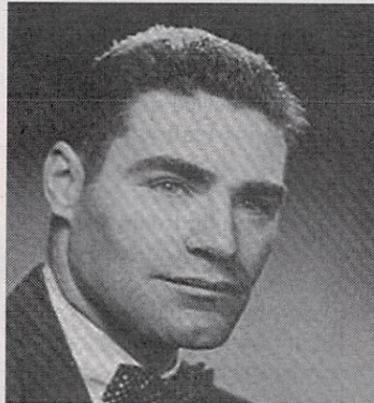
by Jack Davis

The Wheatley School PE Department staff as of 1956 included: Fred Brightman, chairman Jack "Cat" Davis who also coached Football and later, Bill Lawson.

The first class of juniors had many good football players from Mineola High School

Shelley Maskin was a guidance counselor and coached basketball, Bill "Bear" Stevenson coached wrestling and soccer, Audrey Erikson was

head of the girls' PE department and coached field hockey. Audrey was a member of the U.S. Field Hockey team that played in the Olympics. Lori



Jack Davis

Wilson Roux joined the staff later as a field hockey coach and gym teacher. Dr. Paul Nodell came on board as department

chairman between 1958 and 1959. The first class of juniors had many good football players from Mineola High School, maintaining a terrific, undefeated record for several years, and so they were the backbone of a fledgling Wheatley team.

They were the backbone of a fledgling Wheatley team

At first, all P.E. classes were taught in the 300 corridor and the focus was on health, since the gym did not have a floor. As for the teams, football and soccer, all sessions were held outdoors. In 1958, the gym finally opened for indoor sports.

Reflecting on Varsity Wrestling

by Bill "Bear" Stevenson

I began teaching full time K through 6th grade at North Side School in September of 1956, and also coached the Wheatley School varsity wrestling team. Wrestling took front and center stage after just a short period of time and we became Nassau County champs several times. As the team would say "We were the smallest school beating some of the largest schools in Nassau." I also became the varsity wrestling coach and taught several of my students pole vaulting skills for several years. There were so many talented, skillful, gifted players in

those two sports that I don't have enough space to list all their names and their marvelous accomplishments for fear of omitting anyone...but my wife and I will be at The Wheatley School bash and look forward to meeting as many of my former students as possible. I do remember Irwin August "Auggie" joined me and coached the junior high wrestling team. He then coached cross county and his crew were inducted on November, 2005 into the Wheatley Hall of Fame. He introduced our fitness program and was the varsity club advisor before moving on to the college level.

A Brief Timeline

by Alice Visco

1951 - "Gen" Batchelder rode her bike every morning from her house in East Williston (up the street) to North Side. A big high

Because of this, part time instruction was reinstated. K-3 had to move to Temple Sinai. We had to share their classrooms.

On Fridays at 3:00, we took

Ms. Zimet Remembers

English, French, Spanish

by Sylvia Zimet

I joined the Wheatley staff in the fall of 1959. At that time, Harold Wells was department chairman of Foreign Language and English. He interviewed me and was impressed that I had two majors, English and French, as well as a master's degree in Spanish. He needed me to teach two sections of English and three sections of French, I was hired.

Rick Frazoni, Joe Fradkin, Anna Schmerzler, Dr. Sylvia Scheinin, and Joan Feindler

were some of my colleagues. Eventually, the language department needed their own chairman, and David Kotkofe became the

head of the department. However, it was a short stay of one year and when replacement time came again, Joan Feindler took



Sylvia Zimet

the a greater need for my expertise in French and Spanish.

I have been living in Florida since 1998.

over - the best choice!

Gradually, the number of students interested in taking additional language courses doubled over the years. At that point, I was transferred to the foreign language department due to

stool was her chair as she conducted the class.

With Mr. Sprague, Principal, at its helm, North Side became part-time, as Willets Road was being completed.

My morning first grade classroom was part of the cafeteria. Teachers ate their lunch at the other end while I was teaching.

1952 - The "big move" to Willets Road, one class at a time on the school bus, teachers, students, and as many materials as one could carry.

It was Frank Heroy's first year as principal of North Side when the big fire, which started in the art room, severely damaged the back part of North Side.

On Fridays at 3:00, we took all our materials off the bulletin boards and packed them away until Monday, when we redecorated the room. It was a lot of work, but we learned lots through this experience.

We did have our "laughing" moments. Bob Neidich and Joe Visco enjoyed some humorous times in the teacher's room. They had gone fishing and caught a spider crab. Our music teacher was afraid of all "crawly" creatures, so they decided to put the crab in her music file. What a screech she uttered when she opened the file drawer!

It was all clean fun!

Life After Wheatley

by Lynn Howard Severe, class of '63

As a nurse for forty years, I have many amazing stories. I have worked and taught in all areas of the field, and when I ran out of them, I created new ones. Most recently, and still on going, is one which I began, called "cosmetic dermatology." This field has been the most satisfying as it combines all the components of past experiences that I most enjoyed. I help people look better, and when they look better, they feel better...and the results are generally immediate. Pretty fantastic!! I have a library named after me, and am now in *Who's Who*

in America.

I have also been a volunteer with a fire department in Colorado, where I have responded to calls for help with car accidents, gun shots wounds, and field fires. I remember one emergency call where I was in command, and found it necessary to call in two additional fire departments in order to contain the blaze. We saved three houses with their propane tanks that day.

Now, in addition to my practices in Arizona and Colorado, I watch over archaeological sites in the Sonoran Desert and try to preserve them from vandalism. Perhaps not quite as exciting, but important just the same.

Vivid Memories of the Sixties

by Diana Noble Rubinger, class of '66

We were in the auditorium and suddenly the back doors were flung open. One of our teachers started screaming, "Stop this, stop, the President has been shot!" The auditorium became silent and the students filed out to their homerooms. While we walked through the halls, everything appeared in

slow motion, including the bus ride home.....

On a lighter note, in that same auditorium, Mr. Wathey announced that we were not permitted to hold hands in school! Even in the early 60's that seemed ridiculous, but now that I am teaching inner city students about the same age as we were during that announcement, it seems just hysterical.

When I was demonstrating to

my students potential and kinetic energy, I gave them some examples: An unnamed teacher throwing chalk at her students, another unnamed teacher flicking boogers, a student being put in the closet with the class skeleton (what kind of energy was that?)

We were bright and focused. I don't think we ever could have had a better education!

The Levins Reflect on their Experience at a New School

by Lee and Larry Levin

When I came to Wheatley in 1959, Norman Boyan was the principal (leaving almost immediately). Warren Loring was chairman of the Social Studies Dept. and Stu Doig is the colleague I remember.

Everything was new and different and challenging

I had come from the City, where kids raised their hands when they wanted to answer and the Wheatley kids quickly disabused me of that idea. They didn't have to raise their hands to answer.

Dr. Neil Sullivan, the new superintendent-who died recently-came in on my second period class the first day, and Clayton Akin, the principal, came in the last period. I was nervous. It didn't happen that way in the City schools; but

both classes had gone fine. There was a nice young lady in one of my classes who played the viola and went on to play in



Larry Levin

the New York Philharmonic, where I'd see her playing!!

I had just married, gotten a new apartment, and had a baby on the way to be born fairly soon-everything was in order. I had gone from a settled position of teaching social studies and English in the Bronx to a

new public school on the Island where I was to teach only social studies. Everything was new and different and challenging.

I had come from the City, where kids raised their hands when they wanted to answer and the Wheatley kids quickly disabused me of that idea.

Stu Doig and Warren Loring were marvelously supportive, creative and innovative. The team teaching we developed was exciting and fulfilling. I'll never forget our working together. It was great.

Wheatley Leaves an Impression

by Leslie Schiller, class of 1963

To all our precious teachers and staff,

My name is Leslie Schiller (Fisher), Class of '63, and I hope that I am not intruding on your privacy by writing to you. I am just one of the thousands of lives that you have touched during your special time spent at Wheatley, and on behalf of all of those Wheatley students, I wanted you to know that your impact on us was far greater than you can ever imagine. You have unknowingly served as phenomenal role models and mentors, helped us to learn to get along with and to respect others, intergenerationally as well, opened the world to us with great enthusiasm, helped shape our life perspectives, helped us to learn to think critically and communicate effectively...and guided us to look beyond ourselves, encouraging us to impact our world in a positive way. You were such an inspiration that

many of our career and life choices have been made because of you. You've given us a multitude of tools which we have depended heavily upon and will continue to carry with us for use and inspiration throughout our life journeys. For all this and more we will be eternally grateful to you. You are, and always will be, a part of who we are and what we continue to becomeand you will never ever be forgotten!

You are, and always will be, a part of who we are

Our desire as students of yours, now quite grown up, is to finally have the chance to "in person" communicate our deep appreciation to you and to reflect back to you how much your life's work helped make us who we are.

Memories of a Wheatley Football Player

by Charles Schmid, class of 1958

There comes a time in life when one no longer asks: "Where I am I going?" but instead "How did I get here?" Maybe it was just this latter question, along with thinking about the upcoming 50th year celebration this fall, which prompted my recent visit to Wheatley.

I had a little extra time between business meetings while back on Long Island, so I dropped by Wheatley. Rick Simon, the current principal, was nice enough to insert me into his schedule for an informative tour of the school, which our class was the first to enter in 1956, creating many of its traditions before graduating two years later. My first thought on the tour was how interesting it was that a sense of place serves as a catalyst for bringing back the past after a half century: classrooms where Miss Bodnar taught English and Mr. Loring taught American history, the gymnasium which held exciting basketball games, and the auditorium - the scene for our plays and concerts, etc. Other recollections did not occur immediately for the simple reason that some places no longer exist other than in my mind! If I recall my guided tour correctly, the shop is now the superintendent's office. Miss

Tinghitella's typing room has long since been converted into one of the many computer rooms. Instead of one science room there are now three. The new library is a very attractive addition and fits into the older 1950s architecture.

The brief dose of nostalgia mixed in with the new soon led me to realize that what was important here was not bricks and mortar which remain intact after 50 years, but what went on inside our old school is still intact 50 years later. This message emerged as Rick Simon described the education of students today. His words were reinforced by our passing conversations with students and teachers, along with my observation of students as they wandered down halls and participated in classes. Even though the tour was brief, I sensed that students are still eager, and being encouraged to learn by their teachers, who are well qualified to teach them. Looking at our old yearbook the *Aurora*, or reading early editions of the newspaper *Wheatley Wildcat*, I see faces and read words of classmates and teachers from years ago which convey the same story. (You have to forget the haircuts.)

During the tour we ran into a couple of former Wheatley students who like me had returned to look around, but in their case after their first year at college.

(You don't have to wait 50 years to reconnect to Wheatley!) The difference here is that these college freshmen are probably reflecting on how well Wheatley prepared them for college and careers ahead. Our class, now in or approaching retirement, can only ponder how we ever got to where we are now, or how well our teachers long ago prepared us for our present lives. In my case, I think Wheatley did an admirable job of preparation, not only for my career and family life, but also for the enjoyment of those personal benefits derived from a good education. I now enjoy working for a scientific society. I still enjoy writing and going to concerts and theater. I love reading American history books and participate in local politics. I like conversing with my wife and friends about the world. I can trace the roots of these pleasures back to studies at Wheatley. As an aside, I feel Wheatley not only gave me the opportunity to find out what I could do well, but also showed me what I couldn't do well and had to adapt to; I believe this is an underrated part of both an individual's growth and the evolution of the species. Although grander examples exist, I still remember our assistant football coach, Mr. Lawson, explaining to me why he didn't play me on defense. (I actually remember this; "Charley, you are great at analyzing the

opponent's next play. But by the time it gets down your long legs to your feet, the play's over.") Finding a sport not requiring fast feet but long legs led to my joining crew in college, and rowing regularly in Puget Sound is part of my present life. And now

come to think of it, I would have made more of an effort to overcome my poor typing skills in Miss Tinghitella's class had I known I'd be sitting here trying to move my fingers nimbly around this keyboard 50 years later.

A Rose by Any Other Name...

by Alice (Rutenberg) Kasarsky

Once upon a time, there was a huge area tucked away in the Science-Phys Ed corridor of the new building. It was called the "Library." The stacks were filled with books. The key to the collection was the card catalog. The new wooden tables and chairs shone.

In time, the Library was moved, front and center, a veritable pass-through from the lobby to the Junior High wing of the building. The Library became the "Study Center" and was furnished with the then popular individual study carrels. A periodical room was added, and there was access to the departmental offices and to AV

from the Study Center.

Today, the new glassed-in wing is known as the "Media Center," with a high tech approach to seeking information. The Wheatley School certainly keeps up with the times; the IMC was so new and exciting, a photo of it appeared in Sunday's *The New York Times* a year ago.

Regardless of the name, the location, the furniture, the card catalog vs. computer, the curriculum and recreational needs of students and staff were always met. Over the years, fifty in all, the several librarians and the clerical staff did their best because they all believed so deeply in their mission. That never changed!

Wheatley Past, Present, and Future

by Dorothy Silver Samuels,
class of 1969

There was a time not so long ago when I considered 50 years to be an impossibly long stretch of time. That, of course, was before I reached the Big Five-Oh myself, at which point I had this epiphany: Enduring half a century doesn't make you hopelessly ancient, after all.

All too many of those houses have been razed to make way for Tara-like McMansions stretching from one end of the property line to the other.

The mirror may not lie, but that doesn't stop me from lying to myself. On days when the Ginko kicks in, and I remember

to take my horse-size oyster multi-vitamin, I still think of myself as 16. A noticeably weathered, prematurely graying 16, maybe, but definitely not 50-plus.

What a jolt, then, to realize that Wheatley - a mere infant in brick-and-mortar years when I and some 200 other recent Willets Road and North Side graduates nervously entered its portals as 7th graders in September 1963 - is getting up there, too. If Wheatley were a person instead of a public school with a ritzy private school name, it occurred to me upon receiving the first of a million-odd Email alerts about the 50th Anniversary gathering, it would be just on the cusp of eligibility for senior discounts on buses and at local movie theaters. Just like me and fellow proud members of the ace Baby Boomer Class of '69. Yikes!

Well, not exactly like me and my nip 'n tuck-deprived classmates. Physically, to be brutally frank, at least judging from the outside, Wheatley has held up a whole lot better. Thanks to some transformative renovations, and a numerically diminished student-body to cause wear-and-tear, the building looks even shinier and newer than on that long ago June day when Mr. Wathey, and the reigning school board president shook our hands, and tendered our diplomas. All the more reason I find it so hard to believe we're now celebrating Wheatley's 50th.

The neighborhood where I

grew up around the Roslyn Country Club is looking pretty spiffy, too, though, at the risk of offending, it doesn't cheer me to say so. This old-timer misses the wide tree-lined streets with relatively modest Levitt homes and spacious adjoining backyards so perfect for the early evening games of tag and hide-and-seek that were a highlight of my childhood. All too many of those houses have been razed to make way for Tara-like McMansions stretching from one end of the property line to the other. Gone are the large unfenced lawns we all played on, and that helped entice our parents - few of them wealthy, and most of them one generation or less removed from the immigrant experience - to make the big move from the city to a then-sparsely-populated North Shore suburb.

The shortcut through the bushes in Rob Rosenthal's yard that Laura Hanft, Maddy Nathanson, and I used to walk back and forth each day to elementary school, and on many days home for lunch, is now someone's grand gourmet kitchen and private tennis court. I ride down my old block, Pebble

Lane, and with the exception of my family's old house at number 11, and maybe one or two others, I hardly recognize the place.

If Wheatley were a person instead of a public school... it would be just on the cusp of eligibility for senior discounts on buses and at local movie theaters. Yikes!

And that's not my only confusion. Not to nitpick, but as I count up on my fingers (and toes) the years from Wheatley's founding in 1955 - the date memorialized on the School Seal we're holding this 50th birthday soiree a year late, no? Please, don't take my word for it; do the math yourself. I think mine may have been the lowest scores ever recorded by a Wheatley student on the state's algebra and geometry Regents. That dubious achievement, by the way, somehow didn't prevent me from being chosen one of the student speakers at that aforementioned graduation, an opportunity I used to politely be-

rate the adults in the audience for handing down the world to us in such rotten shape, and to confidently assert - totally erroneously, I regret to admit - that my generation could be counted on to fix things, saving the day for peace, love, and equality.

Like probably most student graduation speakers that year, I packed my talk with ample quotes from J.F.K., Martin Luther King, and the early, unelectrified Bob Dylan. Hey, it was the Sixties.

Wheatley's greatness lies in the almost subversive sense of possibility the school almost inevitably instills

Five decades is not really such a long time, circling back to my opening thought. But no question, a lot has happened. Consider that in 1955, the year

of Wheatley's founding, Dwight Eisenhower was just ending his first term in the White House, the nation was locked in a scary Cold War with the Soviet Union, and Elvis's first appearance on the old Ed Sullivan Show was still a year away. It would be five more years until America's first

manned space mission - a sub-orbital flight by Mercury astronaut Alan Shepherd that lasted all of 15 minutes. Mere weeks after my graduation, a pair of American astronauts would be walking on the moon.

In December 1955, in Alabama, a 42-year-old black woman named Rosa Parks refused to surrender her seat on a city bus to a white person, triggering her arrest, and the beginning of a civil rights revolution that has benefited not just racial minorities and women, but all Americans in incalculable ways.

At the dawn of Wheatley, to continue down Memory Lane, there was no such thing as a home computer, a cell phone, or even a push-button phone. TV was still black-and-white. A small bottle of Diet Coke, one of the 20th century's biggest breakthroughs, had yet to be invented - cost a dime. During my years at Wheatley, kind teachers sometimes took pity on us kids, and let us use the Coke machine in Wheatley's faculty lounge on really hot school days.

And speaking of beverages, milk in those quaint pre-iPod

days came in recyclable glass bottles, which milkmen talk about defunct professions - deposited in the wee morning hours in special metal boxes by your door.

But I digress. The point I've been meandering toward, at the risk of getting sappy, is this: The reason why so many aging Wheatley grads like me will be

traipsing to Old Westbury this weekend to commune with present and former generations of students, teachers, and administrators is because, all these years later, Wheatley still holds a special place in their heart.

At each class reunion, I am reminded of how bonded I still feel to the incredible, and incredibly supportive community of students and educators with whom I shared the ups and down of my adolescence, and the tumultuous era with which it happened to coincide.

It's been my great fortune since leaving high school to be associated with some terrifically worthy institutions, all of them populated by engaging and accomplished men and women - most of them a ton smarter than I am. (That's not modesty; remember those math scores). Yet for reasons verging on cosmic, and notwithstanding my advancing age, I still think of myself as a Wheatley person.

Wheatley's greatness, and the key thing multiple generations of Wheatley grads hold in common, I have come to believe, transcends the nice building on Bacon Road, the stellar academics with its overly-ob-

sessive emphasis on AP tests and Ivy League acceptances, and even the lifelong friendships forged in every class. Forced to define it, I'd say it lies in the almost subversive sense of possibility the school almost inevitably instills - truly the closest any of us are likely to get in this lifetime to a fountain of youth.

An English Perspective

by Norman Guthrie

I have learned that the Wheatley School is about to celebrate its half century in October and thought that I would write to convey my good wishes for the commemorations.

So, who am I? My name is Norman Guthrie and I had the pleasure of coming to Wheatley as a mathematics exchange teacher from England for the year 1965/66. Herb Wheeler went to teach in my school in Sleaford, situated in an area very different from Westbury.

I have many fond memories of my year at Wheatley and, in retrospect, a few regrets. I am still in contact with some of the staff of that time. In particular, Earl Ewing became a close friend. He spent a week with my wife and me in Scotland this year. Phyllis Johnson (now Satter)

and her then husband Keith (who, sadly, died after a car accident) were also very good friends of mine; I continue to remain in contact with Phyllis. I was able to visit Phyllis, and her husband, Bob, five years ago when I came to spend a holiday with Earl.

I had the pleasure of coming to Wheatley as a mathematics exchange teacher from England

I also have had the gratification of forty years of regular correspondence with Chris Brown who was a school secretary at that time. Chris informed

me very recently that Joe McCormack was the longest serving teacher at Wheatley. I enjoyed teaching some Advance Placement classes with Joe.

In the 1970's Ron Metzger visited me with Mr Ewing in Kenya, where I worked for the Ministry of Education for ten years. A few years ago, my wife and I were delighted to receive a visit from Mr and Mrs Colin Bentley (at our home in the south west of England) and with whom I remain in contact via the annual Christmas message.

I don't know if any members of the staff or students will remember me; a ship passing in the night. However, just in case, thank you for contributing towards what was, for me, a very valuable experience. You might be surprised just how many of you I do recall. I wish the Wheatley School all success for the next half century.

Alumni Tidbits

What follows is a totally random list of famous or semi-famous Wheatley alumni. See how many of these names you can recognize! In addition, check out the display case in the IMC; it is filled with books by former Wheatleyites.

- **Winnie Holzman '72** is a writer, actress, and producer. Some of her past projects include being the writer and creator of *My So-Called Life*, a writer and producer of *Thirtysomething*, and writer of *The Wonder Years*. She also wrote the book (the script for the play) for the musical *Wicked*, for which she was nominated for a Tony.

- **Nicole Krauss '92** is the best-selling author of *Man Walks into a Room* and the recent novel *The History of Love*.

- **Mady Land '65** has had a long career in film and television production, including helping to launch the Food Network.

- **Steve Davis '64** has a Saturday morning show on NPR in Minneapolis/St. Paul.

- **Elizabeth A. Lynn '64** has written many science fiction novels, including the series *The Chronicles of Tornor*.

- **Nicole Krauss '92** is the best-selling author of *Man Walks into a Room* and the recent novel *The History of Love*.

- **Amy Pasternack Hughes**

'67 is the mother of Olympic skating champions Emily and Amy Hughes.

- **Jean Butler '89** was the original lead in *Riverdance*.

- **Shilpi Gupta '95** made an award-winning documentary *When the Storm Came* about women and children in Kashmir.

- **Shep Messing '67** was a soccer star, playing in the Olympics and for the New York Cosmos, and is now a broadcaster for MSG and ESPN.

- **Todd Glickman '73** is the meteorologist for WCBS news radio and is also on the administrative staff at MIT.

- **Laurence Schiller '68** teaches history at Northwestern and is also a Civil War reenactor.

- **Rick Berman '67** wrote and produced *Star Trek* series and movies at Paramount Pictures in L.A. from 1986-2005.

- **Erika (Riki) Donneson**, after playing percussion for 30 years, was offered a scholarship at the Berklee College of Music in Boston, and made the Dean's List. She is also the Riki on the first cut of Steely Dan's first album, "Riki don't lose that number."

- **Dorothy Silver Samuels '69**, a former editor-in-chief of the *Wheatley Wildcat* is a long-time member of the *New York Times* Editorial Board, and au-

thor of the novel *Filthy Rich* (William Morrow, 2001). She resides in Manhattan with her husband, Peter, and their three children, Laurah, Tom, and Jenny.

- **Todd Strasser** is the author of numerous young adult novels.

- **Tim Clarke**, after graduating from Pratt Institute in Brooklyn with a major in fine arts, Tim landed a job working for the Muppets. His first job there was to dye Mr. Snuffalupagus' fur to the right shade of red brown and then sew individual ostrich feathers into that fur one at a time. He ended up working on puppets for *Sesame Street*, *Muppet Show*, *The Dark Crystal*, *The Great Muppet Caper*, and *Fraggle Rock*. After leaving the Muppets, he started his own toy design company and has designed toys for almost every major toy company in the US and several in Europe.

- **Arthur Engoron '67** is a judge in New York City Civil Court. He is also the "admiral" in charge of the class captains for the 50th Anniversary celebration and has done a great deal to coordinate efforts for it.

- **Romance?** Wheatley clearly has a fair amount. At least 132 Wheatley-to-Wheatley marriages were collated by Art Engoron.

A Lady of Grace and Strength

by Sharon Lee

Aline Desbonnet, our devoted and passionate teacher of French language, literature, and culture, passed away in 2004. She was a remarkable woman who loved to teach and loved her students.

An energetic, strong, independent woman, always caring for and nurturing others, she never wanted to be a burden herself. And she was fun! Trained as a ballet dancer, she loved the arts – always ready to catch a play, hear a symphony or attend a ballet.

I knew her as a gentle, wise teacher, not only of the French

language, but of life. She listened patiently and quietly advised, but was never critical or judgmental. She merely guided those she took under her wing by inspiring and encouraging us through life's lessons of disappointments, frustrations and injustices as we overcame the obstacles to our hopes and dreams.

Aline was a role model – a poised woman of class, grace, art and intellect with a cheerful, optimistic and disciplined nature, always kind and generous to strangers and loved by everyone whose lives were fortunate to be touched by her. Oh, how we miss her...

One Teacher's Influence

by Michael Solow, class of '72

As I scrolled through the list of names of past faculty members, I came across a number of teachers for whom I have great appreciation, respect and affection.

But I thought I'd call out one in particular, and tell just one anecdote, to represent the impact a teacher can have on a kid's entire outlook and behavior.

I was in Mr. Bob Brandt's 8th grade Social Studies class. I had always been a good student, responsible and serious, but for some reason that year, I fell in with the wrong kids, and let myself be influenced by them.

Two of these jokers were in Mr. Brandt's class with me, and we had the habit of sitting in the back row, passing stupid notes to one another, and occasionally making "humorous" comments, probably to impress the girls. We definitely were not paying much attention to Social Studies.

Just before the first set of grades were to come out, Mr. Brandt announced that he would hold brief, one-on-one meetings out in the hallway with each one of us. I didn't think much of this. I wasn't worried, as I'd done well on the first few tests. Eventually, my name was called. I went out in the hallway to find Mr. Brandt, that large, imposing man, sitting behind a small student desk, with another chair waiting. I had no idea what else was waiting for me.

While this quote is not ver-

batim, this is essentially what Mr. Brandt said to me, with his eyes (and deep voice) absolutely blazing: "Michael, I am very disappointed in you so far. I can see from your reports and quizzes that you're intelligent. But your class participation is zero. You're sitting there in the back with those clowns, who I don't expect much of, and you're wasting your time and mine. Now if you want to waste your education and act like a smart aleck, I can't really stop you. But I am going to try. From now on, I want you to pay attention, I want you to participate, and most of all I want you to learn. OK?"

I hadn't expected the wrath of Brandt and for a long moment I was speechless. But I knew he had my number. It was undeniable. He just stared at me, expecting a response. Finally, I muttered, "OK. You're right." It was all I could muster, but it was enough for Mr. Brandt. He shook his head and gave just the smallest indication of a smile. "Good," he said, "Now go back in there and ask Seth to come out."

I went back in the classroom and parked myself, not in the back with my smart aleck buddies, but right in the front row. "Hey," one of them said to the back of my head, "Solow! Sit back here." I turned slightly, just shook my head, and stayed put. And that's where I stayed the rest of the year, listening, learning, raising my hand, and changed for the better.

Thank you, Mr. Brandt.

Cave of Meditation

Submitted by Debbie Kuriloff

(Note: Mr. Kuriloff was an art teacher at Wheatley, and these are his recommendations for the elimination of F's)

TO: EVERYBODY

FROM: CAVE OF MEDITATION

DATE: INFINITE

SUBJECT: SOUL SEARCHING – PROBE NO. 1 – "FAILURES" (No more F's at Wheatley)

1. Does the F – Failure help the student to succeed, perchance to grow?
2. What does the student really fail?
3. What does the teacher really fail?
4. Who created failures?
5. When a student fails that means the teacher hasn't taught.
If the teacher taught, the student couldn't fail.
6. Failing students know they failed. Why compound the failure?
7. Why can't students and teachers succeed together – rather than fail together?
8. Nothing fails like failure.
9. Does anyone fail when they look at the sky or hear a bird sing?
10. If the student sees the sky but not the cloud – he fails. If he hears the bird but doesn't see the bird – he fails.
11. Why can't the teacher point to the cloud and point to the bird and then no one fails and no one gets an F; and then students and teachers can walk hand-in-hand toward the Promised Land.
12. If you don't give failures – then how will you know who the good guys are and who the bad guys are?
13. Why doesn't the teacher turn around and look at the sky?
14. Does the sky have failures?
15. There are no failures unless you make failures.
16. If you can make failures, why can't you take failures away?
17. Why?
18. Why can't we turn around?

Wheatley on Wheatley: Students Voice Their Opinions on Our School

by Amanda Winn and Liz Jacob

As Wheatley's 50th Anniversary is coming up, grand festivities have been organized to celebrate. The East Williston School District originally had no high school; students had to go to Mineola, Roslyn, or Herricks after eighth grade, for North Side (and later Willets Road) only housed kindergarten through eighth grade. Then, fifty years ago, The Wheatley School was established as the new high school. Over the past fifty years, Wheatley has maintained a high status and has been honored to be recognized as one of the finest schools in the country. For this special issue, the *Wildcat* interviewed current students in Wheatley to see how they feel about the school.

Wheatley has been through many changes that have occurred since its establishment. Today, Wheatley no longer has a football team, and according to the thoughts of today's students, it should be brought back. They feel that this, more than anything else, would increase school spirit. According

wide range of classes, though some feel that more art, music, and language classes should be offered. Students did not favor or dislike any one class. However, freshmen do prefer English and Social Studies to Math. For eleventh graders, Health, in addition to Social Studies, is also favored, while Math and Spanish are not quite as appreciated. Nevertheless, 92% of Wheatley students do agree that their school has good teachers, with one junior writing, "Amazing" in his comment. A tenth grader wrote, "They (teachers) are very nice. I haven't met a mean teacher yet." Another sophomore noted, "When I have good teachers I do much better." An eighth grader wrote, "The teachers are the best in the world;" while another eighth grader said, "They are very experienced and always ready to help you out with any problem you have."

When asked about the size of their classes, a clear majority of students said they felt the size was "just right." Percentages of those who felt this were in the 80-90% range. One commented, "I like small classes."

Although most people from every grade in Wheatley appreciate its small size and population, many agree that there are downsides. Gossip and rumors spread faster, people know too much about one another, and the school's hallways and classrooms themselves are small. According to one junior, the size is good and bad, bad "because everyone has cliques and it's

hard to meet new people." However, 73% of Wheatley students agree that there are some positive aspects to being in a less-populated environment. Students and teachers can get to know one another and communicate better. As one junior wrote, "You know almost everyone." In the tenth grade, 30% of students commented that they get more attention from teachers in a smaller school, which enables them to get better grades and have better relationships with their teachers. In addition, several younger students appreciate the freedom that Wheatley gives in contrast to their experiences at Willets Road. However, many of them would still like to have the choice of taking a free period instead of the Explore class. Ninth and tenth graders would also like the freedom to leave campus during their lunch periods as the upperclassmen do.

Many students also have various ideas as to how to improve Wheatley. 43% of Wheatley juniors listed the re-establishment of a football team as one improvement. A ninth grade Wheatleyite commented, "I want a football team because

tion or more activities in general like dances and pep rallies. Other suggestions included "open at 9:30am," "kids should stop neglecting other kids," "better desks," "a pool," "more electives," "a hockey team, a volleyball team, a better weight room, and a better gym with AC," "more time between classes," "bigger lockers," and "better mirrors in the bathrooms." Many seniors also recommended that Wheatley not block websites, accept fewer people into advanced placement classes, and have a more diverse faculty. In addition, one image-conscious eighth grader said that Wheatley students "should stop the people who are smoking. They give us a bad reputation." But another eighth grader wrote, "I'm having a great year." And for those who worry about eighth graders making the adjustment, note that one eighth grade male wrote, "Wheatley is a very comfortable environment for me."

As you can see in the graph on relatives who went to Wheatley, that "comfortable environment" has led to our school being a family place in many ways. An average of close

to the surveyed Wheatleyites, there is enough school spirit, but there should definitely be more. 69% of Wheatley's eighth graders said that the level of Wheatley school spirit was appropriate, while only 39% of Wheatley's seniors felt their school was adequately spirited. Students also appreciate their

even though I don't play, I feel left out when other people talk about their school football teams." However, one eighth grade Wheatley student said, "I don't want a football team because the money can be used for education." This suggestion for Wheatley was often accompanied by the idea of having a Wheatley homecoming celebra-

Comments:

"I don't want a football team because the money can be used for education." -8th Grade Male

"The wrestling and weight rooms should be bigger." -9th Grade Male

"Few scheduling conflicts." -9th Grade Female

"A gym class with 2 people and another with 119? Come on." -10th Grade Male

"We need a microwave for student use." -10th Grade Female

"Classes are easier when smaller." -11th Grade Male

"Kids should stop neglecting other kids." -11th Grade Male

"There should be less stealing." -11th Grade Male

"Make Wheatley more diverse." -11th Grade Female

"There are no hot guys." -11th Grade Female

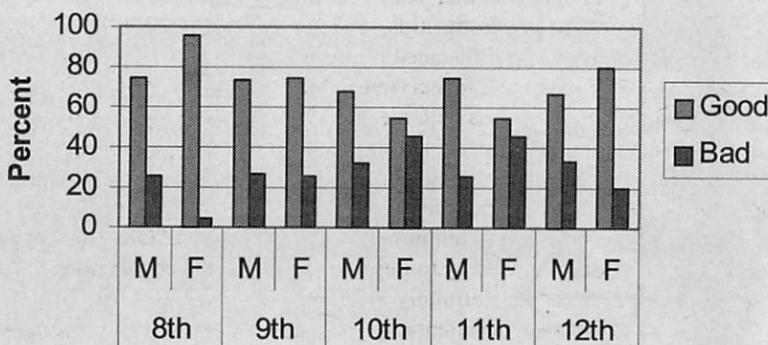
"This school needs more

than a survey." -12th Grade Male

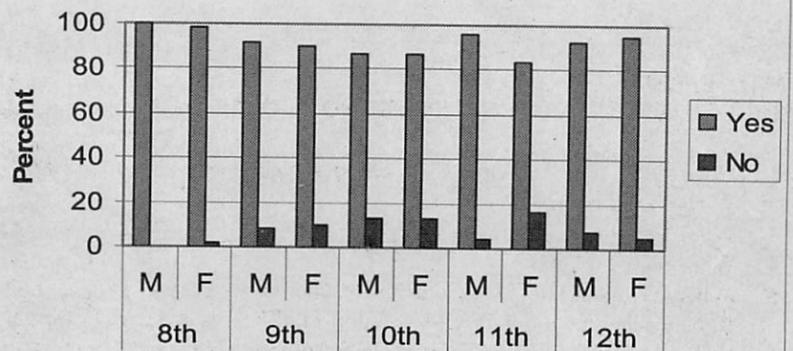
"Kids are too self-centered." -12th Grade Female

"Get a football team." - Both Genders in Every Grade

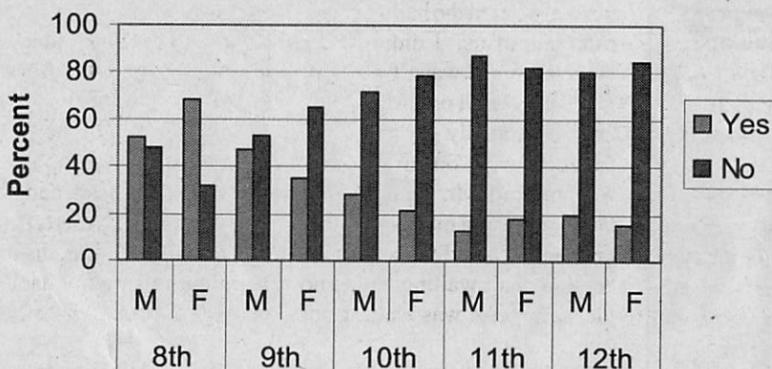
Wheatley is considered a small school. Do you think the fact that it is small is good or bad?



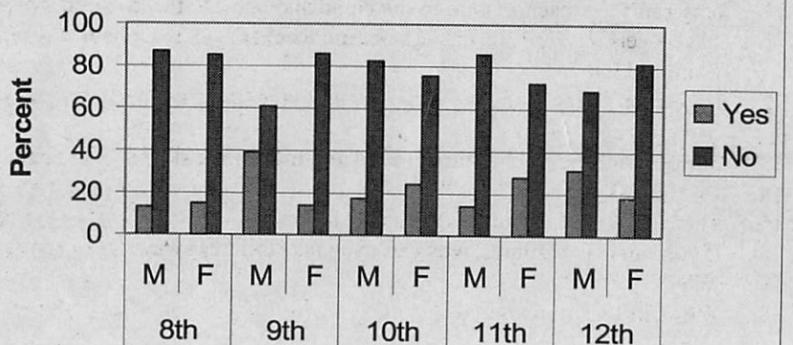
Do you think Wheatley has good teachers?



Do you think Wheatley has school spirit?



Do you have any relatives who went to Wheatley (not including siblings)?



Vintage Coffeehouse Returns to the Fifties



Kevin Oh closes the show with "Imagine"

by Jamie Reysen

The long-awaited 2006 issue of *Vintage* made its debut at "A Vintage Coffeehouse" on Wednesday, September 27. With around 200 people in attendance, the 50's-themed event was definitely a success. Decorated with pop-culture collages, famous (and infamous) news headlines, and 1950's posters that were later auctioned off to the highest bidder, teachers, students, and parents alike came out to support the literary magazine and pay tribute to an influential decade.

The coffeehouse featured 50's-themed desserts such as ice cream floats, apple pie, checkerboard cake, and Hostess cupcakes. Jamie Sweeney's "brownie a la mode" (topped

with ice cream, chocolate syrup, and two different kinds of whipped cream), Gabby Karol's checkerboard cake, and Nina Ruggiero's apple pie were among the favorites at the event. Marc Sherwin, Travis Roher, Danny Cohen, Michael Price, and Greg CW returned as waiters for the second time, while Matt Reysen, Rob Tenney, AJ Ben Saul, and Matthew Lee were newcomers to the *Vintage* wait staff. *Vintage* held a contest amongst the waiters referred to as "the James Dean award" in which they competed to make the most tips (all of which would go to *Vintage* anyway). Marc Sherwin was the proud winner of the award, with Matt Reysen and AJ Ben Saul coming in second and third place.

Student performances, old and new, were what truly made the night a hit.

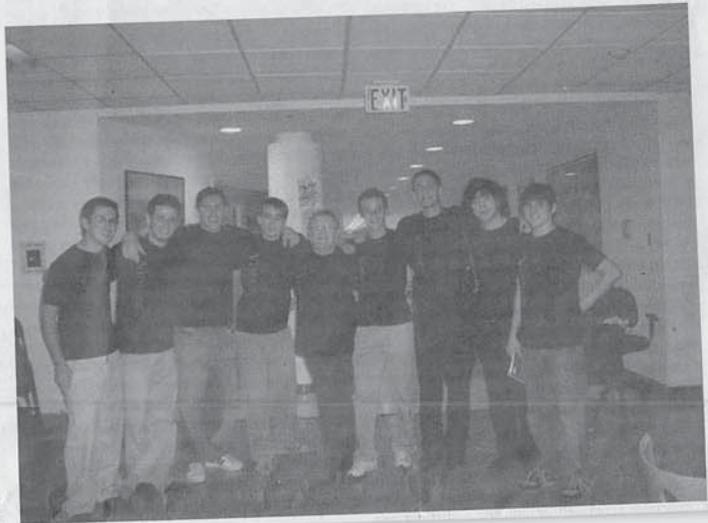
Student performances, old and new, were what truly made

the night a hit. Some of the *Vintage* coffeehouse's best performers returned again this year, including Ben Cohen (an All-State vocalist), Mieka John (accompan-

ing Mr. Heckendorn were new to the line-up. Kevin Oh, last year's final act, returned again this year to perform only one song—Mrs. Toperoff requested "Imagine" by John Lennon to end the night.

All profits from the coffeehouse are to go toward the purchase of software to aid in pub-

lishing the next issue of *Vintage*, and another coffeehouse will most likely be held in late May to display 2007's *Vintage*. The editors would like to thank all performers, bakers, contributors, and those who attended the coffeehouse for making the *Vintage* Coffeehouse the best to date!



Marc Sherwin, AJ Ben-Saull, Travis Roher, Rob Tenney, Mrs. Toperoff, Danny Cohen, Greg Cutajar-Wynne, Matt Lee, and Matt Reysen after the Coffeehouse. The waiters competed for the James Dean Award

"Coming Out" Day Celebrates Support of LGBT Rights

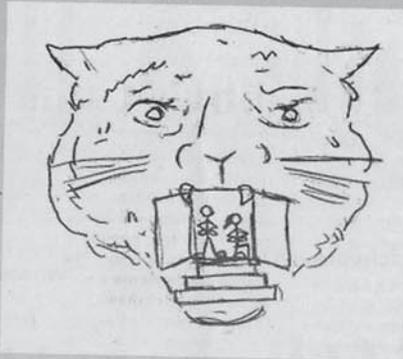
by Abby Squire

The Wheatley Gay Straight Alliance has been celebrating October 11th as National Coming Out Day since the club's inception only a few short years ago. Students have seen the posters, heard the announcements, and picked up their colorful ribbons at the table in the main lobby, but many remain generally unaware of what this day actually means. Well, those days of ignorance are finally coming to an end. The following is very important so pay close attention:

On October 11th, 1987 over 500,000 people participated in a march on Washington D.C. demanding equal rights for the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender community.

Shortly following this great demonstration, a group of gay rights activists gathered for a meeting during which it was decided that the anniversary of the march would be recognized as a national holiday from that day forward. It was meant to be a day for members of the GLBT community to celebrate coming out and show support for those who were hesitating to do so.

In the years following, the activists continued to gain recognition. In 1988, the famed graffiti artist Keith Haring agreed to donate his now-well-known image of the man danc-



Wildcats aren't afraid to support LGBT rights

ing out of the closet as a symbol for the movement. In 1993, National Coming Out Day joined forces with the Human Rights

who were openly gay, but many were straight allies as well. During the late 1990's the meaning of National Coming Out Day

changed. Though it had started as a day for the GLBT community to celebrate coming out of the closet, it was transformed into a day for all people to come out...to come out in support.

It is important to recognize this day as a school wide event to show that Wheatley is a safe space where students don't have to be afraid to be themselves. The fact that we were able to acknowledge National Coming Out Day proves that we do have a generally accepting, open minded student body and we'd like to thank all students who chose to participate by showing their support for the GLBT community and for equal rights.



Another showcase featuring more memories.

continued from page 1
are currently located. Furthermore, lockers didn't always have locks, if one can believe that. Administrators from other schools were shocked upon discovering that not only did Wheatley not have locks, but no thefts occurred, quite contrary to the current calculator theft problem. The "blocks"

were not open to everyone; rather, this lounging area, along with the privilege of walking across the courtyard, was limited only to seniors. The freedoms possessed by a Wheatleyite were much fewer than those now, for the campus was always closed and hall passes were required until the 1970s. As a whole, Wheatley

has been certainly stricter in the past, slowly loosening up along the way.

Along with the building, the atmosphere of Wheatley as a whole has changed in the past fifty years. How could there be a rule banning cell phones in class, when cell phones were a distant dream? Nowadays, a student using the pay phone is a student who has been desperately begging his or her retrograde parents for a cell phone. Rather than the computers used to publish this wonderful newspaper, typewriters were all the rage—computer science has replaced typing class! Yet, some things about Wheatley have never changed and perhaps never will. As always, the overall focus is on academics in this school. The Scholar Athlete

awards on the gym wall outnumber the football trophies by many. Yet, in previous decades, the so-called "college-craze" in our school was much less of a frenetic obsession. A lesser percentage went to college, but even those who didn't ended up very successful in life. There was always a low level of "school spirit" compared to other schools in the area. An anonymous source remarked that the attendance at sporting events, namely football, was always very low during her education at Wheatley (class of '64) because their record losses. Apologies to any football-playing alumni out there.

Wheatley as a building and a solid institution of education has held itself together proudly and strongly through five de-

acades of Kennedy, Watergate, the Vietnam War, the Cold War, September 11th, and both Bushes. Though its atmosphere, students, faculty, and layout have changed dramatically, its foundation as a place in which to gain immense knowledge remains sturdy. To both alumni and current students alike: it is not every day that one gets to be a part of a place that has stayed as consistent in morals and values for so many years. The years we spend here, though full of grunts, textbooks, and high school drama, must be cherished as precious memories in a wonderful school. Perhaps some of the alumni and current students will once again reunite at Wheatley's 75th anniversary.

Courtney Finds Israel Trip "Life-Changing"

by Courtney Yadoo

This past summer, I studied in Israel on the Bronfman Youth Fellowship. Trying to define the

experience concisely or with one all-encompassing adjective is difficult. I hesitate in calling it awesome or amazing; the trip was nothing short of life-changing.

Living as a Jew in the Diaspora, particularly in New York, presents a number of identity dilemmas.

As with most life changing experiences, it wasn't always fun. In fact, being in Israel was extremely challenging at times. Unlike on most organized trips geared towards young adults, we did not put on grave faces at the Holocaust Memorial or Western Wall and then go clubbing a few hours later. Five weeks afforded us the opportunity to discover an Israel beyond tourist attractions and Zionist propaganda. The trip was not about Jewish or political indoctrination; it was about coming to meet Israel on our own terms.

Living as a Jew in the Diaspora, particularly in New York, presents a number of identity dilemmas. Before I went to Israel, I found the question of whether I identify more with being American or Jewish to be

a tired one. Why should I have to choose? The two can coexist; being an American involves sharing a common past while simultaneously holding on to a

distinct one.

We did not put on grave faces at the Holocaust Memorial or Western Wall and then go clubbing a few hours later.

During the summer, however, I scrutinized labels. I watched

others step off the plane and instantly find a Jewish homeland in Israel. I, on the other hand, reacted differently. As soon as I left the United States,

I became the most patriotic of Americans. It wasn't as though I walked around advocating Bush governmental policies; my intense appreciation was for a country that never truly existed. I was an admirer of the theoretical United States, and every time the nation fell short of its own ideological expectations, I felt personally offended.

This created a particularly confused situation at Yad Vashem, Israel's Holocaust Center. As a Jew, the Holocaust is a tremendous burden to bear; it perpetually transports me to a vulnerable place. I don't, however, solely identify with those victimized. As an American, I

also assume the guilt of the bystander. I'm horrified that my country didn't do more for a people in such dire need; the fact that those targeted were

Jews infinitely adds to the complication. My American born grandfather risked his life during WWII for a nation that stood by as his cousins were murdered in Europe. How could I possibly reconcile such a contradiction?

Choosing either side would be better than this ambiguous in-between; if only there were two clear-cut options. Was asserting a Jewish identity synonymous with supporting Israel? I didn't think so, but what even defined Jewish identity? According to the Law of Return, it was one Jewish grandparent. As a female, in some communities, the length of my

sleeve or extent to my physical modesty would be enough of a definition.

As an American, I also assume the guilt of the bystander.

This summer, I discovered that coming to definitive conclusions regarding my relationship with Israel is a nearly impossible task. Attaching Orthodox, American, Zionist, or Reformed to an opinion doesn't suddenly make it any more legitimate. I'm willing to face whatever questions still remain as an individual.

Gabby's Chinese Takeoff

by Gabby Karol

I traveled to China this past summer on a scholarship from the American Forum for Global Education. With fifteen other students, I spent ten days at Peking University in Beijing and then traveled to Xi'an and Hohhot, the capital of Inner Mongolia. Though I studied Mandarin and Chinese culture in the morning, I was able to see the historic sights in and near Beijing during the afternoons. In 105 degree heat, I climbed the Great Wall, practically collapsing on the steep steps. I was surprised at how much I enjoyed

the Great Wall; I had assumed I would find it overrated.

During the Ming dynasty, the architectural trend produced the hutongs, densely populated and closely placed homes that are connected by narrow alleys. We took a rickshaw ride through the alleyways one afternoon, passing by old men playing card and dice games and women frying bread and snacks at little stands. We ate dinner there at the home of a family; they had a little shrine to Colonel Sanders of KFC fame in the corner of the room. The way of life in the hutongs was both more foreign and more in-

teresting to me than the chaos found on the main streets in Beijing.

I watched women, their arms covered in blood, skinning live, squealing snakes and eels.

We visited the tombs of the terra cotta warriors in Xi'an, but more fascinating to me was the

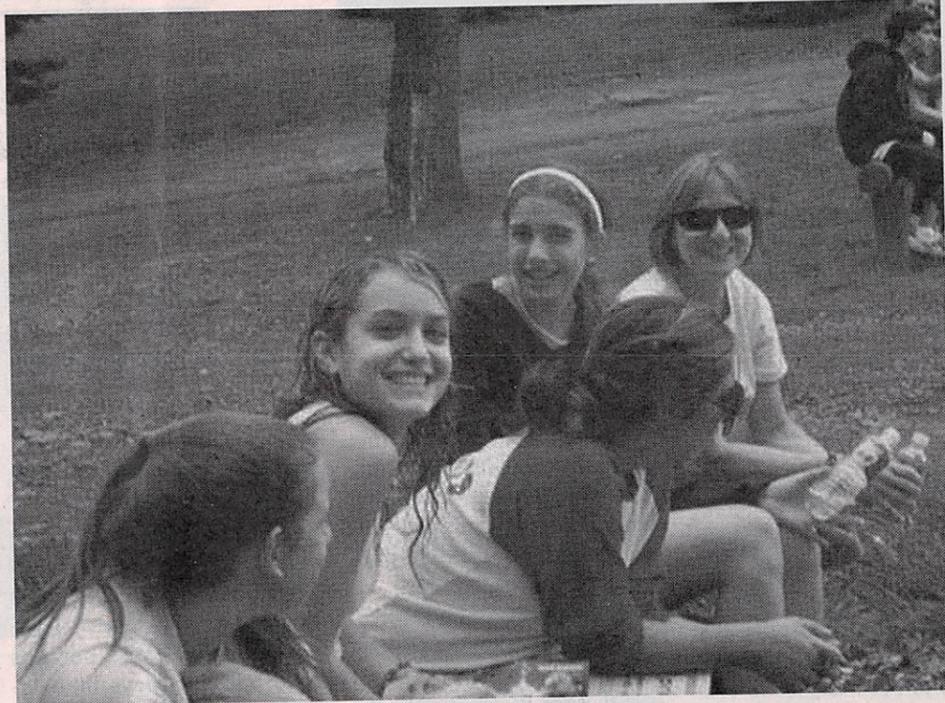
live food market that we visited, where I watched women, their arms covered in blood, skinning live, squealing snakes and eels. Also available for sale were intestines, livers, and stomachs of various animals and sheep, whose throats were slit as you waited. The most amazing experience, though, was living in a yurt (a large, circular tent of animal skins) for two days in the grasslands of Inner Mongolia. Though China's desire to modernize itself was made evident in Beijing, I found it most meaningful where it was the least effective.

SWS Climbs to New Heights

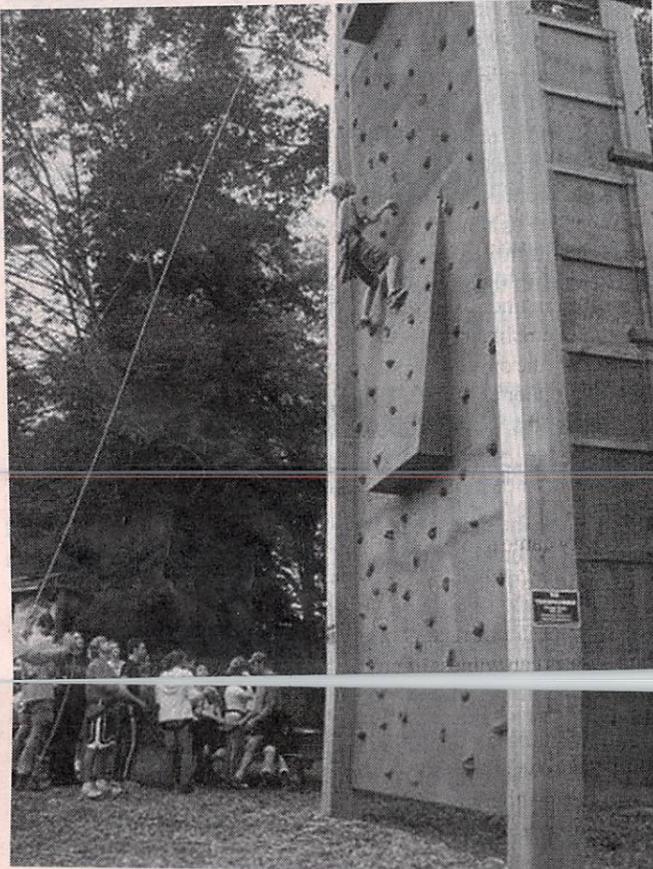
by Simar Hans

“Say Cheese!” said Katy Roberts, and on the other side of the camera stood most of SWS, wearing bathing suits and covered in mud from head to toe just after sliding and wrestling in mud. SWS hadn’t had a trip in over five years, and this was the perfect time to start a new tradition. And Trails End Camp was the best place to re-

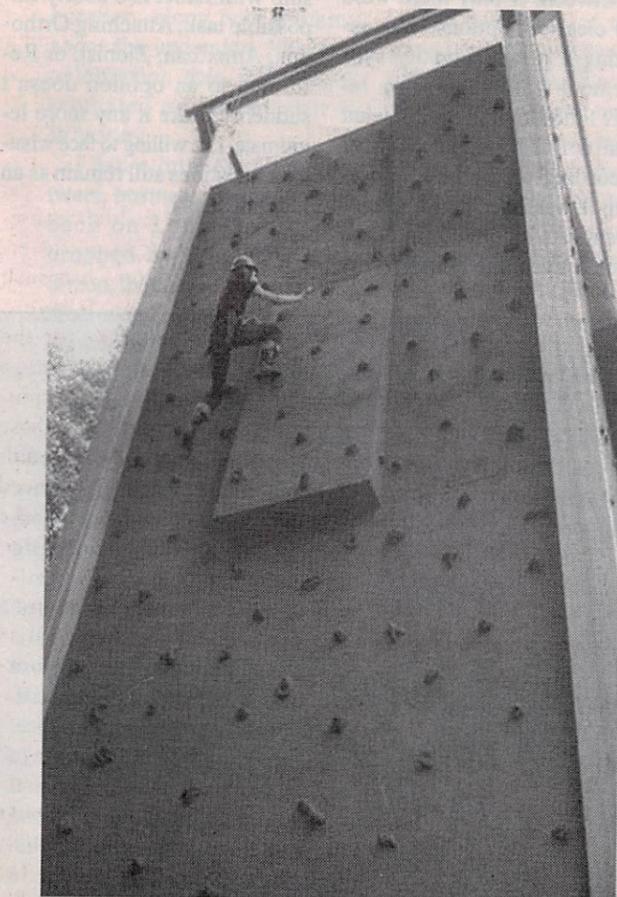
kindle this tradition. The main reason SWS goes on this trip is for bonding. You get to become friends with people who you would have never talked to before, and you become closer with the SWS teachers. Lexie Rosenberg said, “It was a great way to get to know everyone in the SWS community so closely” Many of the activities we did at Trails End Camp taught us more about each other, and helped us



Mrs. Kaufman, although on a year's leave of absence, opted to come along on the SWS field trip



Scott Norris scrambles up the rock wall



Sharon Lipetz accepts the challenge of the rock wall

form relationships. The teachers participated in all these activities as well.

One of the memorable and unplanned activities was “Mud Soccer.” Some of the guys decided to take advantage of the miserable weather and play an intense game of soccer in the mud. It was hard to run but easy to slip. People would take a swing at the ball, lose their footing and slip in the mud. As someone would kick the ball, mud would fly in the air, and the soccer ball was as unpredictable as the weather, but as Derek Katz said, “It was a dirty sick time that helped everyone get down and dirty while having fun.” In the middle of the game the weather turned on us again, and it started to rain. Then came the idea to go “Mud Sliding,” So the guys and girls changed into their bathing suits and began sliding in the mud, and as Dan Rosen, said “The mouthful of mud and the second shower was worth the excitement.”

“Ready, Set, DODGE-BALL!” screamed Tara Elbogen/Kantor. Both Seniors/Teachers on the right, and Juniors/Sophomores on the left charged, full speed to the middle of the basketball court to retrieve an assortment of balls ranging from small to large. It was a raging battlefield, and as Krista Sachse described, “It was intense: we all played hard and got really into it.” But this war came with a catch. That was if some one shot a ball into the other hoop, *all* the members of that team who were in jail were freed. There were many attempts at this shot, but no team prevailed. There were approximately six or seven extreme games of dodge-ball. Pat Clarke and Brian McConaghy, two of the MVPs of the game, domi-

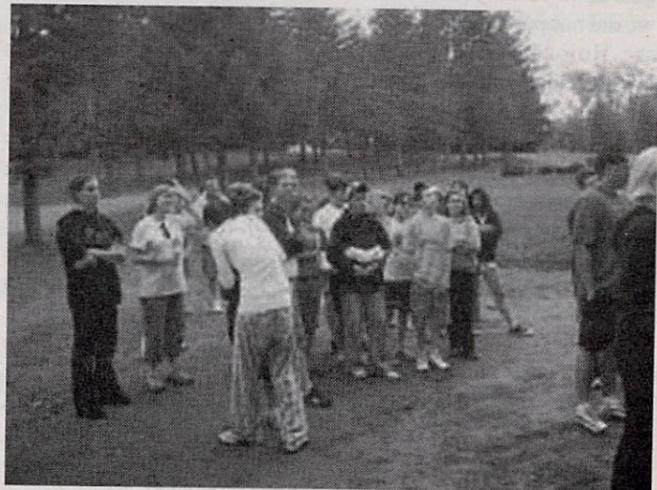
nated.

The second day was well planned, and the highlights of the day included rock-climbing, the flying squirrel, and the zip-line. Two rock-climbing walls towered over climbers. Behind the two rock climbing walls, the “Flying Squirrel” consisted of two large poles approximately ten feet from each other, with a rope from the top of one pole to the other. And in the middle another rope dangled down. This rope was attached to the harness of whoever was next in line. They were then hoisted up and dropped. There was also a zip line. It was very intimidating. The first step was to climb a large tree which had hooks that would help you climb. Then came the real test. You would be sitting on a platform that was jutting out the top of the tree. Your harness would be attached to the zip-line, and the counselor would let you decide whether you wanted to jump off. When you did jump, the zip line would catch you after a second of free fall, and you would fly down the

fifty foot zip-line.

Humor is something that SWSers love. So after we had dinner, each table was given a bag filled with random items, and we were told to create a skit by using every one of those items and perform it in front of the community. The most memorable part of this activity was when Pat Clarke and Derek Katz gave us a top-notch Olympic Ribbon Routine. Later in the evening we had a campfire, complete with s’mores.

The SWS weekend was a great success mostly due to the careful planning done by Lexie Rosenberg, moderator of SWS. As Lexie said, “We had such a great time together whether we were mud-sliding, doing the high ropes course, putting on skits, or sitting at a campfire, everyone was able to forget about everything else going on in their life and just enjoy each other’s company. I think that this trip will make our SWS year so great and I am so happy I had the opportunity to get to know so many people in such a fun way.”



SWS students take a break from the climbing wall

Dodge Poetry Festival Wows Student Attendees

by Matt Lee

After almost two hours on the bus, a select group of Wheatleyites arrived at the 11 biennial Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival in Stanhope, New Jersey, joining “nearly 20,000 people”, according to the festival’s website, www.grdodge.org/poetry. The stiffness of the bus trip was soon forgotten as the Wheatley students stood amazed at the bucolic grounds dotted with tents and the historic buildings of Waterloo Village, and noted the crowds of students enthusiastically moving from event to event.

More than 60 poets spoke at the event. The more famous ones, such as Lucille Clifton and Mark Doty, spoke in the Main Tent located near the entrance, while other poets performed in smaller venues.

Jim Daniels, a thin man with salt and pepper hair, who is a professor as well as the director of Carnegie Mellon’s Creative Writing program, spoke in the White Barn Tent. Nervous in his faded maroon sweater, he said, “I’m horrified of speaking publicly, but it’s actually harder to do this back home in Detroit, where people know me. One re- with these things.”

Another poet, Linda Pastan, author of an array of poetry books including *Carnival Evening*, a finalist for the Na-

tional Book Award, spoke in the Library Tent. A charming elderly lady with an affinity for writing poetry in the voice of Penelope, from Homer’s *The Odyssey*, or the Bible’s Eve, Pastan treated the audience as if its members were her grandchildren, speaking slowly and including wise advice every so often. “It upsets new writers that I go through a poem 500 times, revising, but it upsets tree lovers even more that I use so much paper,” she said, eliciting laughter from the audience.

Including an anecdote from her childhood, Pastan said, “When I was younger, I was told to never write about writing... so I went and did just that because the idea had never occurred to me.”

Particular words that delighted every student in the tent were those by Pastan, who firmly remarked, “I apologize to the teachers here, but it is a great disservice for someone to have to write a paper on what a poem is about.”

Gathering at Waterloo Village that day, people came together to listen to the poets. The diversity of the crowd was astounding. At one point, on one side of the path, a boy with a long spiked red mohawk was just on the other side, a group of teenagers in collegiate sweatshirts and sweater vests with ties walked briskly from one location to another.



Students and teachers show off their brand new poetry books.

Eventually, it became obvious that while many people were excited for the poetry, there were others who were not as enthusiastic. “Oh my gosh, there was a hot naked chick walking around,” a boy was heard exclaiming.

By the second half of the day, a restless large group had turned away from the scheduled events and decided to gather on their own in the middle of a path, where various people rapped. Onlookers cheered wildly for the more musical turn of phrase.

However, attracting probably the largest audience and the most attention of the day was Lucille Clifton, whose wit and clever insight had her audience constantly in hysterics.

An American poet born in New York in 1936, Clifton often writes in celebration of her African American heritage, while also incorporating feminist

themes with particular emphasis on the female body. Two of her well-known works are “Poems to My Uterus” and “Homage to My Hip s...” While talk-

ing about the latter, she remarked, “Today’s society is so focused on being thin. In some cultures, though, I am what’s happening, but that’s not true in this culture.”

How Clifton really astonished the crowd, however, was with her ability to recite a multitude of poems from memory, using different ones to further her advice for the listeners.

“I’m not the only one who can remember poems; you can, too. I can, because I can see the musical sides,” was her nonchalant reply when the audience clapped.

“Poetry came to me out of my own dreams, my own memories. Over the years, I have learned to trust my intellect and intuition. Artists can witness, if nothing else. How can I see what occurred and say nothing? I think that is what you need most as a poet — the ability to see what you’re looking at and hear

what you’re being told.” These were her main points of wisdom. What was perhaps the most memorable moment of Clifton’s time on the Main Stage, if not the whole day, was when one boy ventured to ask Clifton about what he should do. He was thinking of getting his work published, and he wanted to know what she thought about that. Clifton, unfazed and unimpressed, simply asked, “Do you read a lot of poetry?” When the reply was, “To tell you the truth, I don’t,” Clifton took the opportunity to unleash her wrath.

“I honestly should slap you! You write poetry, but you stand there saying you don’t read it? Young people think they don’t have to read other people’s work because they have cool ideas, but so what? Everybody has them [ideas].”

Tony Hoagland, a poet from Houston, Texas, is a “truth poet,” one who writes with the intent of exposing realities. “I want to be wise in my poems, a hopeless endeavor if you don’t have truth,” he said. His description of poetry, which has always been viewed as something that can not be strictly defined, was at least able to sum up the mentality of the Geraldine R. Dodge Poetry Festival at its core.

“There’s an infinity between two points where there are a million things you can write about. Reality is making more reality every day.”

“Oh”de to Brazil

by Kevin Oh

With the end of school inching closer every day, summer activities had begun to take place in my mind. For the first two weeks of summer break, I planned on journeying to a Brazil. My enthusiasm was later diminished by reality, for I would be spending the rest of the summer working in a laboratory and digging through SAT books. But I’ll always remember the summer of 2006, not as the time of hectic work and studying, but of the unforgettable eighteen days I spent in Brazil.

Specifically, I embarked on a mission’s trip to spread Christianity to different parts of the world. But really, my trip involved little to no physical acts of evangelism. Instead, it was more of learning and helping experience.

I traveled with my cousin and two grandparents, and from the moment we landed in Manaus, Brazil, we were all pretty much overwhelmed with anxiety. Both my grandparents could only speak Korean, and my cousin and I similarly had no way of communicating with others. Our

high school Spanish did not help us in Portuguese dominated Brazil. Everything, from finding the restroom to discussing the taxi fare with the driver was difficult to do; somehow, we managed.

Most days of our trip were spent in the indigenous parts of the Amazon. My grandfather’s friend, a Brazilian inhabitant, took us a few hours down the river to some of the villages that he frequently visited. The first day, it was interesting to see how everything changed as we went farther down the river. There were more cars, buildings, or familiarly shaped houses. There was no bustle of the city or even the sound of pedestrian footsteps. From a distance, the people and few houses I did see seemed so different from any I’d ever seen. I remember seeing a mother washing clothes at the banks of the river and her children, mostly naked, running around in her proximity. Behind them were their living quarters, not even close to my accustomed image of a house.

The feeling that I had during the time is difficult to explain,

but a sense of shame overcame me, and I became almost too intimidated to even set foot on their ground. I felt as if there would be some barrier between, inhibiting us, even though we were all equal and human. I got off the boat, however, and all of my doubts were gone. Nothing prevented us from communicating; nothing stopped us from being kind to each other.

I remember the first day in the village, all of the little children, about seven of them, crowded around me. I understood the first couple of words they said, such as “hello” and “what is your name,” so I responded back. But after that, I was too overwhelmed by all the other words they were bombarding me with. The kids started pointing at my face repeating a certain phrase several times, and when I shrugged my shoulders in confusion, their faces and body emotion emitted a sense of frustration. Only much later, when one of them tried to open my mouth, did I realize what they were trying to point out—my gum. So I gave them all a stick, which quieted them down, and

I got a chance to really look around.

There’s no word that can really describe their house. Actually, it was more of a shack made of broken wood. They had a fire going and a pot, but no food. The water source was a small ditch, which to me, looked like a mud puddle. Every time I visited the village, the father of the family was sleeping in the hut. There was no order; everything was a mess. Yet to me it seemed that they just sat around unproductively. I knew they were poor but kind of thought that they could at least clean up after themselves. Overall, they were helpless. My first instinct was to ask myself, “Why don’t they do anything about it?” But then I looked around again and saw a swampy river in front of me, a vast jungle behind. I realized that I had judged them too quickly, and that when one is fighting to merely have food and housekeeping aren’t supposed to be an issue. To make it even worse, these families lived almost a hundred miles away from a civilized city; sadly, it didn’t

seem like anyone was coming to aid them anytime soon.

Eventually, I was forced to return home. Brazil was like an escape from everything else, and returning meant facing the harsh reality of the lifeless summer that was imminent. Nevertheless, the trip has had such an impact on me. I have a greater appreciation for the things I usually take advantage of in my life. But more importantly, I understand that these people truly need some guidance in their lives. They need something or someone to take them out of their helpless situations.

At the same time, helping those Amazonians seemed so out of reach. While I was thinking about helping those in Brazil, there were already problems in my own community, many of which I had not been addressing. The trip gave me a motive to give more to this community and the build my way up. The little steps that are taken within my own community will hopefully lead to helping others in need on the broader spectrum, such as those in the Amazon.

FEATURES

Mateh Meupeh Mionette Philatovich Katiane Kamsutchom

by Gabrielle Karol

All features begin by informing the reader that the featured person is atypical in some way. Often, seniors have been chosen for little more than perfect SAT scores and GPAs. Although Mateh Meupeh Mionette Philatovich Katiane Kamsutchom is an excellent student, her name came to mind for a feature because she's outstanding at Wheatley for reasons that the College Board can't measure. She is passionate and involved, and those who have had the pleasure of knowing her at Wheatley are sure that this won't be the last time that her name is in print.

Mateh's life clearly shows the impact of certain influential forces. One such force is Oprah, whom she first encountered in third grade while watching daytime television with her grandfather. Through obsessive re-

search and biographies, Mateh planned a life for herself that mirrored Oprah's exactly.

Watching Roz Abrams on Channel 7 News further convinced Mateh that television news would be the perfect venue for her particular talents. Though she no longer plans to follow Oprah to Northwestern, she does intend to become a broadcast journalist.

Directly influencing Mateh's life daily is her family. Unlike many Wheatley students, Mateh has grown up in a very strict house-

hold with exacting expectations regarding her behavior. Early curfews haven't negatively af-



Mateh Kamsutchom refuses to give in to cynicism, even now

fecting her perception of her parents, though, and she credits them with being a constant stabilizing force throughout her

life. She describes her father as being a paragon of diplomacy and understanding, and she admires the success he has achieved for himself, having come from Cameroon to America with little. Mateh also looks up to her older brother, inspired by how much he works towards his goals. However, it is her mother whom she credits as having had the largest ef-

fect on Mateh's life. Though Mateh says her mother often struggles with her, she also says that she is always there to help

her with issues. Mateh admires her individuality and her work ethic, and thanks her for all that she has given her.

The importance of individuality is indeed something that Mateh's parents have always impressed upon her. They were nervous about sending Mateh to a rather homogenous school but made sure that she remembered her identity and background at all times. The Kamsutchoms speak French at home and have passed on to Mateh the values and traditions of her Haitian and Cameroonian relatives. As a result, she would like to travel to Africa in the future and wishes to study African dance at college.

Mateh's life was also affected by her participation in extracurricular activities, such

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Michael Price: A Discrete Dynamical System in Three Dimensions

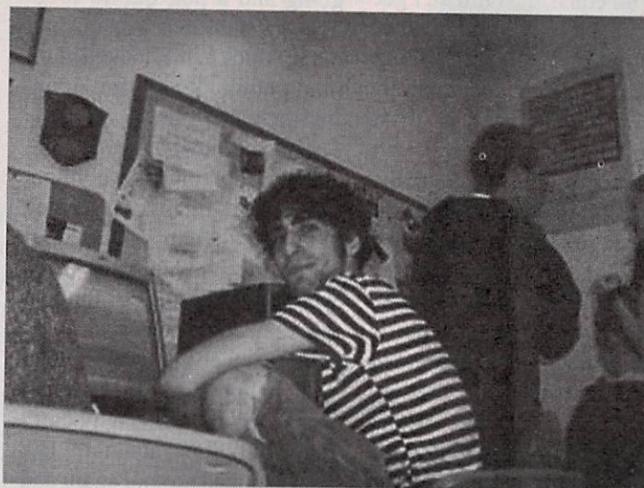
by Leah Anthony Libresco

Michael Price is the Lorenz attractor.

At least, that's what he's writing in his application to the University of Chicago. The prompt asked "If you are a function, what are you? In which quadrants do you lie? Are x and y enough for you, or do you warrant some love from the z -axis?" Michael's choice is a "strange attractor," an element of chaos theory. The Lorenz attractor is a parametrically defined function in three dimensions. Although all the functions satisfying the equations follow the same basic shape, a small change in parameters alters the pattern of the graph considerably. Small changes lead to disproportionately large differences, not unlike the large effects Michael's presence has had on our lives.

I first was interested in Michael in fourth grade when he had tied for first place in the Math Olympiad contests and was heard to remark upon presentation of his trophy, "Wow. I did really well at math, so they gave a big hunk of plastic." I

was impressed that, even then, he cared more about problem solving and achievement for its own sake rather than for awards. I really got to know him in fifth grade when he, Jerry Point-du-Jour and I would have epic ruler



Michael Price will one day alter the space-time continuum

swordfights during homeroom.

In sixth grade, the three of us passed notes in English. We made crowns for our pens and made them sovereigns of fantasy kingdoms. Then we went to war. It was, of course, very hard to go to war with pens that

had no armies and no practical way to fight, so we were forced to resort to diplomacy and subterfuge. We came up with codes and ciphers, made secret treaties, and Jerry and Michael even came up with a complex

plan to kidnap my pen during art class.

In eighth grade earth science, Mrs. Kurtz was impressed by Michael's curiosity and creativity. Although other exceptional individuals may be said to be "marching to their

own drummers," Mrs. Kurtz used to say of Michael, "He's just leading his own parade."

This past summer, Michael and Gabrielle Karol participated in a ten-day exchange program in Germany. The program, sponsored by a local temple, brought Jewish-American students to Germany and, in October, Michael and Gabrielle will host two German students. Because the program kept them traveling, most of the German Michael learned was travel related. He can't buy a sandwich, but he can correctly identify and name the electrified third rail on the subway (*die elektronische Schiene*).

He can't buy a sandwich, but he can correctly identify and name the electrified third rail on the subway (die elektronische Schiene)

In his spare time, Michael enjoys doing the crossword every day with Gabrielle. Although they can't generally solve all the puzzles in a given week, Michael isn't bothered. "It doesn't matter so much about finishing; we like to get far enough to solve the theme."

Currently, Michael is leaning toward a major in architecture in college. His goal is never to be stuck in a job that boils down to following a procedure, with no need or room for creativity. As an architect, he figures that he can always utilize his skill as an artist.

This reporter has no doubts that Michael will succeed. If the world around him doesn't accommodate his goals, Michael has shown himself to be able to create new worlds. We at Wheatley have been lucky enough to be drawn into Michael's orbit, enjoying a trip into fractal dimensions.

(For more information on the Lorenz attractor and an informative applet, check out http://www.cmp.caltech.edu/~mcc/chaos_new/Lorenz.html. For more information about Michael Price, strike up a conversation.)

Match By Any Other Name

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as Debate, World Affairs Club, and Vintage. Her commitment to her clubs was shown by her election to leadership positions; she is currently an editor of Vintage and vice-president of Debate. She appreciates Vintage for allowing an outlet for expression that she feels is otherwise lacking at Wheatley. Debate and World Affairs Club, on the other hand, taught her how to express herself eloquently and in a more formal and stylized manner. They also helped to foster an already existing interest in international politics and relations, which she plans on majoring in at college. One issue that she has become especially involved with is Darfur, which she has researched extensively after viewing a piece on it during *60 Minutes* last year. She was astounded by the numbers connected to the genocide and was horrified by how little she had known about it. She was so moved by Darfur, in fact, that she not only wrote an article

an interest in photography, which she pursued this past summer while studying at Oxford University, in England. She took a seminar in photography there, in addition to courses in international relations, Emily Dickinson, essay writing, and journalism. She is currently preparing a portfolio for the AP Art test. Inspired by Cindy Sherman, Match says that her work for the portfolio will concentrate on faces, ethnicity, and interpersonal relations.

Leah Libresco described Match as being, "an enthusiast, someone enthusiastic about others' ideas, someone fun to share ideas with... an ideas-comer-upper with." When asked herself, Match says she is a very typical Libra, in that she needs balance and is both diplomatic and outspoken. However, it is her fears about leaving Wheatley that best exemplify Match's uniqueness. While not nervous about a new location, she is worried that she will find herself doing little more than work for the next four years,

about it for the *Wildcat* but also arranged to send the proceeds from last spring's Vintage Coffeehouse to Doctors Without Borders in Darfur.

Photography has also become a passion of Match's recently. A desire to fill a free period during tenth grade sparked

instead of achieving something important that will affect others. It is this consciousness of the world and herself, in addition to Match's other talents, that leaves the rest of Wheatley assured that Match will indeed accomplish something spectacular once out of high school.

Gabby's Goodies: Cupcakes a Treat for Halloween

by Gabby Karol

The staple of bake sales and birthday parties, cupcakes enjoy unceasing popularity. If done right, a perfect balance of spongy cake and creamy frosting, unattainable by larger slices of full cakes, is achieved. However, attractiveness matters when it comes to cupcakes. Because their unique size and shape allows for innovation, it's a shame to waste the opportunity to make cupcakes special by hastily icing them.

Ever notice the assortment of pumpkin-flavored goods in the fall or peppermint drinks in the winter at Starbucks? One way of making your cupcakes outstanding is to have them relate to a particular season or occasion. We all come to associate specific items and tastes with certain holidays; gingerbread men aren't served at Fourth of July celebrations for a reason. So, if you're planning on making cupcakes in October, liven up this simple vanilla recipe with spooky marshmallow ghosts — no tricks at all, but definitely a treat!

Vanilla Cupcakes

Ingredients:

1 ½ c. flour
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1 stick butter
1 c. sugar
3 eggs
1 ½ tsp. vanilla extract
¾ c. milk
Vanilla frosting
Medium-size marshmallows
Chocolate chips
Candy corn



Directions: Preheat the oven to 350 degrees and line a cupcake pan with twelve liners. In a bowl, mix together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Using a separate bowl and an electric mixer, mix the butter and sugar until it appears fluffy. Beat in the eggs and the vanilla. Pour in half of the flour mixture and beat, follow with half of the milk. Repeat with the remaining ingredients and beat until smooth. Pour an equal amount of the batter into the cupcake liners

and bake until golden, about twenty minutes.

To decorate: Smooth on each cupcake a thin layer of frosting. Place one marshmallow on the frosting; add a little frosting to the top of the marshmallow and place another on top of it. Add frosting, in excess, around the base of the marshmallows to create the body of the ghost. Press chocolate chips into the top marshmallow to create eyes, and use a piece of candy corn for the mouth. Serve, and enjoy.

Mr. Collier: From the Peace Corps to Now



Let's hope Mr. Collier shares his enthusiasm with Wheatley for a long time

by Teghvir Sethi

Surely by now you've all noticed the tall man walking through the halls, often on his way out during the middle of the

day. Careful observation shows that his tendency to leave Wheatley follows that of a typical Curriculum Associate. Who is this man? And what's he done with the previous CA? It's Mr. Stephen Collier, the brand new English Curriculum Associate, replacing Mrs. Klapper, who has taken up the position of vice-principal following Mr. O'Brien's retirement.

His career path started when he was ten years old. His love for reading inspired a desire to

be a writer or a teacher. Based on his experiences of being the oldest of four kids and working at a daycare center for 3-5 year olds, he learned he loved working with children, leading to his early desire to become an elementary school teacher.

Mr. Collier even went to Africa with the Peace Corps

After college, Mr. Collier taught middle school students. He even went to Africa with the Peace Corps and taught there. For the past 21 years, however, he has been teaching classes such as AP English, Shakespeare and Creative Writing at Syosset. When the position for a curriculum associate opened up here at Wheatley, he set his sights on this school because with that position he is

able to interact with children of all ages. After he teaches his tenth grade class at Wheatley, he is constantly present throughout the district.

This summer he took his wife and five children backpacking across Europe.

Aside from his love of teaching, Mr. Collier loves to spend time with his children. Mr. Collier considers himself to be a "Drama Dad," as he is constantly taking his children to rehearsals and shows. In fact, this summer he took his wife and five children backpacking across Europe. In addition, he is a fan of contemporary poetry. He's the one who arranged our

recent trip to the Dodge Poetry Festival, a trip which was intensely enjoyed by the students and teachers who went.

So far, Mr. Collier says he has taken a great liking to this community and district. As far as his role as CA of the English Department goes, he hopes to inspire communication among teachers of all levels — from elementary to middle to high school. For example, he believes that there is much that elementary school teachers can learn from high school teachers, and high school teachers can learn from elementary school teachers. As far as his feelings about the philosophy of the district, he stated, "This is a dangerous time for education. A lot of people think that learning is for a test. This district, however, thinks that education is more significant than an exam." His philosophy goes well with the district's emphasis on critical thinking, so Mr. Collier is a good fit for us.

The Band is Gung Ho For Ms. Ho

by Amanda Winn and Sunny Kim

You may have seen Ms. Ho in a Wheatley corridor, but typically, she can be found conducting in the band room. Ms. Ho might be known as the "new band teacher" but behind that simple description is a passionate musician. Although she might give out the notorious practice logs and end-of-the-quarter playing tests, she doesn't give the negative vibes you think she does.

Ms. Ho might be known as the "new band teacher" but behind that simple description is a passionate musician.

If she's not at Wheatley, Ms. Ho can be found conducting at Signature Music Camp, reading through applications of All

County applicants, privately tutoring students, or even getting her own jazz groove on with Island Winds- a professional

together to play.

But before Ms. Ho became such a great part of the music community, she was just a student like the rest of us here at

connection she felt to her teacher has inspired and guided Ms. Ho throughout her life.

In addition to her excellent musical background, Ms. Ho

how the history of music can be based on the time era or even mathematics can help broaden the students' minds. Furthermore, she wants the students to understand the piece in its whole and its broken down parts; by perfecting the section parts, the whole band as an entity can stand out more than ever before.

Ms. Ho says coming to Wheatley has introduced her to friendly students and a great environment.



Ms. Ho will share her passion for music with us all

band quintet composed of Long Island musicians. In addition, she conducts the Metropolitan Youth Orchestra, an ensemble of talented musicians coming

Wheatley. She pleaded for lessons from her parents in order to satisfy her craving for her musical passion. In the end, she eventually got lessons and decided to play the clarinet. The

has great teaching methods. By connecting history to the music selections the bands play, the two separate worlds of music and academics can be combined into one whole. Seeing

Ms. Ho says coming to Wheatley has introduced her to friendly students and a great environment. With Ms. Rinaudo and Ms. Luftig there to help, she has been embraced by Wheatley and its people. In the future, she plans to prepare the band for the NYSSMA test and continue doing what she does best: loving music and spreading it far.

Ms. Gross Knows How to Diagnose

by Lee Golodny

In case you haven't noticed, Mrs. Michelle Gross is our new nurse here at Wheatley.

When you walk into the nurse's office, you will be welcomed by Mrs. Gross's friendly smile and attitude. She will help to cheer you up no matter how sick you may feel. With twenty-two years of experience under her belt, we can feel confident in Mrs. Gross's judgments and procedures.

When you walk into the nurse's office, you will be welcomed by Mrs. Gross's friendly smile and attitude.

She decided to become a nurse because it was always her dream to become one, and she thoroughly enjoys helping people, especially children. Mrs. Gross's previous job was the school nurse at Jericho High School, and she has also worked in the Plainview School District.



Ms. Gross is Wheatley's first line of defense against plague... and splinters

In addition to working as a school nurse, Mrs. Gross built her strength and patience while working as a psychiatric nurse at Long Island Jewish Medical Center.

When asked what she does on a daily basis, she responded, "I deal with many complaints,

stomach aches, headaches, sore throats, sprains, jammed fingers. Also, there is always loads of paperwork to file and sort out. I manage an abundance of physicals and various other medical forms." Not only has she dealt with minor scrapes and bumps, but Mrs. Gross once had to call

911 in response to a student hyperventilating while working out. "It was the most severe situation I've ever been in," she stated.

Even though the workload can get busy in the beginning of the year and during sports seasons, the year is generally

enjoyable for Mrs. Gross. The nurse suggests students should come to her if they have a problem, but to try not to leave class unless it's an emergency. You won't get away with cutting your math class with Mrs. Gross, as she only gives aid to students who actually need to be treated. Students are also reminded to have a doctor's order for Tylenol in case they are prone to headaches. She can't give a student any medication, unless there is a doctor's order on file.

Mrs. Gross once had to call 911 in response to a student hyperventilating while working out.

Mrs. Gross really enjoys working at Wheatley, and she finds all of the students and staff incredibly kind and helpful. "It truly is a great environment to be in," she expressed.

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Editorial Policy

As Wheatley's school newspaper, *The Wheatley Wildcat* encourages the entire Wheatley community to voice opinions publicly. Reactions to issues or editorials in this publication will be published as letters to the editor, subject to the approval of *The Wheatley Wildcat's* editorial board, the faculty advisor and principal. *The Wheatley Wildcat* reserves the right to edit, correct spelling and mechanical errors in and exclude obscene or libelous material from all articles. Letters to the editor can be sent to *The Wheatley Wildcat* c/o The Wheatley School, 11 Bacon Road, Old Westbury, New York, 11568, or may be placed in *The Wheatley Wildcat's* box, located in Wheatley's main office. Even if justifiable reason is given for exclusion of names, all names must be included. This paper is sent to the printer a week before distribution, so all facts are researched as fully as time permits.

From the Mouth of the Cat: Plus que ça change...

Wheatley's first class of seniors graduated in June, 1956. A few weeks earlier, on May 21, the first hydrogen bomb was detonated over Bikini Atoll, obliterating the island.

The 1950s summon up images of the Cold War and McCarthyism. The United States had won World War II, but now the specter of nuclear war and Soviet hegemony hung over the nation. We were fighting an evil empire and anything less than total commitment was tantamount to surrender. Citizens questioning our government were helping the enemy, were in bed with the Reds, and they had to be silenced and discredited. Sound familiar?

Every Regents and AP American class at Wheatley covers the Cold War and makes at least a passing reference to McCarthyism. Even after all that, we've let it happen again. The Bush administration has been quick to label dissent traitorous. From the Patriot Act to the labeling of anyone who has the temerity to question the war "a cut-and-runner," Bush has made it clear "if you're not with us, you're with the enemy."

Bush hasn't hesitated to take pages out of the Cold War handbook. On June 14, 1956 Eisenhower formally added "under God" to the Pledge, and on July 30, he signed a joint resolution of Congress making "In God We Trust" the national motto. Now Bush tells us that God is on our side, that we're engaged in a "crusade." He is hoping no one will notice his parallels don't hold up.

Today's geopolitical situation is not a direct analogue of the Cold War. The enemy we face today is not a nation-state, but, rather, a decentralized network. The Soviet Union was responsible for the administration of an enormous nation and puppet governments in the satellite nations of the Warsaw Pact. Al Qaida is not a nation. It is not responsible for anyone's welfare. No matter how much the situation in Iraq and in the whole Middle East deteriorates, Al Qaida will not be blamed. Al Qaida has no standing army, no citizens, and no home. All of its fighters are volunteers. If bin Laden died today, Al Qaida would still exist as long as there were angry people with Internet access.

Learning from history doesn't only mean throwing out bad ideas such as suppressing debate. To succeed today, we need to recognize the lessons of the past and reconcile them with the contingencies of the present. The best way to honor Wheatley's 50th anniversary is for students, past and present, to continue to raise questions about our history about and our present policies. Nothing less than the future of democracy is at stake.

**The Wildcat
wants to hear from
YOU!
Email us at
wildcat@
ewsonline.org**

EDITORIAL/OP-ED

Simon Says: 50th is a Time to Reflect



I wonder what the speakers at Wheatley's 100th anniversary celebration will be saying about the next fifty years.

Wheatley's 50th Anniversary is a time for us to reflect on the history of the people and events that have shaped our school. It also presents an opportunity to look ahead and focus on the future and the challenges Wheatley will face in trying to sustain the special culture that has been established and nurtured over the years. I hope that amidst the nostalgia and smiles at the 50th celebration, we will pause to reaffirm the values and actions that have made Wheatley what it is and think about how all of us must continue to work to maintain it.

What sets Wheatley apart from most schools is the consistent attention to the needs of people, whether they are students who need a little extra attention or staff going through the issues that confront us in life. It has been the fundamental humanity of those who run our schools that have enabled our school to develop into the positive and caring place it is. In short, over the past fifty years this community and school district have made in-

vesting in people, students and staff, the priority, rather than focusing on buildings and equipment. As a result, we are part of a culture that supports diversity, values each individual, and encourages staff to go the extra mile for students.

Who will be the Doc van Wies, Faith Toperoffs, Al Martins, Mike Glennons, Isabelle Auerbachs, Paul Painos, Mo Schneiders, and Georgette Macrinas of Wheatley fifty years from now?

The positive and caring culture of Wheatley comes from well-intentioned staff able to work in an environment that is supportive. Who will be the Doc van Wies, Faith Toperoffs, Al Martins, Mike Glennons, Isabelle Auerbachs, Paul Painos, Mo Schneiders, and Georgette Macrinas of Wheatley fifty years from now? Will the building still have the warm and special feeling it has for so many of us?

I have watched too many school cultures become toxic, full of bitterness as decisions become based more on the dollar than on what is right and best for people. As we look ahead, this school, in fact, many communities, face challenges that will test the strength of the values that have allowed such positive cultures to develop. I hope that those who determine the next fifty years of Wheatley will make the right decisions and never lose sight of the importance of individuals. Seemingly small changes in this delicate balance could alter fundamen-

tal principles which we have embraced.

Will they continue to see our school as a place to grow, to experiment, to learn?

I wonder what the speakers at Wheatley's 100th anniversary celebration will be saying about the next fifty years. Will they look back and describe a world with more peace, less violence and poverty, health care for all, and true respect for diversity? Will they continue to see our school as a place to grow, to experiment, to learn? As we mark this important milestone in the history of Wheatley, storm clouds and strong winds are blowing around us. How we respond to these challenges will test the beliefs that have made Wheatley the special place it is.

Service in the Service of Citizenship

by Leah Anthony Libresco

National Honor Society requires community service hours, as well as impressive academic performance, because intelligence without action is useless. As Theodore Roosevelt said, "Words without actions is intellectual debauchery." We aren't in school just to learn facts; we are here to create our own problem-solving paradigm and learn to apply it to problems we face, in school and out.

The current system does not teach students how to deal with the root causes of problems or even to recognize them.

Currently, NHS's rules defining community service are pretty broad. Any volunteering is acceptable, providing it's not for a parent or for a class, and

does not exceed five hours for any particular club (excluding CAC and Key Club). Wheatley students get involved in food drives, soup kitchens, clothing drives, and toy drives. These are valuable contributions; each can of food helps improve the lot of a family and these contributions are not to be minimized. Unfortunately, donating a can of food does nothing to resolve the long-term social and economic issues that result in poverty.

Doing only charity work is like a doctor treating only the symptoms of a disease. Over time, the disease persists and may worsen; addressing only the symptoms of a medical or a social issue can mask the problem.

The current system does not teach students how to deal with the root causes of problems or even to recognize them. In order to be good citizens, students and adults should devote time to studying problems and trying to find solutions. If activist involvement begins in high school, students are more likely to continue to be active participants in our democracy for the rest of their lives.

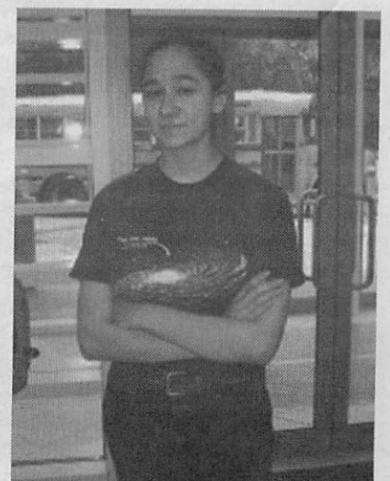
Doing only charity work is like a doctor treating only the symptoms of a disease. Over time, the disease persists and may worsen; addressing only the symptoms of a medical or a social issue can mask the problem.

NHS can take a few simple steps to start students on the path toward involvement. Two of the ten hours required per quarter should be related to activism. This balance would allow students to try to effect

change without sacrificing the valuable face-to-face contact they currently get while volunteering. For the activist two hours, students could go to marches, campaign for a candidate, wo/man a phone bank, or register voters. To encourage students to consider carefully the choices they make for their activism, the hours sheet would be accompanied by a page explaining why the student took on a particular cause.

Two of the ten hours required per quarter should be related to activism.

The situation reminds me of the adage, "Give a wo/man a fish and s/he'll eat for a day. Teach a wo/man to fish and s/he'll eat forever" — with a dash of Werner Heisenberg thrown in. Heisenberg was a physicist who discovered that the act of ob-



Leah Libresco wants you... to serve your community and nation

ervation changes the observed and, by extension, the observer. This new system would benefit not only those in need by encouraging reforms, but would mobilize students to fight for those reforms and be involved politically in making a better world.

The ideal is not for every student to work in a soup kitchen but for there to be no soup kitchens and no need for them. Creating an informed citizenry is the most important and lasting community service NHS could promote.

Colleges Starting to Ignore SAT's Will the Madness Finally End?

by Jordan Yadoo

For most high school students, standardized testing is a regrettably familiar ritual. Following fruitless attempts to compensate for sleepless nights, students subsequently struggle to digest the suggested bacon and eggs breakfast before hurriedly reporting to their respective test centers. Feeling somewhat estranged from their natural selves and internally struggling to balance anxiety with utter nausea, students withdraw their finely sharpened number two pencils and proceed to confront the intimidating Scantron.

As frightening as standardized exams may be, none elicit more fear than the notorious SAT. Although subjected to extensive change since its inception in 1901, the exam has always served as a means of allowing college admissions officers to "objectively" compare prospective students. While the test may shed some form of light upon a student's intelligence, it is by no means

indicative of his/her potential

to succeed. Fortunately, several colleges over the country have come to recognize this, allowing applicants to single handedly determine whether or not a mere score accurately reflects their academic ability.

As frightening as standardized exams may be, none elicit more fear than the notorious SAT.

Living in a society in which acceptance to an Ivy League university is deemed the most coveted prize, it's no wonder that students are so fixated on SAT scores. The exam has become the basis of a multimillion dollar booming industry. Courses offered by companies such as *TestTakers* and *Kaplan* can cost anywhere from \$1,500 to \$3,000. Private tutors tend to charge at least \$150 per hour; many have stretched their fees

up to \$700 per hour.

The word objective used

above is cited with skepticism, as admissions officers claim they use the SAT so as to objectively compare applicants. The companies and private tutors described above explicitly guarantee their services to generate increased scores. However, colleges are unable to discriminate those who have been meticulously trained from those who haven't. Thus, they are ultimately accepting students not on the basis of merit, but of socioeconomic status.

The exam has become the basis of a multimillion dollar booming industry.

The content of the test itself, which incorporates math, critical reading, and writing sections, has become subject to vast, yet well deserved, criticism. Rather than accurately

assess a student's intelligence, the exam tests innate knowl-

edge. It is more akin to an IQ test than an authentic determinant of one's academic promise. Juggling from one section to another in a speedy fashion, the exam is structured like a mind game. Instead of gaining insight as to one's scholastic abilities, it virtually focuses on one's test taking abilities. Knowing the ins and outs - the subtle strategies only divulged by expensive courses or experienced tutors - is key to success. The College Board itself has clearly acknowledged the flaws of the exam, as well, for the test has been so thoroughly restructured over the past few decades.

Rather than accurately assess a student's intelligence, the exam tests innate knowledge.

As members of such a clearly competitive, programmed society, it's becoming increasingly difficult to think independently.

For a motivated high school junior, there's barely any room for creativity. Making one's time useful means tweaking one's college application to absolute perfection, whether through superficially partaking in an extra curricular activity or preparing for some arbitrary standardized test. Before it's too late, we must simply pause for a moment and truly re-evaluate what exactly our priorities are. What kind of pathetic values are we so deeply instilling within the next generation and why? Perhaps it's time for us to redefine our modern conception of success. Along those lines, it's refreshing that certain colleges have begun to view applicants in a much more holistic light. Top tier liberal arts schools, such as Middlebury, Bowdoin, Mount Holyoke, Bates, Muhlenberg, and Bennington, have grown to de-emphasize mere numbers and instead focus on the unique aspects of applicants which truly define who they are, what they'll become, and how they can genuinely contribute to and benefit from the college.

Facebook May Give You More Facetime Than You Want

by Sara Landers

Facebook.com is quickly becoming one of the most popular social-networking websites for teenagers and young adults in the country. It was originally created specifically for college students who were entering their freshman year of school and wanted to meet their fellow students.

"Imagine anyone, from your parents, to your high school teachers, to the crazy lady who lives down the street, being able to create a Facebook account."

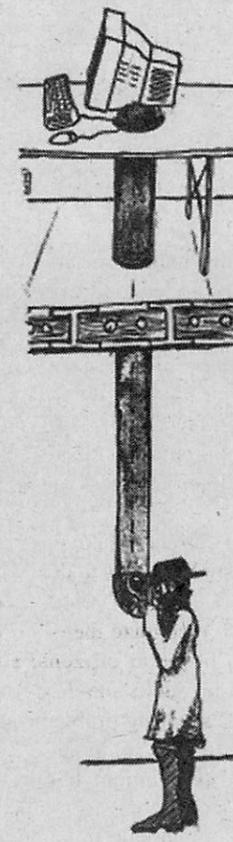
Since it began in 2004, Facebook has broadened its network to include high school students. In fact, according to the Facebook site, there are over 500 Wheatley students and/or graduates that are currently registered on the site. When asked about his perspective on Facebook, one tenth grader remarked that it was, "Similar to Myspace but safer."

Ah, Myspace. We've all seen the recent articles in various newspapers and magazines about the website www.myspace.com. The site, which now hosts over 109 million members according to abcnews.com, has been most recently well known for its involvement in several cases of missing persons and sexual predators. The main focus of these articles is to emphasize the fact that personal information should not, under any circumstances, be given out over the internet.

However, is Facebook truly a safer option than Myspace? The same information that can be

given out on Myspace, such as name, date of birth, location, and school district (not to mention phone number and address) is available to post on Facebook. Yes, it could be argued that Facebook is the safer of the two sites because it is only open to students in high school or college. Actually, this won't be the case for much longer. The chief executive of Facebook, Mark Zuckerberg, recently announced that the company will now be opening the website to anyone of any age group who wishes to join. All the users must do is attach themselves to a particular region, such as "Long Island," and they will be granted access to the site.

How do Facebook members themselves feel about this change? In answer to this question, there have been thousands of complaints posted daily on the site, not to mention a large number of groups that have been formed in protest. One such group, which hosts over 7,000 members is entitled "Students Against Public



Michael Price

Facebook" and poses the scenario, "Imagine anyone, from your parents, to your high school teachers, to the crazy lady who lives down the street, being able to create a Facebook account." They also offer a website on which people can sign a petition to stop the changes in the website before they are finalized. However, even on the new Facebook, members will still have to accept each other as "friends" in order to be able to view each others' profiles, and the information that is or is not posted is still for the user to choose.

Although the chances of being "Facebook stalked" are very slim, there is still a chance that the information that students post will fall into the wrong hands, and that chance will become significantly larger if the network is opened to the entire population. If you are a member of Facebook or have an opinion about the issue, let your voice be heard in response to this decision because its outcome might just affect you.

Don't Take Off in an Off-Year Election

by Zachary Libresco

If the incumbents who have been doing a poor job get re-elected, and nobody votes because it's a midterm election, does anyone besides the political pundits notice?

The Republicans control the House of Representatives, the Senate and the Presidency, so what have they done to solve the numerous problems that face America today? Many politicians have not even admitted that global warming is happening, not to mention trying to deal with it. Prisoners are being held at Guantánamo indefinitely without trials, and our privacy is being breached here at home. Our deficit and national debt are both through the roof. Iraq is an absolute quagmire. We are not in Iran...yet, even though

this administration is attempting to justify a possible invasion. They took their eye off the ball with Osama Bin Laden and Afghanistan, not to mention this administration's lack of attention and support for Katrina victims.

Don't plead indifference just because we weren't voting for the President of the United States.

So with all these pressing issues, people should be coming to the polls in droves, right?

WRONG! In midyear elections, people do not come to the polls in large numbers. In a 2004 presidential election, sixty percent of the electorate voted, while in a 2002 off-year election, sixty percent of eligible voters did not vote, according to the United States Election Project of George Mason University. That is a twenty percent fall from the Presidential year, a calamitous drop. If you think the American public as a whole is bad, you should see the indifference of young people. According to the Center for Information and Research on Civic Learning and Engagement (CIRCLE), in 2004 a mere forty-seven percent of eighteen to twenty-four-year-olds voted in the presidential election. In the 2002 off-year election, nineteen percent of voters eighteen to twenty-four voted. Nineteen percent! That

is absolutely outrageous.

Perhaps some people don't vote because they think that their vote doesn't count. There are millions of people voting out there, right? What difference does your one, measly vote make? The answer? All the difference in the world. We need look only at Florida in 2000 where Bush "won" by 537 votes (although later it was proven that, with all the ballot confusion, he actually lost) and Ohio in 2004 to see that one vote makes a humongous difference. In 1960, if one person changed his/her vote in every precinct, Richard Nixon would have won instead of John Kennedy. In 1847 and 1848, if one Senator hadn't changed his vote, we would not have the states Texas, California, Alaska, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah.

Don't plead ignorance on Election Day because you didn't know what was coming. Don't plead indifference just because we weren't voting for the President of the United States. If you care whether soldiers and civilians die in Iraq, if you care whether we at least try to deal with global warming, if you care about the economic well-being of all Americans, if you care that our civil liberties are not protected, if you care about America's reputation around the globe, if you care about our safety, read up on the issues, watch the news, seek the truth, and go to the polls informed. It is our duty as citizens to vote, so we should exercise that right and make an educated decision on Election Day: even in a midterm election. Especially in a midterm election.

The Buzz Around the Primary Elections

by Stephen Petrillo

Everyone around knows the buzz around the elections here in New York State. Yet, with 40 state house and 10 state senate seats waiting to be filled, and the Democratic party hopes to win big in November.

Back in September, New Yorkers voted in the primaries for

governor, U.S. senate, and New York, attorney general. Following is my opinion of the candidates in the general election

For governor, Attorney General Eliot Spitzer won an overwhelmingly victory in the primary. His defeated opponent was Thomas R. Suozzi, our Nassau County executive. Elliott Spitzer will now face Republican John Faso in the November elec-

tion for New York governor.

In my opinion, Eliot Spitzer is the best person for the job of governor because he is the people's lawyer. His skills and experience as the current attorney general would make him a great governor.

Senator Hilary Clinton won her primary for U.S. Senate. Hilary Clinton will now face Republican Kathleen "K.T."

McFarland in the November election for New York senator.

I believe, Hilary Clinton is the most worthy person for the job of U.S. Senator, and the most sure of herself, because she is a

strong advocate for New York. Not to mention, she is also married to former President Bill Clinton, who is respected and well liked by the many Americans.

Housing Secretary Andrew

Cuomo won the Democratic nomination for New York attorney general Andrew Cuomo will now face Republican Jeannine Pirro, Westchester district attorney, in the November election.

Andrew Cuomo is a passionate believer in doing what is right for all citizens. He is also the son of former governor of New York for twelve years, Mario Cuomo.

I believe all three of my chosen candidates will win in the November election. This is because in the bigger picture of the two parties, the Democrats are probably the best competitors for the job.

The real question surrounding the Republican Party is the fact if this election will reduce their majority or take away their majority completely.

Ramesh Ponnuru of the N.Y. Times stated, the 1992 loss of the Republican Party, "made them able to persuade the party that it had not lost power because it was too far right."

In this case, he is certainly right, and that will probably be the same effect in this November election.

One thing is for sure, if the democrats win the November elections based on high gas prices, and some hard news on the war in Iraq, they will probably be less focused on the bigger picture in America: national security and social issues.

Yet another big question about these elections is the speculation that Senator Clinton will leave the senate and run for President of the United States in 2008.

Whoever wins the November elections, Republican or Democrat, needs to support this country the best way they possibly can.

Mystery Files of "Barbie" and "Ken"

by A. H. Elper

Welcome to the town of Malibu, California, where we'll take you on a Barbie Corvette ride through the typical ups and downs of life. Join us as we follow Barbie, Ken, and their group offriends through the troubles that spring upon them as they travel on the pathway of high school. As the mediators of Malibu High School, those sassy problem-solvers in the blue shirts, we will offer them our opinions on their troubles, and only hope that they will follow our advice. Each issue, we will introduce another example of the trials and tribulations of high school. These are real problems experienced by real students with details changed to protect identities. We, the mediators, will evaluate each situation and provide our advice for each problem.

Dear Mediators,

Okay, so the other day in

math, my friend, Brad, asked to see how I solved number 12. Brad's my best friend so of course, I said yes! Brad was struggling in math, and I wanted to be a good friend. The teacher decided to collect the assignment to monitor our progress. Today, I got the assignment back with a big, fat, red F on it! I couldn't understand it! I completely understood everything that he had been talking about in class and spent a good 2 hours on my homework. Surprisingly, I didn't see any red X's. The teacher left me a note that said, "See me after class." There was no smiley face on it, like he usually puts. After class, I went to Mr. Hernandez, and he gave me the scariest look I've ever seen in my life and accused me of cheating off Brad. Brad must have copied all my answers!

I'm in quite a conundrum here, Mediators. I don't want to get Brad in trouble, because that would ruin our friendship... but I can't let Mr. Hernandez think I cheated! What do I do?!

Please help me—my reputation as Malibu High School's math scholar is at stake.

—Math Scholar and Superjock, Ken

Dear Ken,

After reading your problem, we realized the consequences of any decision that you choose to make. If you tell Mr. Hernandez the truth, you risk the chance of losing Brad as your best friend. However, if you cover for Brad, you will fail, be kicked out of Malibu Honor Society, and worst of all, Mr. Hernandez will think you're a cheater! We realize that this is truly a lose-lose situation. Someone will get hurt in the process, whether it is Brad or your reputation and grade. After using our analytical balance and determining which set of consequences were heavier, we came to a decision.

The first step of this difficult road upon which you must embark is to talk to Brad. Explain to Brad how hard this decision is for you due to the fact that you are best friends. However, also

explain to him that even as the best of friends, Brad must suffer the consequences of his own actions. You cannot take the fall for him, because later in life, he will eventually need to take responsibility for his own actions, and you may not always be there to help him. If he does not learn now, he may continue to use you and take advantage of you—thus, your friendship will be parasitic. If Brad is truly your best friend, he will understand the difficulty of your present situation and will allow you to make the choice that is best for yourself. Hopefully, your friendship will continue to prosper, and your reputation will not be marred. Good luck, and let us know how it turns out!

As you can see, we offered a great solution for Ken's enormous problem—let us help him again! Write in more problems like these, and we'll place you in the world of Barbie and Ken!

Two Football Movies You Should See

If I Were Invincible...

by Samuel Choi

directed by Ericson Core

Everyone knows the clichéd stories by now, a classic tale of a local guy making it big and ending up with the girl. But, based on a true story, *Invincible* is more than just that. Though it doesn't have a lot of material to keep you entertained for more than an hour and a half, it definitely makes up for it with great acting and amazing digital production value (for example, a football stadium filled with tens of thousands of fans).

Even if you're not into sports, this movie is a feel-good

movie for everybody. Mark Wahlberg gives a good performance as underdog football player Vince Papale, who went from football with the neighborhood guys to football with the pros. Greg Kinnear also gives an awesome performance as Coach Dick Vermeil, and with an amazing resemblance as well, to the real man. The actors even spent time with real life Vince Papale and Dick Vermeil to get a first hand account of what really happened at Eagles training camp or how the city was at a certain time.

The movie also shows the atmosphere of southern Philadelphia during economic

decline and some of the worst football seasons the Eagles have ever had, but doesn't make it as convincing as it could have been. Other than the half-digitized football games, the camera crew doesn't deserve too much credit, but the writing definitely impresses, with everything from local talk to witty one-liners.

I was pretty disappointed when the movie cut short the most realistic football scenes I have ever witnessed, but it was still a good way to spend that \$10. With football season starting, I recommend spending your free time watching *Invincible*. **Grade: B+**

Gridiron Gang

by Rebecca Bellan

Gridiron Gang is definitely one of the most spectacular, motivational, and inspiring movies of the year. What truly makes this film amazing is that the story really happened.

People will walk out of this movie with a new sense of respect and understanding for young juvenile delinquents. It is about how teenagers at a juvenile detention center, under the leadership of their counselors Sean Porter, played by Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, and Malcolm Moore, played by Xzibit, gain self esteem by forming a football team, the Mustangs. Before starting the team, the gang was not unified at all. Not only did they learn to play football, but the teenagers were taught how to be a team, relying on each other to win the game and to succeed in life.

Gridiron Gang allows the audience to get an inside look

on how kids can be criminals too and just what they do to become those criminals. The message in this movie is clear; anyone can conquer adversity when they have people who believe in them. In this case, The Rock is the person for the boys on the team and in the detention center. During the credits, film clips of actual boys at a juvenile detention center are shown and the audience is told what happened to the boys and what they ended up doing with their lives after they got out of jail. Not only do you learn something from this film, but it is extremely enjoyable. As a girl who is not a big football fan, I can nonetheless say that *Gridiron Gang* is a fabulous movie and I think it would appeal to, and send a great message to, people of all ages, backgrounds, and sexes.

Grade: A

Two Action Movies You Shouldn't See

Wicker Man is a Hollow Man

by Stephen Petrillo

Nicholas Cage's new film *The Wicker Man*, which came out September 1, is based on the classic film made in the 70's. I am not one to know much about

the original, but I do know it's not an Emmy winner.

The Wicker Man is about a police officer, Edward Malus (Nicholas Cage), who becomes troubled after a serious breakup with his fiancé, and then wit-

nessing the death of a mother and daughter in a car crash. A year or so later, he receives a letter from his ex (Kate Beahan), explaining that she needs help finding her lost daughter in their home town, Summersisle. With

some regret, Edward takes a trip to visit his ex, only to find that everything is not what it seems, and this privately owned town was meant to be private. The secret they hide from newcomers is something they would kill to keep.

This movie also consists of weird and awkward moments, which are useless. Yet, as much as I am tempted to tell you more about the plot, I would find myself giving you the ending and basically ruining the two hours you spent in the theater trying to figure it out.

The actors in this film are all low budget actors (except for Nicholas Cage) who barely put a good performance into the film. Yet as much as this movie may have been weird and annoying, I have to say that Nicholas Cage as the troubled police-officer, didn't crash and burn.

Don't Make a Covenant to See this Film

by Lonnie Nemiroff and Sonia Shahdarpuri

The Covenant is a story about five families with supernatural powers who make an agreement to keep their powers a secret in the Ipswich Colony in Massachusetts in the 1600s. One of the families exceeds the use of their powers and is banished from the colony.

The movie then moves to the current day, when four young boys whose roots trace back to the Ipswich Colony attend the Spenser Academy in New England. As the school year takes place, a fifth family member from the agreement returns and seeks revenge for

the situation that occurred in the 1600s. The fifth son threatens to reveal the secret of the boys.

The plot of this film starts off very intriguing and somewhat different from the plots of most other films, but there is the clichéd enemy-and-girlfriend-in-trouble scenario that makes this movie just ordinary and nothing more. The action and visual effects may have certainly grasped the audience's attention for a moment, but the supernatural powers that the boys possess are far from reality. During one of the fighting scenes in the movie, the weapon of choice in the battle is magical Jell-O. Magical Jell-O? It seems a bit

immature, but the magical Jell-O isn't the only thing childish about this movie.

The director could have come up with better situations and scenarios for this movie, which is specifically targeted towards young teenage girls. The trailers tried to convey an image of the Covenant being a scary movie, but it's far from that. It's more of a comedy than a thriller. It's useless to spend time and money watching the movie in theaters; just wait until it comes out on DVD. While some viewers may have been at the edge of their seats, most of the audience was trying very hard to stay awake for this boring film.

Grade: D+

The secret they hide from newcomers is something they would kill to keep.

The Wicker Man was actually advertised as the thriller/horror genre, or as the ads said, it was meant to "make you jump." But after leaving the theater, I realized I didn't jump, or even flinch, once. I can only blame the bad timing for shocks. I considered this movie not scary whatsoever, but just Nicholas Cage showing off his acting ability.

The plot is not hard to follow. A man goes to look for a child for his ex. He finds himself in a place where he is not wanted. He becomes the prey of a very big surprise. After that, there's nothing more than a lame script and poor acting by the co-stars.

There's nothing more than a lame script and poor acting by the co-stars.

I recommend waiting for this movie to come out on DVD, because to me, it's just a small leaf on Nicholas Cage's big tree. Go see *World Trade Center* instead.

Grade: D+

Play It Again, Wheatley

by Veronica Ames

The 50th Anniversary has had an effect on all school events, including the fall musical directed by Lauren DiGennaro. On November 16th, 17th, and 18th at 7:30 pm, with a 2:00pm matinee on the 18th, "Play It Again, Wheatley" will be performed at our school. Because the 50th Anniversary makes this year extra special, the musical is no typical play. In fact, it is a musical revue of all the musicals ever performed at Wheatley.

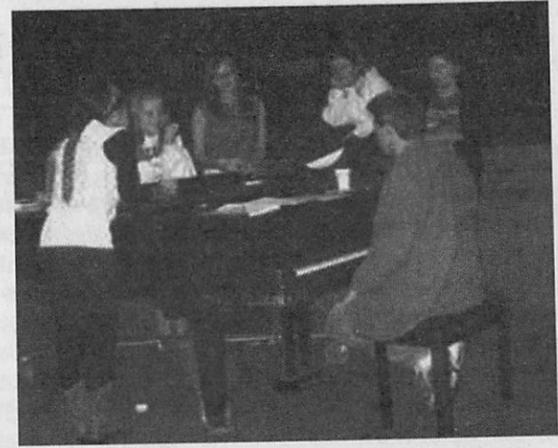
The play centers on an ensemble of high schoolers; however, children from both the elementary and middle schools are playing small roles. The lead

mcees are veterans Krista Sachse, Rebecca Scholl, and Jamiesyn Aliano. This play isn't just a performance of song after song; it is a myriad of complete scenes from selected musicals along with the most popular songs, sung by a variety of cast members. Some featured musicals are *Grease*, *West Side Story*, *Chicago*, *Oliver*, *Into the Woods*, *Oklahoma*, and the *Wizard of Oz*. This great selection of musicals only heightens the anticipation for this original production.

Even better, Heck is back! In fact, he is the vocal director of the play, and "absolutely amazing" according to Mrs. DiGennaro or "Ms. B." In addition

to Heck's help, Ashley Gur, a former student at Wheatley, is the choreographer for all the dancing and acting scenes. In addition, a number of faculty members, including Rick Wilson the past director of many of these shows, will play parts in the show. Mrs. B had nothing but good news about the progress of the play; "Everyone is so excited and energetic. The play is really coming along great!"

Although this play doesn't exactly have a plot, it's bound to be intriguing. Essentially, it is a celebration of the theater program and its participants using the most praised songs Wheatley has performed over



These thespians love Heck's "sound of music"

the years. There's no way this play won't be a success "It's all nostalgia," Mrs. B says, and

we all know that Wheatley loves celebrating past events and bringing back old memories!

Emmys Only Succeed in Being Boring

by Jamie Reysen

The 58 annual primetime Emmys would have been more controversial had they not been so terribly boring. Rather than paying homage to primetime TV, NBC focused mainly on all of the shows that had, in fact, just been dropped from their net-

works. Throughout the three-hour award show, it seemed as though TV-fanatic favorites were constantly losing out to dropped shows, as seen when Blythe Danner of "Huff," a recently cancelled show, won the award for Best Actress over two of the stars of "Grey's Anatomy," arguably the most talked about show of the year. "Grey's Anatomy" lost out in all of its nominations, but some of the highest rated and most

popular shows, such as "Gilmore Girls," were snubbed altogether. Conan O'Brian was the host of the show, but as amusing as he was, he couldn't single-handedly save the show or compensate for the many disappointed fans who didn't have many positive things to say about the Emmys. It just seemed as though there was no particular reason for all of these cancelled shows to leave as win-

ners while constant crowd-pleasers left the Emmy Awards with nothing to show for all of their hard work. During this year's show, NBC paid tribute to two legendary TV favorites: Aaron Spelling and Dick Clark. Spelling was responsible for the production of some of the most long-withstanding TV shows from "Seventh Heaven" (on its eleventh season) to "Beverly Hills 90210" (which ran for ten sea-

sons) to "Charlie's Angels," which only ran for five seasons, though it was incredibly influential in the last 1970s. Dick Clark got his start as the host of "American Bandstand" in the 50s—from there, his career skyrocketed.

At the opening of the award show, Conan reminded the fans that NBC was broadcasting the Emmys, "which means halfway through the show, the Emmys will be cancelled." Though this

was only a jab at NBC's tendency to drop shows mid-season, it might have been a good idea to end the Emmys an hour and a half earlier.

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Fashion: Our "New Look"



Match will help you look as good as she.

by Match Kamsutchom

In Wheatley, we're constantly hit over the head with today's trends, whether it be leggings and tunics, "the skinny jean," or short skirts paired with Uggs. However comfortable, chic, and, well, attention-grabbing they may be, what I notice the most is the way in which

we've all managed to take from the trends while maintaining and developing our own personal styles. Instead of quoting the monthly column in Vogue, I could easily come up with the ABCs of Wheatley, which would undoubtedly be more interesting. Though our personal styles have evolved from the latest looks in fashion, at the base of it all, they're really a product of the time we're living in.

Looking back on the first days of Wheatley, students were just dealing with a simpler foundation. Though we're now faced with designers putting their own "original spins" on distinct fashion trends of past decades, the 50's were a time of chic simplicity, timeless pieces, and glamour. What became popular was what Christian Dior coined as the "New Look" (actually

born in 1947), a backlash from WWII's stringency, typically defined by the generous use of luxurious fabrics, a wasp-waisted silhouette with widely flared skirts. The fashion stereotype of the "poodle skirt and pony tail" is a pale imitation of Dior's breakout style.

In Wheatley, we're constantly hit over the head with today's trends

What truly sets the fifties apart from all other decades is that for the first and only time, it wasn't about reinventing yourself each season. Skinny jeans with the right pair of flats weren't the main concern. It was about maintaining a certain appearance, the classic look. It's interesting that even though we do not view fifties fashion as revolutionary or progressive, it's still the era we mimic the

most. From Audrey Hepburn's straight-legged pant to Grace Kelly's scarf to the cashmere sweater, flats, pearls, cat's eye glasses, baby doll dresses, it is certain that the sophistication of the fifties has and will continue to influence us for years to come.

Which is preferential: the constantly reinvented, ever-changing world of Vogue or the unwritten laws of timeless fifties fashion? We'll wait another fifty years for the time to judge us, but for now all we can do is pay homage to that unforgettable era.

Kat's Korner

by Katerina Skiadas

Another trend this fall is the scarf. It was huge in Europe this summer and definitely a must for fall. It is wildly popular with women and men. Also, take out the boots with leggings and a crisp white shirt with a tiny vest. Gaucho pants are still going strong, just add boots with them. Have you seen the new GAP TV ad with fashion icon, Audrey Hepburn? The skinny black pant is a must as well. Remember, dress for success!

This fall is bursting with the color red.

SPORTS COMMENTARY

When Wheatley Had a Football Team...

continued from page 28

there simply wasn't enough interest in the sport, which is certainly true. Another reason could have been the high injury rate of Wheatley players; the school didn't want their players to take big hits in a game where they'd lose 35-0. Then, in 1992, Section 8, to which Wheatley belongs, ruled that schools could only be in Section 8 spon-

sored leagues, which completely ruled out IFC.

Keeping all of this in mind, Wheatley students did enjoy the football experience. One alumna I spoke with, Lauren Furst (Class of '75), told me that she and her friends would "ride our bikes to the school Saturday mornings to watch the games." On the flip side, she told me that the games usually moved pretty slowly because, "so many Wheatley players got hurt." Former head football coach and current Track and

Field coach Dan Walsh coached the team from 1977 until the end and has seen what Wheatley was like with football. He told this reporter, "I would love it if Wheatley had a football team, but I just don't see how they could." Many of our great athletes were brought up playing soccer or running cross country, and as a result, not many kids would go out for the team. Back when Wheatley had a football team, there were guys who lived to

play football. The team sported IFC all-stars like Tom Dwyer (now a Town of North Hempstead Councilman) and running backs like Sal Quattrocci, Greg Schreiber (who was a 3-time league all-star) and Rich Pistocci, who later played football at Hofstra. Coach Walsh's son, Dan Walsh, as a quarterback in the Wildcat's last year of play, when he was named to the league's all-star team. All these players, except Dwyer and Walsh, were members of the '79

team, the most talented football team according to Coach Walsh.

This football history is very nice to have at the Wheatley School, and although some of us may want a football team now, we should look back at the past for answers.

A special thanks to: Lauren Furst, East Williston UFSD Ad Hoc Committee on Football, Coach Dan Walsh, and Dr. Fred Appar and the Wheatley Athletic Department.

Coach Cadet Leads Soccer Champions

by Gregory Tanenbaum

Steve Cadet is the new Wheatley varsity boys soccer coach as of this year. Under his leadership and the leadership of co-captains Zach Gould (senior), Danny Bruh (senior), and Jesse Reich (sophomore), the team's goal is to win States.

Coach Cadet is looking for-

ward to the new season and noted, "It's going to take 4 or 5 games to tell how good we can be." He is thrilled with the talent of the players, but the big question mark is the experience of the team.

Coach Cadet has been the head coach at Jericho and Westbury, was an assistant coach on the college level at

Hofstra and Adelphi, and also served as an assistant coach with the Long Island Rough Riders, a professional soccer team in the United Soccer League. He won two national championships with The Rough Riders and won a state championship when he worked at Jericho High School. Coach Cadet teaches at Westbury Middle School and is

thrilled with the short commute he has to our campus. He also coached the local Albertson Soccer Club and this is where he learned of the opening at Wheatley.

Cadet said about Wheatley's team, "There's definitely a lot of potential here. The hard part right now seems to be the players don't realize how good they

can be. There doesn't seem to be a lot of confidence here within themselves as individuals and as a team. It's my job to change that!" He also said that he plans to "win States." With Coach Steve Cadet running the program, we should all look forward to a successful year.

NFL Players Aren't As Big As You Might Think

by Matthew P. Koos

I know we are all tired of hearing about steroids and growth hormones in sports. I'm tired of hearing about it, too. We get it from all angles—the newspapers, the news on television, and magazines. I certainly don't want to be the one who keeps the subject of steroids alive, but something new has come up that can't be ignored.

The National Football League has some big guys in it; no one in their right mind can argue against that. There has always been size in the league, but that size has certainly increased throughout the years. Take Daunte Culpepper, for example. The 6'4", 264 pound quarterback could have been a starting offensive lineman back in the 1960s. If you look back to the 1980s, a 270 pound lineman was considered to be large. Now, 270 pound linemen don't exist in the NFL. They're pretty hard to find in the top levels of college football, too. To give you an example of this, the New York Jets selected a lineman in the first round of the NFL's college draft in April. One of the biggest question marks when it came to this player, Dbrickshaw Ferguson, was his size. He

weights only 290 pounds, very small for an offensive tackle in the NFL.

With all this pressure, it's no surprise that growth hormones have made their way into the National Football League. But don't take my word on the subject. Former All-American lineman and now a starter in the NFL, Jon Jansen recently told HBO reporter Bob Costas that, "maybe 15, or 20 percent," of the NFL uses growth hormones. A former teammate of Jansen also told Costas that he would say 30 percent of the NFL uses these steroids, like HGH. Anyway you slice it, these are scary numbers. And the National Football League needs to do something about it.

The NFL just lost one of their greatest commissioners ever, Paul Tagliabue. Mr. Tagliabue did help pass a new drug rule in the league, which lowered the accepted level of testosterone allowed and includes random drug tests and suspensions for first-time test failures. This rule is not as advanced as it is in other sports, like track and field, but maybe, just maybe, the new commissioner, Roger Goodell, can make cleaning up the NFL his first priority.

Soccer, Hockey Combine to Make the Ultimate Wheatley Pastime

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broidered on them. I was initiated in 1996 and given the name "baby Stirrups." They would initiate a new person by having him/her kick the tennis ball into the goal posts. My father and I are on the All-stars. In the 1970s, the All-Stars won 8 of the 10 years, but, as the decades continued, the All-Stars got worse. By the 1980s, the win/loss ratio was tied, and, by the 1990s, the Boobs won 7 of the 10 games.

In 1998, the National Sockey League was written up in Sports Illustrated. One of the players travels to Long Island every year from Phoenix, Arizona. He was on an airplane, sitting next to a Sports Illustrated free-lance writer. The writer was so intrigued by the game and its history that he came to the game and photographed everyone. The next month's issue contained a two page story about sockey. In 1993, Wheatley made structural changes to its basketball courts to create the current tennis courts. The National Sockey league wouldn't let a little construction stop tradition, so they decided to move

the game to the North Side School outdoor basketball court. The game has been played there ever since.

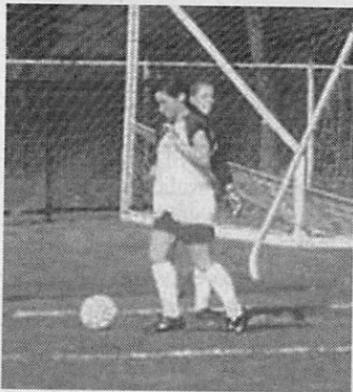
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Every year, the team members stroll up to the court at 1:00. Of course, after telling a year's worth of stories, the actual game doesn't begin until around 2:00. The first game is called the "Masters" game. This is just a game for the "founding fathers" of sockey. After one of the teams scores a point, the next game is played with the Boobs against the All-Stars with all of the children. Finally, we usually play a game of the North Side students versus the Willets Road students. Unlike my generation, where the students attend both the schools, when our parents went to Wheatley, they either previously attended

North Side or Willets Road from Kindergarten to 6th grade. They all met in Wheatley in 7th grade, and, even though they were friendly, there was always competition between the different schools. So, the children play on the team that their parents were on, and the annual game comes to an end. The last tradition, before everyone goes their separate ways, is to have lunch at Hildebrandt's.

I have played for 10 years, and there are even more children playing than fathers. Times have changed since 1971, Wheatley has changed since 1971, and the graduates have definitely changed since 1971. But every year you can find these same alumni at North Side the Saturday after Thanksgiving. They laugh, they run, and they are definitely getting older, but the National Sockey League continues. Our parents may not run as fast, but the next generation continues this game, and, one day, the first grandchild will be initiated into The National Sockey league.

Varsity Girls Soccer Succeeds



by Kristina Del Mistro

After a disheartening loss against Mattituck in the Long Island championship last year, girls varsity soccer is coming back strong. Losing their record setting forward Mona Lekaj was very distressing but the team still contains many skillful players.

The team has moved up to Conference Three this year and is facing much harder competition. Some of the team's competitors include Hicksville, Cold Spring Harbor, and Herricks.

After losing the first game of the season to Hicksville, the girls did not have high hopes for the season. However, making a comeback, the girls have not lost a league game since.

The starting line up is very solid. Leading the defense are sweeper Molly Bruh and stopper, Stephanie Del Mistro. On the teams outsides are Kristin Merlo, Katerina Skiadas, and Liz Kalish, who are all very aggressive, strong players. Morgan Laverty and Nicole Pitcavage will be great contributions to the back as well once they overcome their injuries and sicknesses.

Of course the most important defensive position, the goalie, is played by Kristie Kalenka. She is new to the goalie position but is quick on her feet, which enables her to be very effective.

Playing the outside midfield positions are Jackie Dello, Elana Jaroff, and Nicole Bonacuso. All three are very fast and can take the ball down the line for a cross

to the forwards. On the inside of them, Erica Meichione, Jenny Butwin, and Kristina Del Mistro control the middle of the field. Ashley Kowalaczyk, Lonnie Nemiroff, and Ashley Shapiro all play the forward position. Ashley Kowalaczyk is leading the goal scoring with 16 goals before the first half of the season has even finished. She is definitely a competitor for the 29-goal record that Mona Lekaj set just last year.

All together, the team is looking very strong. With a strong back line, the other teams are finding it very difficult to score. The midfielders are controlling the middle of the field, and the forwards are having no trouble scoring,

The team's record as we go to press is 6-1 and the girls are in second place. Hicksville is the only team with a more impressive record consisting of all wins and one tie.

The playoffs start in November, and the team hopes to see you there.

New Coach New Hope

by Andrew Messer

This year for the boys varsity soccer team has been very different from the past. After a long tenure as Wheatley's head soccer coach, Bernie Hintz has been replaced by new coach Steve Cadet. Cadet has instilled a strict form of discipline into his players. The team has started off slow to a 1-3-2 record but with a new style of coaching and the talent that the team has, there is hope that we will be seeing great Wheatley boys soccer teams in the near future.

Although this team may not have the overall talent of the past, there are several great athletes who will give the team an opportunity to turn this season around. One difference between this year and many others is the significant number of sophomores who help the team out significantly on a routine basis. Jesse Reich plays sweeper and contributes to the midfield where he scores an occasional goal. Billy Wasserman heads the goalie position and makes opposing forwards hard-pressed

to get the ball by him. He is backed up by Daniel Restrepo. Daniel Rogers uses his speed to get to balls all over the midfield. He is joined by veteran senior Zach Gould who as center midfield is vital to the team's offensive attack. The main force, however, is Danny Bruh, who as a well-established soccer superstar frightens opposing players with his tremendous goal-scoring abilities. Backing these two great players up are seniors Justin Huckle, Danny Cohen Adam Kapner, Michael Ratner, Steve Scheuer, as well as juniors Tommy McPhillips and Matt Schoen. The defense is loaded with power and talent with players Alejandro Centeno, Nick Caplan, Jimmy "Jimbonofron" Schwartz, and Matt Doyaga.

The team looks to improve as the season moves forward. In a division with tough competitors, the team will need to fight back hard in order to make a playoff run. Judging from the talent that this team possesses and what they are capable of, it is impossible to count them out as we go to press.

JV Has What it Takes

by Chris Lando

The JV soccer season started with bitter memories of last year's winless season, and the sophomores on the team were eager to get their first win. Although a few of the grade's better players were moved up to the varsity team, the season had a promising start. They went two and one in three scrimmages before the league games began. When the league games started, they were faced with a tough schedule, and only managed to win one of the first four games. Despite the letdown, the team was happy to come away with its first real win in more than a year.

That first win came against Roslyn. Both teams were pretty evenly matched, but Roslyn was first to score. That goal was a wakeup call to our team, and we quickly scored three unanswered goals. Evan Greenberg, Lucas Mayrsohn, and Jorge Benavidez were the scorers. Late in the second half, Roslyn scrambled to score, and with our team showing fatigue, Roslyn got their second goal with about fifteen minutes remaining. Up by only one in the closing minutes, our defensive prowess shined through and Wheatley held the lead through the end, marking the JV team's first official win in a year.

The team is still looking for a comfort zone, and positions have shifted around as they look for an optimal lineup. Up at for-

ward, they've have had various players. Our two Danny's, Schmertz and Stagnari, do a good job getting goals for the team, Stagnari ripping some hard shots from the eighteen, and Schmertz always in the goalie's face to knock in a loose ball. Also filling the role is Evan Greenberg and Veton Lekaj, who use ball skills to make defenders look silly. Joey Mazzola, coming off a recent injury, is a big asset up front, although opposing teams underestimate his ability because of his short stature.

In the midfield, we have a wide range of players. On the outside, Kieran Lang uses his speed to weave between defenders. Jorge Benavidez and Josh Escobar's aggression win a lot of balls in the midfield. In the middle, Chris Lando and Mike Taylor, control the field skillfully and distribute the ball to make opportunities for the team to score, as well as help support the defense. Michael Merlo plays all around the midfield, and is one of the best at producing scoring chances.

Back on defense, the outside backs Jake Posner, Michael Affigne, Rory Miller, and Tomer Hananya stop opposing forwards in their tracks. Anyone who manages to get by them is stopped by the iron curtain consisting of Taylor Shapiro, George Braun, Tom Beague, and Lucas Mayrsohn, with Tom and Lucas filling the roles of stopper and sweeper. Charles Tripi, the

goalie, keeps us close in games with some spectacular saves. Jeremy Manor, Sharif Vakili, Michael Kim, and Gabe Hogan play all over the field, and are always there to fill-in where needed.

Coach Gracie encourages the team through the good and the bad, and the way things are shaping up, we should have a successful season. The team has played some of its toughest opponents in the early

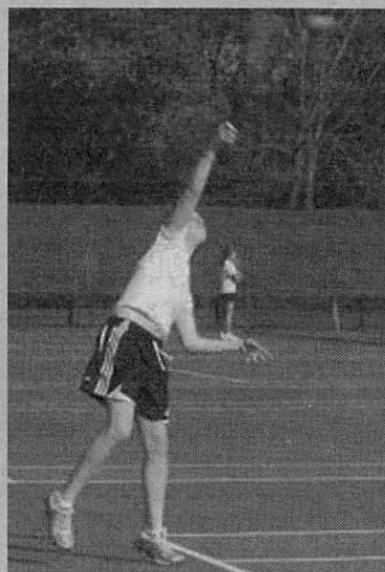
games, and should be very competitive the rest of the season. There is still a lot of time left in the season, and the JV team has what it takes to finish with a winning record.

Varsity Girls Tennis is Up to the Challenge

by Paris Haber

The girls varsity tennis team is in for a wonderful and challenging season, facing teams such as Hewlett, Manhasset, Locust Valley, Herricks, and Great Neck North and South. So far, the team is 1-1; they lost an intense and exciting match against Hewlett and won against Manhasset.

Without Stacy Lee on the team, the girls will be in for their biggest challenge yet, but they are fully capable of succeeding. With twenty talented tennis players, they will definitely put up a fight. Every day the girls practice for two hours, and on some days they hold tournaments to decide who is playing in which



Serve's Up!

spot. To win a tournament, one must win four out of seven games.

The three singles spots rotate among Sara Landers, Molly Cohen, Rebecca Ross, and Nicole Katz. As of now, first

doubles is played by Lindsay Giller and Alicia Terry, second doubles is played by the Gregory twins Jen and Emily, third doubles is played by Lauren Viola and Beth Malin, and fourth doubles is played by Ashley Cohen and Heather Berman. The rest of the team are alternates, which include Dana Molinsky, Lindsay Rothberg, Jen April, Manting Chiang, Jennifer Goldman, Lauren Cutajar-Wynn, and Lauren Chan.

According to Alicia Terry, the real goal this season is to try as hard as possible, and to win as many games as they can. The team would like to move up a division, and they would also like to send some girls to the conference tournament. With one of the greatest coaches ever, Mo Schneider, the girls will definitely learn how to improve their game.