

# At A Glanz

## My Favorite Pizza



By Rich Glanzer  
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Hello readers.  
I've lived on  
Long Island for  
almost all of my

36 years. And I'm not afraid to say, I'm spoiled. Spoiled by pizza that is.

When I moved to Utica, New York in December of 2002, I tried to find some good eats. I love pizza so I went to my nearest pizza joint. My first impression was, "Ewwww, this is not Long Island pizza!" I went to one after the other, and each time I never went back. For eight months I had to give up one of my favorite foods, unless I was home visiting.

In 2006, I moved to Vegas. Vegas Baby. Everyone knows the saying, "What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas." Well I'm glad the pizza stayed in Vegas as well. Once I bought two slices to bring home, and the odor was so bad I actually dropped the slices in front of my door and went to puke. I couldn't even pick them back up to throw away. When my roommate came home he asked if they were my slices. I told them he was welcome to scrape them off the ground and eat them. He chose the dumpster and some unlucky rats are still mad at me to this day.

But I am home...hopefully for good this time. Home is where the pizza capital of the world is. Chicago? Please. You're called the 2<sup>nd</sup> City for a reason. New York City? A very close 2<sup>nd</sup>. But no one makes pizza better than in Long

Island. And my favorite pizza place is Gino's Pizzeria in Lynbrook.

Located at 455 Sunrise Highway, it's conveniently located and best of all (though worst of all for many a failed diets) it's open late till 1:00 a.m. on weekdays, and 2:00 a.m. on weekends. Just like God, Gino's takes Sunday's off.

The owners Mario and Luigi are two of the nicest guys in the pizza world. After my stint in Vegas I moved out to Suffolk County. One night, I visited my mother and she told me her tenants (now thankfully gone) refused to take out their own garbage cans. They wanted my 70-year-old mother to do it for them. The 25-year-old couple thought it may have been too heavy for them. When I complained to Mario, he asked for my address, and said he would send a worker to take out the cans for my mother. I never took him up on the offer, but his kindness was never forgotten.

Though the slice of love is nice, it's the taste that makes me stay! Many times after a hockey game I call Gino's up and order baked ziti and a slice. When I get home I often find an extra slice and some garlic knots thrown in for good measure. I always told them one day I'd make it big and I wouldn't forget their generosity. Well, I may not be a household name yet, but Gino's Pizza is welcome in my house anytime.

If you'd like to order a slice, a pie, some baked ziti or any of your other pizzeria favorites; you can call them at (516)593-1065. Tell them Richie sent you

Happy Holidays, Happy New Year, see you in 2008.

