

Roving Reporter goes undercover to expose Great Ice Cream War of Poly Prep

by Lawrence Savell

In the 1500's, it was the struggle to acquire rights in the New World. In the 1700's, it was the fight to control trading posts in the West. Now, in 1975, another "New Frontier" has been fed to the waiting jaws of Big Business. This is the story of the Great Ice Cream War of Poly Prep.

The facts are simple: for the last few weeks, a number of ice cream vendors have assembled along 7th Avenue. The chorus of silver vehicles is composed of a dented "Good Humor" wagon, a rusty "Mr. Softee" van, and two (count 'em, two) "Mr. Jolly" trucks. Added to this ensemble are a pair of veteran concessionaires: Farhouk, a jovial, rotund man noted for the pages of "reading material only" that he donates to students of all ages, and Willie, a devout supporter of all Poly athletic events which attract large crowds. A power struggle has developed among these six factions, the result of which will determine who really is the "king of snacks."

Modus Operandi

In an effort to gain greater insight into this important question, this roving reporter went undercover to find the facts. Using an assumed name, I attempted to interview the operator of each establishment. Upon reaching the first vehicle, I encountered a man identified only as "Mr. Jolly." While trying to avoid suspicion, I casually asked him to comment on the quality of his product. Seeing my polite attitude, he warmly replied, "If you want to buy, buy! If you want to talk, git!" I thanked him for his help and moved on. Noting that the second "Mr. Jolly" had left, I tried my luck on "Mr. Softee." I had hardly repeated my question when the man began expounding garbled words in a thick foreign accent. I interrupted the onslaught to ask him for his

name. From the barrage that followed, I was able to discern "Name, name, I have no name!" I was off to a blazing start.

Having known the "Good Humor" men in my neighborhood for many years, I had no doubt that the representative at Poly would be most helpful. Evidently, I was wrong. I began the conversation by ordering one of the less-overpriced bars, and commenting on its flavor. The man would neither agree nor disagree with my feelings. When I asked him a question, he looked at me and then left to remove the Middle Schoolers that were ringing his bell. When I requested his name, he quickly responded "Sam" and proceeded to bury his head among the eclairs and whammy-stix.

Seeing the lack of success of my endeavours, I tried to adopt a new angle by interviewing the con-

sumers rather than the vendors. First, I managed to corner a member of the lower grades who was up to his neck in a double chocolate sundae. A few minutes of witnessing this gastronomic struggle convinced me that the individual was satisfied with his purchase. I received similar replies from a plump Middle Schooler as well as a member of the faculty who preferred to remain anonymous.

Having been informed that Farhouk and Willie were in conference and thus unavailable for comment, I concluded my indepth study. For a finale, I treated myself to a triple-layered cone, noting that my investigation had assumed a distinct "flavor" as well as being a tremendous "scoop." Having consumed my hyper-caloric delight, I headed for Commons Hall for a spot of lunch.