

# CRISTOM

ANNO

June 34

# WHITE



302

C. Dutcher

## MILNE HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

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**ROBERT W. FREDERICKS**

*Principal of Milne Junior High School*

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Instructor in Physical Education.....MARGARET HITCHCOCK  
Instructor in Shop Work.....HARLAN RAYMOND  
Librarian.....THELMA EATON



To

*Miss Grace Martin*

*we respectfully and affectionately dedicate  
this Yearbook*



# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXX

JUNE, 1934

Number II

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## OUR CRITICS

"Critics are a kind of Freebooters in the Republic of Letters—who, like deer, goats, and divers other graminivorous animals, gain sustenance by gorging upon buds and leaves of the young shrubs of the forest, thereby robbing them of their verdure, and retarding their progress to maturity."

It was Washington Irving, that immortal author of *The Legend of the Sleepy Hollow*, who wrote the above words. In most cases we respect the opinions of this great figure in American literature, but we regret to say, after perusing the above quotation, that we must be at odds with him.

It is indeed a most fortunate thing that we have not been led to believe that all of our critics comment on our undertakings with naught but malice in their minds. It is furthermore a sign of the great progress made between man and man that each individual is willing to submit his work to the critical, but for the most part friendly, eye of his contemporaries. Such a practice will certainly lead to a better understanding between persons, providing the practice is not misused.

It is with this purpose in mind that there appears in each issue of this magazine a certain amount of space devoted to a critical, but fair, analysis of the magazines of other high schools. With an unbiased mind, it is the duty of the Exchange editor to comment on the publications sent us by other schools, and we, in return, hope that other schools will deem us worthy of their comments. This practice, however, was originally begun in the wrong spirit, for it became evident that all schools avoided criticising those publications which needed helpful hints, while they selected others that were only to be congratulated.

After all, there is no harm in congratulations, but then again, no one derives any real benefit out of a pat on the back. Consequently, the matter was brought up at a local press convention, and after a bit of discussion, it was finally agreed to do more honest and more nonpartisan criticising. Probably no other magazine suffered more from this arrangement than the *Crimson and White*, but still we have tried to take those criticisms that have come our way with an open mind, in the hopes that we might better our publication because of the honesty and sincerity of our critics.

From here and there, we have been scorned and lauded, and we have measured each of our critics by their respective publications. We cannot help but appreciate the sincerity of our commentators, but we regret to say that now and then we have found it necessary to discount all criticisms which have seemingly been prompted by personal animosities.

If it is necessary that such a system of biased criticism grow up between school publications, then all the good that might be had from such exchanges will be lost. If the exchange column is to become merely a space in which to "blow off steam", then it would be better for all publications to resort to flattery rather than to criticism, or completely to remove such a column from their magazines.

## Thinking vs. Knowing

In a multitude of other schools all over the country, in fact all over the world, thousands of young men and women are being turned out to face a world just recovering from the most severe shock in its history. High schools, preparatory schools, academies, colleges, and universities all are "graduating" those students who have successfully completed the required work within the confines of these educational institutions, and while it is a turning point in the lives of every one of the graduates the world over, it offers, at the same time, a chance for reflection and an opportunity for all of us to realize just how little we have been called upon to think and to do for ourselves. Perhaps never before have we had to realize how dependent we are on others not only for our means of sustenance, but for the solution of our seemingly complex problems as well.

Now that we have acquired a strong background for our life's work, we must learn to use the facts which have been presented to us so carefully by our teachers and faculty, so that they may serve for a foundation to our thinking. No longer will we be able to turn to our teachers for a well thought-out answer to our problems, but it will now be necessary to retain the facts in order to enable us to draw our own conclusions. It is evident that in this fast-moving age that old phrase, "The survival of the fittest," is the keynote, and time has proved that he is the fittest who can best think quickly and clearly and draw logical conclusions based on past experience and training. We must never let ourselves forget that modern society will select as its leaders those who can think a problem out, rather than those who rely on other persons for their knowledge.

Today, as never before, we are witnesses to the triumph of thinking over knowing. Those leaders of our government have found it necessary to think out every one of the problems that have beset them. Most of the problems of both national and international scope could not be compared with anything in the past, and for this reason it is obvious that the ability and training of our leaders is one of the chief reasons why America is being lead out of the depression in so remarkable a fashion. Such an example of leadership should be an incentive to all youth to both retain and increase their educational background so that they, too, will be able to assume leadership in due course.

Therefore, the class of 1934 leaves Milne High School and bids adieu to all its friends and helpers, not with a sad heart, but with high spirits and aspirations, and planning to use that background which it has gained in all its adventures both in the industrial world and in the field of advanced education. We anticipate difficulties in assimilating ourselves, but we feel that we are leaving behind warm friends who ought to be an inspiration to us continually better ourselves and to carry forward the standards of Milne High School.





SENIORS



## MARY JEAN ANDERSON

"Jean"

Quin (2, 3, 4); Dramatics Club (2, 4); Pageant (1); Glee Club (4); Folk Club (4).

Jean's curly hair and sunny disposition are envied by all Milnites.



## HENRY B. BARNET, JR.

"Hank"

Dartmouth

*Crimson and White* (2, 3, 4); Advertising Agent (2); Associate Editor (3); Editor-in-Chief (4); Christmas Plays (3); Student Council (4); Traffic Squad (4); Hi-Y Club (4); French Club (3, 4); President (4); Class Officer (4); Vice President (4); Honor Student (2, 3, 4); C. S. P. A. Convention (3, 4); Valedictorian.

Here's to our Valedictorian! May many remaining Milnites follow his splendid record.



## ADELL BAUER

Ohio State

Dramatics Club (1, 4); Glee Club (2); Orchestra (4); Pageant (2, 3); Annual Antics (4).

Adell is a little girl with a great deal of sense.



## FLORENCE BAYREUTHER

"Bay"

University of Wisconsin

Quin (2, 3, 4); Treasurer (3); Vice President (4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Chairman (4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Librarian (4); Current Events Club (4); *Crimson and White* (3, 4); Reporter (3); Advertising Agent (3); Managing Editor (4); Annual Antics (3, 4); Christmas Plays (3, 4); Stage Manager (3, 4); Basketball (3, 4); Manager (3, 4); Baseball (3).

One of our most capable workers, Bay has aided the *Crimson and White*, G. A. C., and Quin with zest and cheerfulness.

**FLORENCE E. BRENNENSTUHL***"Brennie", "Flo"*

Cornell

Sigma (2, 3, 4); Critic (4); G. A. C. (1, 2, 3); Folk Club (4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Annual Antics (1); Freshman Reception (2); Class cheer leader (1); Current Events Club (4); Intersociety Day (4).

Brennie's ideas of a perfect life is to go to a formal dance seven nights a week (in a Packard) and sleep the rest of the twenty-four hours. She can because she's our best-dressed girl also.

**RACHAEL BREITKREUTZ***"Ray"*

State Laboratories

Quin (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (3, 4); Dramatics Club (2); Pageant (2); Folk Club (4); Annual Antics (3, 4).

Rachael's sunny smile is sure to be welcome everywhere.

**HELEN A. BLAUM**

Mildred Elley

Quin (2, 3, 4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Pageant (1, 2); Annual Antics (1, 2, 3, 4); Current Events Club (4); Folk Club (4); *Crimson and White* (4); Intersociety Day (4).

Helen is sure to succeed, since she is Milne's best go-getter.

**ALICE BENNETT**

State

Quin (2, 3); Dramatics Club (1, 2); Annual Antics (1, 2, 3, 4); Pageant (1); Honor Student (2, 3, 4).

Brilliance and consideration are great characteristics, and both are evident in Alice.





## ROBERT CANFIELD

*"Bob"*

Union

Adelphoi (4, 5); Secretary (5); Hi-Y (3, 4, 5).

We don't see much of Bob (draw your own conclusions why), but we think a lot of him.



## FRANCES CHARLES

*"Tex", "Frannie"*

Cornell

Quin (2, 3, 4); Critic (4); Annual Antics (1, 4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (3, 4); Reception Play (3, 4); Folk Club (4); G. A. C. (3, 4); Christmas Plays (3); Committee Chairman (3); Pageant (1, 2); Intersociety Day (4).

Here's to Tex! Fran is certainly S. S. & G. (Sweet, Simple, and Girlish).



## ALEX CHICQUIN

*"Chick", "Al"*

R. P. I.

May he enjoy dances much better when he leaves Milne.



## MARJORIE JANE CLARK

*"Margie"*

Cornell

Quin (2, 3, 4); Pageant (1, 2); G. A. C. (3, 4); Current Events Club (4); Vice-president (4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 4); Annual Antics (1, 2, 3); Class History (4).

Beneath Margie's solemn countenance lies a great deal of good humor.

**DOROTHY CLARKE**

*"Dot", "Clarkie"*

Syracuse

Sigma (2, 3, 4); Treasurer (4); Dramatics Club (1, 3, 4); Annual Antics (1, 2); Pageant (1, 2); Folk Club (4); Glee Club (4); Society Day (4).

Dot has that certain thing that is bound to help her succeed anywhere.



**GEORGE WALTER COLE**

*"Speed", "Cherub"*

P. G. at Milne

Adelphoi (3, 4); *Crimson and White* (3, 4); Advertising Agent (3); Assistant Business Manager (3); Business Manager (4); cheer leader (1); Pageant (2); Assistant Baseball Manager (2); Assistant Basketball Manager (3); Reception Plays (3, 4); Christmas Plays (3, 4); Hi-Y (3, 4); Dramatics Club (3, 4); Current Events Club (4); Folk Club (4); Science Club (1); Glee Club (4); Intersociety Day (4); Prize Speaking (4); Robert C. Pruyn Medal (4); C. S. P. A. Convention (3, 4).

Milne can never have another Cole! He at least has the satisfaction of being our only first class gigolo!



**BERNICE CONKLIN**

*"Bette"*

Sigma (2, 3, 4); Senior Editor (4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Folk Club (4); Current Events Club (2, 3, 4); Annual Antics (1, 2); Girls' Day (3); Intersociety Day (4); Pageant (1, 2); G. A. C. (2, 3).

Bette has all the fine qualities that make us all proud to have her for our friend and classmate.



**ROBERT CROWDER**

*"Bob"*

Hi-Y (4); Folk Club (4)

Hard working and very ambitious — that's Bob





## FREDERICK DEARSTYNE

*"Freddie"*

Union

Adelphoi (3, 4); Sergeant-at-Arms (4); French Club (3, 4); Athletic Council (4); President (4); Varsity Club (3, 4); President (4); Hi-Y (2, 3, 4); Vice-President (3, 4); Current Events Club (3); Treasurer (3); Pageant (2); Cheer Leader (3); Class Officer (2); Secretary (2); Golf Team (3); Manager (3); Tennis Team (3, 4); Basketball Team (4); Intersociety Day (4).

Freddie's chief interest in Milne is managing sports and women.



## J. BURGESS DE HEUS

Adelphoi (4); Student Council (4); Varsity Club (3, 4); Hi-Y (3); Current Events Club (3); French Club (4); Baseball Manager (3, 4).

Burgess and East Greenbush! We wonder what one would do without the other. This inhabitant of that illustrious town will go far.



## HAROLD DROOZ

R. P. I.

Dramatics Club (1, 3, 4); Radio Club (1); Vice-President (1); Current Events Club (3, 4); Sergeant-at-Arms (3, 4).

Harold's ability to get the thing he wishes and his supply of jokes should make him very popular.



## DOROTHY ANN DUFFEY

*"Dot", "Duf"*

Quin (2, 3, 4); Student Council (3, 4); *Crimson and White* (3, 4); Reporter (3); Student Council Editor (4); G. A. C. (1, 2, 3, 4); President Junior G. A. C. (1); Business Manager (3); President (4); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Baseball (3, 4); Soccer (3, 4); Annual Antics (1, 2, 3); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Treasurer (1); Current Events Club (4); Sergeant-at-Arms (4); Pageant (1, 2); C. S. P. A. Convention (4); Class Poet (4).

Between good sportsmanship and an ability for leadership, Dot is sure to come through with flying colors.

**JULIA EMERICH**

Quin (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (3, 4); Annual Antics (1, 2, 3, 4).

"A kind thought for everybody," that's Julia's motto.

**MARGARET BROWNE GILL**

*"Peggy"*

Cornell

Quin (2, 3, 4); Marshal (2); Treasurer (2); Vice-President (3); Mistress of Ceremonies (4); French Club (3, 4); President (4); Secretary (4); Student Council (2, 3, 4); Secretary (4); Traffic Squad (3, 4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3); Pageant (1, 2); *Crimson and White* (3); Assistant Managing Editor (3); Annual Antics (1, 2, 4); G. A. C. (4); Folk Club (4); Class Night Marshal (3); Guide Book (3); Class Song (4).

A pretty girl + a charming personality + a fine sport = Peggy.

**DONALD GLENN**

*"Donnie"*

P. G. Course, Milne

Adelphoi (4); Dramatics Club (2, 3); French Club (4); Current Events Club (4); Vice-President (4); Christmas Plays (4); Intersociety Day (4); Reception Plays (4); Prize Speaking Contest (4); Class Prophecy (4).

Everyone knows Donnie because of his parts in Dramatics and his friendly disposition. Keep it up, Don, you'll always have friends!

**RICHARD B. GORDON**

*"Dick"*

University of Southern California

Dramatics Club (3); Orchestra (3, 4); Library Club (1); Pageant (3); Intersociety Day (4).

Dick's ability to take things as they come is one of his chief virtues.





## ARTHUR C. HEWIG

*"Bud"*

Syracuse

Pageant (2); Dramatics Club (3, 4); Current Events Club (3, 4); Class Officer (3); Sergeant-at-Arms (3).

Arthur's great mechanical mind will bring him much success as an inventor.



## RITA A. HYLAND

*"Annabel"*

Sigma (2, 3, 4); Vice-President (3); President (4); Girls' Day (2, 3); Intersociety Day (4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 4); Reception Plays (2, 4); Christmas Plays (4); Prize Speaking (1); Student Council (1); G. A. C. (4); Annual Antics (1, 2); Cheer Leader (3, 4); Pageant (1, 2); Folk Club (4); Current Events Club (3); Class Write-ups (4); Intersociety Day (4).

"Row-de-dow" and full of pep. That's Rita, our most popular and best all-around girl.



## SYLVIA KLARSFELD

*"Syl", "Silly"*

Weber School

Quin (2, 3, 4); Girls' Day (2, 3); *Crimson and White* (3, 4); Assistant Exchange Editor (3); Exchange Editor (4); G. A. C. (3, 4); French Club (3); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Chairman (4); Pageant (1, 2); "Clarence" (3); Prize Speaking (1, 4); Reception Plays (2, 3, 4); Current Events Club (4); Folk Club (4); Class Prophet (4).

Love and Fate are Sylvia's two great themes. All Milne will be present to witness her premiere as Sarah Bernhardt the second.



## MADELEINE LEIPPERT

Sigma (2, 3, 4); Girls' Day (4).

They say that "all good things come in small packages." This is certainly true when speaking of Madeleine.



**JEANNE LERNER**

Russell Sage

Quin (2, 3, 4); Marshal (2); Recording Secretary (4); French Club (3, 4); Treasurer (4); Dramatics Club (1, 2); G. A. C. (1, 2, 4); Annual Antics (1, 2); Folk Club (4); Current Events Club (4).

Charming sophistication is only one of the fine points of our Jeanne.



**MARJORIE D. MABEL**

"Margie"

Miss Wheelock's School

Quin (2, 3, 4); Corresponding Secretary (4); Recording Secretary (4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Annual Antics (1, 2, 4); Pageant (1, 2); G. A. C. (3, 4); *Crimson and White* (4); Christmas Plays (4); Head Usher (4); Intersociety Day (4); Reception Plays (3, 4); Class Write-Ups (4).

All good things don't come from the Academy. Take it easy, Margie.



**DOROTHEA MARTINEAU**

"Dot"

Mildred Elley

Sigma (2, 3, 4); Mistress of Ceremonies (4); Girls' Day (2, 3); Intersociety Day (4); Dramatics Club (1); Annual Antics (1, 2); G. A. C. (3); Pageant (1, 2); Glee Club (3).

A smile always adorns the face of our dancing lady.



**JANE E. McCLURE**

Skidmore

Quin (4); French Club (4); Treasurer (4); G. A. C. (4); Glee Club (2); Pageant (1, 2).

Jane's straightforwardness and loyalty to her friends will always be an aid to her.





### THELMA MILLER

State

Quin (2, 3, 4); G. A. C. (1, 3, 4); Assistant Business Manager (4); French Club (2, 3, 4); Mistress of Ceremonies (3); Current Events Club (4); Secretary (4); Annual Antics (2, 3, 4); Honor Student (2, 3, 4).

Thelma is one of the few who possess a charming dignity which is everlasting. A fine friend, too!



### ALTHEA MYERS

Quin (3, 4); Glee Club (3, 4); Folk Club (4).

Althea's chief interest seems to be in a tall, dark, handsome teacher!



### JOHN P. NESBITT

"Johnnie", "General"

Union

Science Club (3, 4).

Johnnie's pleasing and blase manner will always be a help.



### SPENCER NOAKES

"Spence"

Adelphoi (1, 2, 3, 4); *Crimson and White* (2, 3); Assistant Sports Editor (2); Sports Editor (4); Pageant (2).

We all like "Spence's" curly hair; and his weakness for typewriting will take him far.

**HELEN LOUISE PAPEN**

Albany Hospital

Quin (2, 3, 4); Critic (4); G. A. C. (3); Pageant (2); Annual Antics (2); Dramatics Club (1, 3); Girls' Day (2).

Helen's interest in sports has gained for her the reputation of excelling in horsemanship.

**GEORGE PERKINS**

Union

Entered from Albany Academy (3); Adelphoi (4); Dramatics Club (3, 4); Hi-Y (4); Secretary (4); Folk Club (4); Traffic Club (4); Treasurer (4); Class Will (4); Intersociety Day (4).

May George always possess his sense of humor and wonderful ambitions.

**GERALDINE PETERSON***"Jerry", "Pete"*

University of Michigan

Quin (2, 3, 4); Annual Antics (2, 3); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 4); Glee Club (4); Folk Club (4); Pageant (2); Milne Junior Weekly (1); Associate Editor (1); Class Will (4).

Wherever Jerry is, there is sure to be fun, especially if boys are present.

**ELIZABETH J. PITTS***"Betty"*

Fredonia

Quin (2, 3, 4); Pianist (2); President (4); G. A. C. (3, 4); Dramatics Club (2, 3, 4); Current Events Club (4); *Crimson and White* (3, 4); Assistant School Editor (3); School Editor (4); Christmas Plays (4); Stage Manager (4); Basketball (4); Pageant (1, 2); Annual Antics (2, 3, 4); Junior Essay Prize (3); Intersociety Day (4).

Enough could not be said of Betty's virtues. However, ability for leadership and a genial personality stand out the most.





### EDWIN SICKLER

Adelphoi (1, 2, 3, 4); Baseball (2, 3, 4); Science Club (1); Pageant (2).

Milne is certain to miss Ed's pitching ability. Keep it up, Ed, you have big league qualities.



### OSMOND J. SMITH

*"Ozzie", "Smitty", "O. J."*

Adelphoi (4); Student Council (4); Current Events Club (3, 4); Vice-President (3); President (4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); French Club (4); Pageant (2); Christmas Plays (3); Cheer Leader (1, 2, 3); Science Club (4); Basketball (4); Manager (4); Prize Speaking Contest (2); William C. Pruyn Medal (2); Intersociety Day (4).

"Ozzie" is one fine fellow! His smile and witty remarks have always been welcome in Milne.



### DOROTHEA M. STEPHENSON

*"Dot", "Steppy"*

State

Quin (2, 3, 4); Corresponding Secretary (3); Mistress of Ceremonies (4); *Crimson and White* (4); Alumni Editor (4); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Annual Antics (1, 2, 4); Pageant (1); G. A. C. (1, 3, 4); Christmas Plays (3); Stage Manager (3); Intersociety Day (4); Honor Student (2); Class Write-ups (4).

Here's to our future Helen Wills! She will probably even exceed that former champion's ability.



### ERWIN B. STEVENSON, JR.

*"Steve", "Unc", "Belvedere"*

Adelphoi (4); Tennis (3, 4); Orchestra (3, 4); Folk Club (4); Current Events Club (3, 4); Secretary (3); Class Officer (4); Secretary (4); Dramatics Club (4); Sergeant-at-Arms (4); Science Club (4); Intersociety Day (4).

"Steve" certainly owns a good sense of humor and a dignity which will always make people like him as well as Milne has.

**ROBERT L. STUTZ**

*"Bob"*

Adelphoi (3, 4); Vice-President (4); Student Council (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-President (4); Athletic Council (3, 4); Secretary (4); Hi-Y (1, 2, 3, 4); President (1, 2, 3); *Crimson and White* (3, 4); Assistant Sports Editor (3); Sports Editor (4); Dramatics Club (4); Vice-President (4); Class Officer (1, 2, 4); Vice-President (1, 2); President (4); Varsity Club (3, 4); Traffic Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3, 4); Basketball (3, 4); Captain (4); Baseball (3, 4); Tennis (3, 4).

Individuality and personality! Some of us think, but "Bobby" thinks and says what he thinks.



**WILLIAM SEAVER TARBOX**

*"Bill"*

Cornell

Current Events Club (3, 4); President (3); Science Club (4); Secretary (4); Folk Club (4); Hi-Y (4); Dramatics Club (3, 4); Sets Chairman (4); Christmas Plays (4); Stage Manager (4); Varsity Club (4); Treasurer (4); Tennis Team (3, 4); Manager (3, 4); Captain (4).

The future Bill Tilden! May he be as good in everything as he is in tennis.



**RICHARD THOMPSON**

*"Dick"*

Cornell

Adelphoi (4); Athletic Council (3, 4); Varsity Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary (4); Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Golf (2); Basketball (4); Hi-Y (2, 3, 4); Treasurer (4); Dramatics Club (4); Science Club (4); Current Events Club (3); Orchestra (1, 3, 4); Intersociety Day (4); Pageant (1, 2).

His ability in athletics is only one of his outstanding virile qualities. Keep it up "Dick," we're all for you!



**ANNE TOLMAN**

Wells

Quin (2, 3, 4); French Club (3, 4); Mistress of Ceremonies (4); G. A. C. (3, 4); Student Council (1); Pageant (2).

Hail our Latin student! By surviving four years of that language Anne has certainly proved her diligence.





### MARY VOLK

Quin (2, 3, 4); Pianist (1, 4); Dramatics Club (1, 2); Pageant (1, 2); Annual Antics (1, 2, 3); Basketball (4); G. A. C. (4); Folk Club (4).

Here's to the most immaculate girl that ever walked the halls of Milne. Always the same sweet Mary.



### A. DOROTHY WALLACE

"Dot", "Wally"

Cornell

Quin (2, 3, 4); G. A. C. (3, 4); Treasurer (4); Annual Antics (1, 2, 3); Dramatics Club (1, 2, 4); Pageant (1, 2); Milne Junior Weekly (1); Business Manager (1); *Crimson and White* (3, 4); Assistant Advertising Manager (3); Advertising Manager (4); Advertising Prize (3); Current Events Club (4); Basketball (4); Reception Play (3, 4); C. S. P. A. Convention (4); Class Historian (4).

Between G. A. C. and getting ads for the *Crimson and White*, Dot has certainly done a remarkable job.



### ROBERT WARNER

Bob is one of our bright students, having finished school in three and one-half years and being Salutatorian. At this rate he will surely succeed.



### THOMAS L. WATKINS, JR.

"Tommy", "Livvy"

University of Michigan

Adelphoi (2, 3, 4); President (4); Baseball (2, 3, 4); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Co-captain (3); Dramatics Club (2, 3, 4); Christmas Plays (1, 2, 3); Athletic Council (3, 4); Varsity Club (2, 3, 4); Secretary (3); President Junior High School (1); Student Council (4); President (4); Class Officer (2, 3, 4); President (2, 3); Sergeant-at-Arms (4); Hi-Y Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Traffic Squad (4); Class Write-ups (4); Intersociety Day (4).

"Tom" will certainly be missed at the helm of Milne's ship. You can depend on anything that he says or does. He is a grand fellow and we are all proud of him.

### HARRY C. WITTE, JR.

Adelphoi (3, 4); Dramatics Club (3, 4); Hi-Y (2, 3, 4); Folk Club (4).

Witte's wit has outwitted the wit of all Milnites and has surely played on many a practice teacher's nerves.



### GEORGE WOODS

*"Jake"*

Class Officer (3); Vice-President (3); Baseball (2); Assistant Manager (2); Science Club (4); Honor Student (4).

Worth twice his weight in good humor and twice his height in good sense.



### ANNETTE WORTHMAN

Quin (2, 3, 4); Dramatics Club (1, 2); Pageant (1, 2); Annual Antics (1); Folk Club (4); Class History (4).

Annette will do great things with her determination, patience, and pleasing personality.



## CLASS WILL

We the class of '34 realizing that what we have been and have done is nothing compared to what we will be and will do, declare this to be our last will and testament:

To Chris Ades we leave Jean Anderson's boy-hating formula with the advice to use it frequently over week-ends.

To Killer Blocksidge we leave Henry Barnett's scholastic ability—If at first you don't succeed—go west young man, go west.

To Ganson Taggart we leave George Cole's admiration of all girls with Dick Gordon's ability to use it.

To Carolyn Mattice we leave Rita Hyland's accomplishment of making faces at her boy friend—Just a way to hold your man, Carolyn.

To Willis Green we leave Dot Clarke's deep bass voice.

To Franklin D. Roosevelt we leave Jeanne Learner's ever present smile to be used when his wears out.

To Dunton Tynan we leave Bob Stuty's ability (?) to argue to be used only in Adelphoi meetings.

To Helen Gibson we leave Florence Bayreuther's ability to work.

To Winton Terrill we leave John Rusting Nesbitt's tough attitude.

To Ray Hotaling we leave H. Christian Witte's love of a good stern Adelphoi initiation.

To Sara Kessler we leave E. Belvedere Stevenson's short legs to get up in the world.

To Marion Camp we leave Fran Charles' charge of Willie Arnoldy.

To Olive Vrooman we leave Betty Pitt's docile expression to use only in emergencies.

To Paul de Porte we leave "King of the Throne of Punsters" recently vacated by "O" John Smith.

To Mary York we leave Marjorie Mabel's lack of weight.

To Richie Masterson we leave Fred Dearstyne's "line" which is very easily applied to the "youngsters" of Milne.

To all the little Nesbitts we leave the tradition of their brother's grin.

To Duncan Cornell we leave Tom Watkins' ability to drive an automobile.

To Eddie Friehofer we leave Mary Volk's boisterousness.

To two poor Juniors we leave the task of writing a will next year.

To Virginia Hall we leave "Peggy" Gill's interest in the "wee" youngsters of the lower classes.

To the Junior Class on the whole we leave the Class of '34's ability to get good marks, to lead the school, to be quiet, and to be well liked by the entire faculty for being non-disturbers.

We leave as trustees of this noble document the Baron, (who will be the greatest liar after we are just dust), and the mascot and ideal of our class, Mae West.

Signed respectfully,

Keeper George Perkins

Keeper Gerry Peterson



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## CLASS HISTORY

Scene—Washington Park.

Time—June, 1950.

Enter Mrs. John Fellows wheeling baby carriage. She seats herself on a park bench and begins to read while the child plays in the carriage. Enter a lady—as she passes the child reaches out and unties the sash of her dress.

Lady—(turning) Why, you little brat! You ought to be spanked. Your mother ought to be ashamed of—(looking at Mrs. Fellows) why—er——ah. Aren't you Dot Wallace??? Didn't you go to Milne High once?

Mrs. Fellows—Yes, aren't you—why, of course. It's Annette Worthman.

Lady—Your baby looks an awful lot like Marjorie Clark.

Dot—Yes, that's why I named her Marjorie—good old Marge!

Annette—Remember all the good times we had in Milne. Gee, it seems only yesterday that I entered. You entered in eighth grade, didn't you?

Dot—Yes, our's was the first eighth grade in Milne. We had 35 members and were led by Tom Watkins. It was a great year and we helped "put over" the first Antics and Pageant.

Annette—We also had the Milne Junior Weekly, which later joined the "*Crimson and White*" when the latter became a newspaper. Henry Barnet was editor-in-chief. There were also a lot of clubs for us.

Marge—Junior High had a prize-speaking contest too that year—the Junior class gave us a party.

Annette—The next year we were Sophomores and did we feel big when we entered Senior High. Our officers that year were president and vice president, Tom Watkins and Bob Stutz.

Dot—We gave the Seniors a party in the State College Lounge and it was a great success. Our representatives to Student Council were Peggy Gill and Bob Stutz. The pageant was even better than the year before.

Marge—That was the year that our annual trip to Kingston Point was taken away from us for a year because of the misbehavior of several of the students.

Annette—Our class was always well represented in sports and in Quin, Sigma and Adelphoi. The Sigma dance which was inaugurated that year was a great success.

Marge—Remember the shadow pictures that all the History classes presented in chapel before Thanksgiving?

Dot—Next year most of us were Juniors. We were approaching our goal. This year was another eventful one with Tom again at our helm supported by the other members. Bob Stutz and Peggy Gill were again our Council representatives.

Marge—We were well represented on the "*Crimson and White*" which had become a weekly newspaper with two editions of the magazine at Christmas and June. We also joined the French honor society, "Les Babillards."

Annette—We gave the Freshmen a “Depression” party which was quite a success. This was followed by the Christmas dance to raise money for the murals painted by Mr. Lithgow for the library.

Dot—The basketball team was quite successful, winning 5 out of 12 games! Our girls played the Seniors for a cup and if it hadn't been for the banquet we had before, we could have won.

Marge—The Q. T. S. A. was a great success and was followed by Sigma's dance May 26th. There wasn't any pageant that year due to the lack of time to present it.

Annette—And then we were Seniors. A new system was established in which the Students were put in homerooms according to the number of credits they had. Room 336 was the homeroom for those who were sure of graduating and room 333 was for those who didn't have enough points to be Seniors, but still had a chance of graduating.

Dot—Our class officers were Bob Stutz, president; Henry B. Barnet, Jr., vice president; Erwin Stevenson, secretary; George Perkins, treasurer and Tom Watkins, sergeant-at-arms. Tommy was also president of the Student Council and Henry was editor-in-chief of the “*Crimson and White.*”

Marge—We gave a reception and instead of having Jr.-Frosh and Senior-Soph parties we had separate Senior and Junior High parties. These were followed by the Hi-Y—G. A. C. dance at Thanksgiving. G. A. C. had built up quite an organization in a year.

Annette—The boys' basketball team was very successful. The girls had a team also, but were not so successful in this meet with Roessleville and St. Agnes.

Dot—Another thing was inaugurated that year and that was the permit system which only allowed you to be in the halls during school or after school with a permit signed by one of the critics. The Seniors escaped this with Senior privileges, however.

Marge—Then there was the Quin-Sigma dance in February which was a great success. Remember how cold it was that night? That was one of the worst winters Albany had ever had with all the snow and cold weather.

Annette—Then came the annual Parents' night for which we all worked so our projects might be put on exhibit. This was followed by Prize-Speaking—our class was represented by Sylvia Klarsfeld, Donald Glen, and George Cole, who won first prize for the boys.

Dot—The Q. T. S. A. was next and then Society day which took the place of Girls' day and included Adelphoi. June 6 we had our trip to Kingston Point returned to us on the condition that we behave ourselves. The boys' baseball team made quite a name for itself too.

Annette—One of the Senior English classes took up debating and formed a debate team to debate Bethlehem Central High. They won one debate and lost one, but they set a precedent for the school to follow.

Dot—The year was satisfactorily ended with Class night, the Senior Ball and Graduation.

Marge—Those were eventful years for all of us. We ought to have a reunion some day; it would be so nice to see all our classmates again and see what they are doing now.

D. W., A. W., and M. C.

## CLASS PROPHECY

Time—Class Night.

Place—The Salon of Donald Q. Mysticnagle, famous fortune teller. The greatest mystic alive.

Enter—Sylvia Klarsfeld.

Attendant—Do you wish to see the great and famous Donald Q. Mysticnagle?

Sylvia—Yes.

Attendant—Enter.

D. Q. Mysticnagle—What can I do for you?

Sylvia—I come on behalf of the Senior Class to learn our fate. They say that you see the future in your crystal.

D. M.—Be seated.

I see Henry Barnet working his mind's capacity down to a mere nothing. He's an operator at the telephone exchange giving the correct time.

"I see Richard Gordon, the screen's greatest lover, hurrying from his private beauty shop to the studio where he is playing in his greatest love picture, "The Mounted Police." Why look, there's Annette Worthman, Julia Emerick, Alice Bennett, Frances Charles, and Rachel Breikreutz practicing their aesthetic dancing in the Zeigfield Playhouse. They are billed as the five dollies because on Broadway they are the only five of their kind. It is rumored that Senator T. Livingston Watkins has been cooling his heels at the stage door waiting for one of them. Anne Winchell Tolman, the chattering columnist, has as yet not found out who it is, but the Senator always had a passion for redheads!

Helen Papien is holding an important position as head stable-woman at John's Riding Academy.

And there is the great authoress, Margaret B. Gill, who was a great sensation with her latest book, "The Low Down on High Standards."

Over in China we see Harry C. Witte, Jr., as a missionary. He has just been appointed by the king as Knight of the Royal Garter.

Dorothea Stephenson has always been interested in tennis. We see her now selling tennis racquets down at the hardware store.

There go Mary Jean Anderson, Dorothy Clarke, and Jerry Peterson. They are the city's old maids. They drive around in their four-seater, and from all appearances the car seems to have a good pickup. Jerry, however, is leading a double life, for she is clerk in a certain pharmacy.

Bernice Conklin is matron in an old ladies' home. Her job is a bit dead.

The circus is visiting town. Among the leading attractions are Betty Pitts, who is the leading snake charmer, and Helen Blaum, the bearded lady. After the side show, Helen plays housewife to Alexander Chiquin, Chiquin being the barker.

We go to Menands where Donald Glenn keeps his harem. Donald's theme is "Good night, A thousand good nights." (Can you hear him singing it among the beer bottles?)

Who's back do I see? Why it's Marjories Mabel, wheeling a double perambulator. And what a contented look she has on her face!! Marjorie and the Mounted Police—they always get their man.

George Edgar Perkins has at last realized his childhood ambition. He owns a general store out in Pedunkville. There he is standing outside his store, equipped with a large white apron and horn-rimmed spectacles.

Who is that going out of the little church around the corner? Why, of course, it's Dot Martineau and Bob Canfield.

Listen, there's a police call going on the air to lookout for the terrible gangster, Burgess deHeus and his co-worker, Marjorie Clarke.

Adell Bauer has been gaining fame as a successor to Sally Rand.

Freddy Dearstyne is an undertaker. He gets all the big jobs, mostly the faculty members of all schools.

There's Jeanne Lerner in Woolworth's. She has a sweet job at the candy counter.

George, "Man Mountain," Woods also has a job in the circus. He's one of the chief aerolites. He's commonly referred to as the Man on the Flying Trapeze.

Florence Bayreuther and Dorothy Duffey run a little beauty shop of their own on Lenox avenue. They seem to be getting along very well.

Harold Drooz, Spencer Noakes, and Edwin Sickler are sailors. Right now they're near China, where they will join Brother Witte for a good old school reunion.

Madeline Leippert sings at the Metropolitan Opera House. She does most of her singing on stilts.

George, "Speed" Cole is keeping bachelor's quarters in the alms house. Attendants and matrons, including Mary Volk, have sought in vain to turn him from his incessant Bible reading.

There is the city of Pedunkville again: A quiet country church. Betty Rodrigues is the Sunday School teacher there. She just loves little children.

Bob Stutz has progressed wonderfully in athletics. He's chief janitor at the Y. M. C. A.

Ervin Stevenson, the lady-killer, is burning up the road to Hollywood to give dancing lessons to Mickey and Minnie Mouse and other screen celebrities.

Rita Hyland teaches in a kindergarten showing little children how to build with blocks, which is her only means of escape from the thinking world.

Ozzie Smith has been given the medal for the champion flag-pole sitter. Now he's in Harlem looking for the fountain of youth.

Sylvia Klarsfeld has a choice of two positions, one as a stooge for a ham actor, and the other as an editor of advice to the lovelorn. She chose the latter. People profit from their experience, for she is a woman with a past.

John Nesbitt has opened his new gambling club, the Glenwood Fraternity, with Florence Brenenstuhl as hostess and cleaning woman.

Dick Thompson and Dot Wallace have a correspondence school to make weak people strong in two months.

Robert Warner is puzzling Einstein with his theories on the fourth, fifth and sixth dimensions.

Thelma Miller has been taking all the prizes in the United States for the loudest and fastest talker.

Eleanor Roselius and Rita Ingenthron own their own beauty shop to lift faces. Their business is thriving as they get many widely known beauties. The name of their shop is "Haunted House."

Kenny Snowden is a minister.

Sylvia—Well, thank you, Professor Donald Q. Mysticnagle. By looking into that magic globe, I've learned a lot. It seems the Milne Senior class have dual personalities. Good day.—(*The Mystic Bows*).

(Enter small child)

Attendant—You wish to see the great and famous Donald Q. Mysticnagle?  
Child—Yeh. Tell him Ma wants him to bring his shovel home.

Sylvia Klarsfeld

Donald Glenn

## Who's Who Among the Seniors

1. Has done most for Milne... Thomas L. Watkins, Jr.
2. Best all-around fellow..... T. Watkins and R. Stutz (Tie)
3. Best all-around girl..... Rita Hyland
4. Best athlete ..... Robert L. Stutz
5. Most popular girl ..... Rita Hyland
6. Most popular boy ..... Thomas L. Watkins, Jr.
7. Happiest ..... George W. Cole
8. Handsomest boy ..... Thomas L. Watkins, Jr.
9. Best looking girl..... Rita Ingenthron
10. Most likely to succeed..... Henry B. Barnet, Jr.
11. Meekest ..... Anne Tolman
12. Most intelligent ..... Henry B. Barnet, Jr.
13. Wittiest..... Harry C. Witte, Jr.
14. Best dressed girl..... Florence Brenenstuhl
15. Best dressed boy..... Robert L. Stutz
16. Most dignified ..... Thelma Miller
17. Most considerate ..... Elizabeth J. Pitts
18. Best entertainer ..... Kenneth Snowden
19. Noisiest..... Sylvia Klarsfeld
20. Most absent-minded..... Anne Tolman
21. Class clown ..... Harry C. Witte, Jr.
22. Favorite critic ..... Miss Grace Martin
23. Most blase ..... John Nesbitt
24. Thinks he's most blase..... George E. Perkins
25. Most athletic girl..... Dorothy Wallace

## SENIOR CLASS SONG

### Farewell to Milne

Farewell, farewell, farewell ———

First, farewell to Milne our Alma Mater true,  
As we go striving onward ne'er shall we forget you.  
You were our firm foundation, with hard work as a frame.  
To erect our life's profession will now be our aim.

Farewell to you dear Faculty, we Seniors say.  
You have laid the tools before us and guided us each day  
To use each tool wisely and to do our very best.  
And now, in parting we thank you for your kindness.

Farewell to all Milnites we leave to carry on  
Keep fighting, striving and cheering until the days anon.  
You too will reach the top, here's to your success.  
Three wishes we will leave you. Health, Good Fortune, and Happiness.

Farewell, Farewell, Farewell ———

Farewell dear classmates we all sadly say  
To some farewell for ever, and to others for just a day.  
We shall not forget our good times and old friends, as we  
Go up life's crooked pathway and someday reach our goal.

By Margaret B. Gill

## EVOLUTION

An Autumn leaf, the fall brought school to us.  
We sailed upon the winters mild and rough.  
Our thoughts flew out the window in the Spring.  
We flunked, or passed, when summer came at last.

And all in all we've had a glorious time.  
We've fooled, we've strived,  
We've laughed, and thought, and cried.  
We've drunk from cups of laughter, and of sighs.

What will we do with all that we have learned?  
How will we use our knowledge in all Life's Turns?  
Our theme is this; the bridge is never burned  
Until the soul is lost, its skill is scorned.

Until the beauties that we've found in truth  
Have been decayed by lower, falser roots,  
Until the heart has lost its trust in men,  
We'll use all we have learned right up till then.

Dot Ann Duffey



STUDENT COUNCIL



## THE STUDENT COUNCIL

We salute Tom Watkins, President, who helped carry Milne through another eventful year.

Early in the Fall the Student Council made it possible to have the Annual School Reception. The Council also gave its support to the Hi-Y—G. A. C. Thanksgiving dance, the Q. T. S. A., and, greater still, sponsored a Student Council Dance. The purpose of the Council Dance was to raise money for the Library murals.

The Student Council members succeeded in bringing the parents in closer contact with Milne social affairs. The parents of every council member were invited to be patrons and patronesses at the Council Dance.

The budget was balanced early in the year by the Council.

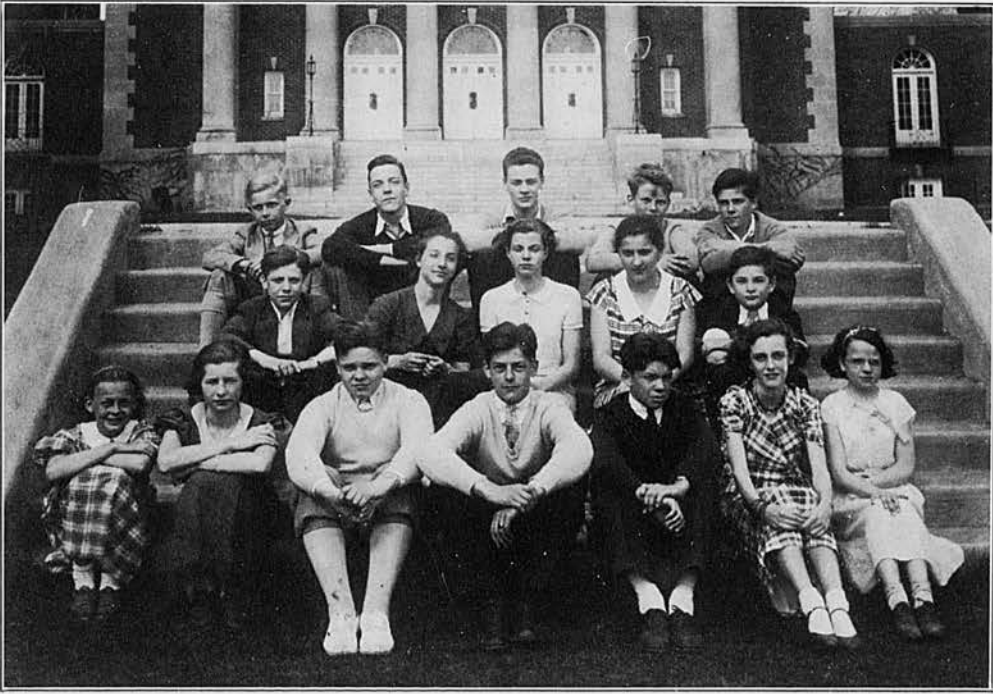
Order after Basketball Games and during assembly programs was nobly improved by council members.

Through the council the Senior Privileges were granted.

Success to the 1934-35 Council.

M. B. G.





## JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

The Junior High School Student Council has had a very successful year with the fine aid of its officers. The Council has taken care of the important affairs of the Junior High School, including clubs, assemblies, and parties. They have also cooperated with the Traffic Squad in helping to keep order in the halls and in assembly.

One of the major tasks which faced the Junior Council this year was the completion of the Junior High School Constitution. This was done, and the homerooms ratified it. In addition, the Council aided the Senior Student Council in financing the Student Council Dance. Carolyn Hausman was the Junior High representative on the Senior Council. The rest of the officers were as follows:

Foster Sipperly .....*President*  
 John Beagle ..... *Vice President*  
 William Hotaling .....*Secretary*

W. H.



## ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Due to difficulty in finding a suitable time for meetings, the Athletic Council has not met regularly this year. However, the Council accomplished a great deal during the meetings it held. In its post at the head of boy's athletics, the Council aids in choosing the captains and managers of the various teams. The Council has also handled expenditures for boys' athletics.

The Council elected the following officers who served during the past year.

Fred Dearstyne.....	<i>President</i>
Edwin Blocksidge .....	<i>Vice President</i>
Robert Stutz .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Burgess deHeus .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Duncan Cornell .....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

R. L. S.



## BASEBALL

At the time of this writing, the Milne baseball team coached by Osmer Brooks, State College senior, is in the middle of the 1934 campaign. The team to date has won two games, lost one and was forced to cancel one because of rain.

The regular line-up includes Ed. Sickler, pitcher; Howie Rosenstein, catcher;

Doug MacHarg, first base; Bob Ely, second base; Bob Stutz, short stop; Bob Feldman, third base; Tom Watkins, right field, Dick Thompson, center field, and Ozzie Smith, left field. The substitutes are Ralph Norvell, Howie Collins and Bob Dawes.

To open the season the team traveled to Troy County Day School to turn in the first victory. Sickler pitched fine ball for Milne, allowing only four hits and striking out 7 of the opponents. Thompson, Watkins and Sickler each got two hits from Milne.

Milne journeyed to Ravenna to meet defeat in the second game of the year with the score 11 to 7. Bob Dawes, Milne hurler, was forced to retire in the second inning because of lack of control and lack of support in the field. Thompson did the relief pitching.

Milne came back to win the third game from Industrial High School on the Ridgefield Park diamond with the score 8 to 5. Milne scored 3 runs in the 8th inning to clinch the victory. Sickler led Milne's batting attack with 3 hits including a triple and two singles.

The game with Rensselaerville was called with no score in 4 1-3 innings because of rain. At the time when the game was called both pitchers had struck out 6 men.

Captain Dick Thompson has proven himself a good all-around player by his performances in the first three games. In the first game he played center-field, he pitched in the second, and caught in the third.

Burgess de Heus is manager of the team and is assisted by Robert Hughes.



## TENNIS

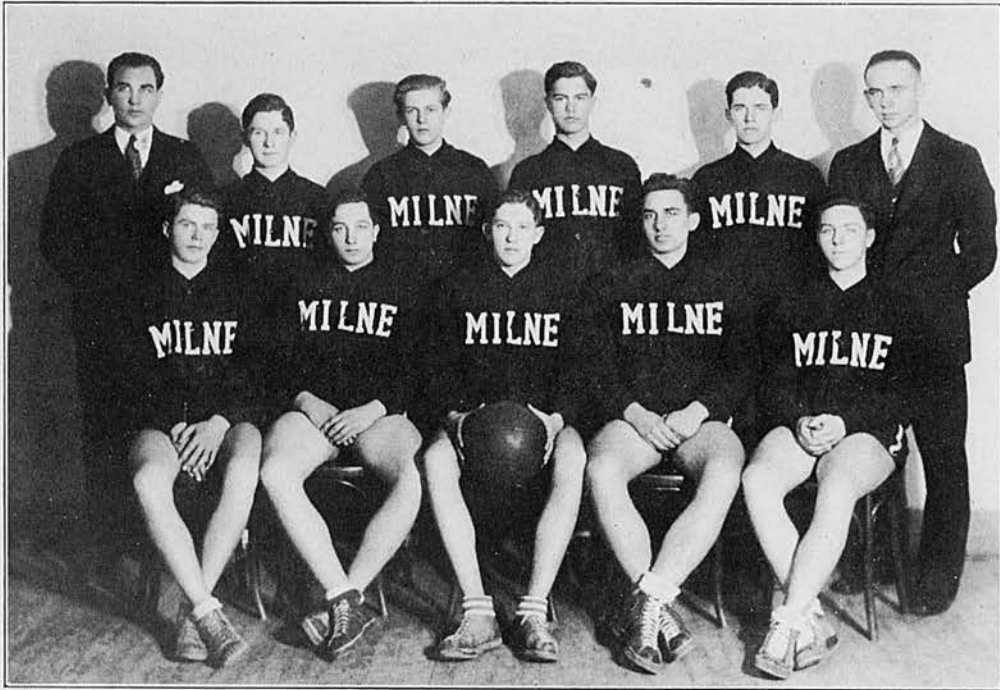
Tennis, a sport that is only in its second year as a regular athletic activity in Milne, is rapidly gaining recognition. Despite the fact that it lost its first two matches, the team shows promise and a successful season is anticipated.

The members of the team are: No. 1 man, Capt. Manager Bill Tarbox; No. 2 Bob Stutz, No. 3 Fred Dearstyne, No. 4 Carlton Power, and No. 5 Harry Witte.

The first match Albany High School won with little difficulty with the score 6 to 0. Only one match went to 3 sets.

The second match was lost to Bethlehem Central High School. In spite of the fact that the score was 5 to 0, the match was hard fought and was not won as easily as the score would indicate.

The remainder of the schedule includes matches with Cathedral, R. P. I. Freshmen, Vincentian and return engagements with Albany High School and Bethlehem Central High School.



## BASKETBALL

The Milne varsity basketball team, under the direction of Coach Osmer Brooks, completed a very successful season last March.

After losing the first three games, the team came back to win six games in succession only to have the winning streak stopped by two defeats. The team closed the season with a victory over its chief rival, the State College Freshmen, to complete the schedule with seven victories and five defeats.

Bill Blatner was elected captain of the team at the end of school last year. When he left school during the first part of the season, Bob Stutz was appointed captain.

The following men made up the teams: Tom Watkins and Doug MacHarg, forwards; Stutz, center; Howie Rosenstein and Dick Thompson, guards. The substitutes included Edwin Blocksidge, Fred Dearstyne, Ossie Smith and Ralph Norvill.

A brief summary of the games follows:

December 10—The team opened the season on the home court with Bethlehem Central High School. Milne trailed at the end of the half with the score 12 to 5, but picked up in the second half to within 3 points of the visitors. The

game ended with the score, Bethlehem 21, Milne 17. Rosenstein scored 8 points for Milne.

December 14—Milne dropped the second game of the year to Roesseville in an away game by the score of 25 to 23. The game was marked by considerable fouling on Milne's part. Blatner had 8 points for Milne.

December 19—The team journeyed to Draper High School of Schenectady to be overwhelmed by the score 40 to 19. Draper completely outpointed Milne and held a good lead during the entire game.

January 10—Milne gained its first victory of the season by defeating Industrial High School on Industrial's court to start a long winning streak. The score was 34 to 26. Rosenstein scored 14 points for Milne.

January 13—The Milne team displayed a fine passing attack to defeat Draper High and to avenge an earlier defeat. The game was hard fought and ended with the score 23 to 19. MacHarg, Thompson, and Rosenstein each accounted for 6 points for Milne.

January 19—Milne continued its winning streak with a victory over Mohawk Country Day School on the Union College Gym. The score was 31 to 26.

January 20—The team went on a scoring spree to defeat Jefferson High School 44 to 25. Watkins accounted for 17 points for Milne.

January 26—Milne won its fifth consecutive game over Stratford with the score 43 to 19. Milne obtained an early lead and was not once headed. Watkins again lead Milne scores with 17 points.

March 1—Milne triumphed over Schenevas for its sixth victory in succession with the score 34 to 29. Rosenstein collected 18 points for Milne.

March 2—Rossleville invaded the Milne court to win its second game over Milne and to stop Milne's winning streak at six games. The score was 21 to 16. MacHarg scored 8 points for Milne.

March 9—The team journeyed to Bethlehem Central to suffer another defeat. The score was 33 to 27. The game was very fast and the play was quite rough. Stutz scored 9 points for Milne.

March 10—The Milne team closed the season with a brilliant victory over the State Frosh. The score was very close throughout the entire game and never varied more than 3 or 4 points. The final score was 24 to 22. Rosenstein collected 11 points for Milne.

The team will lose five lettermen through graduation including Watkins, Thompson, Smith, Dearstyne, and Stutz.

"Sonny" Blocksidge has been elected captain of the team for next year.

Ossie Smith was manager this year. Richard Masterson will fill the position next year.

R. L. S.

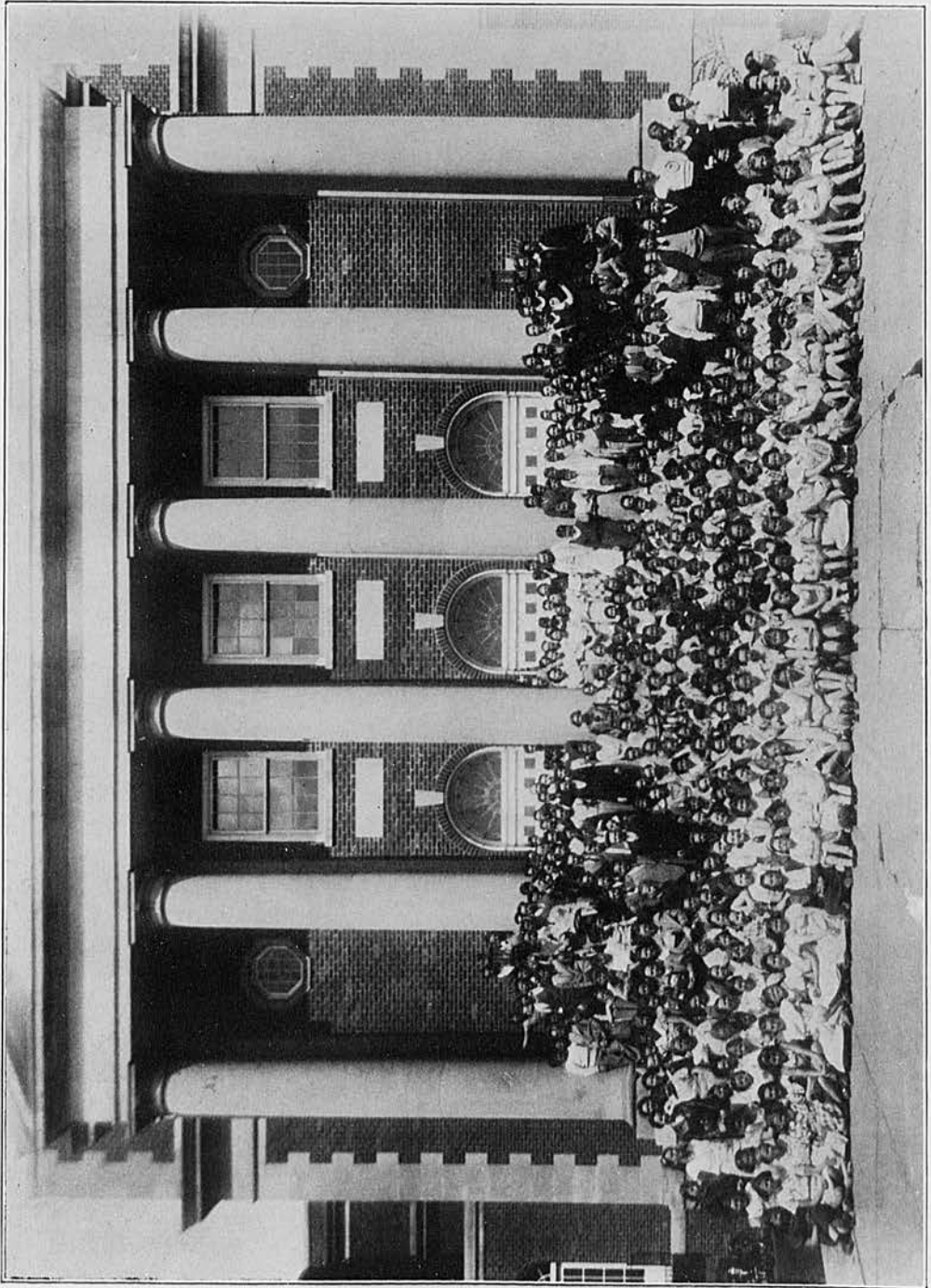


## GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB

The Girls' Athletic Club has grown from an unrepresentative organization, in which all the work was done by Miss Hitchcock with the help of a few individuals, into a club, which has a constitution and which meets weekly and carries on nearly all the business concerning girls' athletics in the school. This progress has been made in a little over a year.

For the first time in its history, the G.A.C., under the leadership of Miss Duffey, received an appropriation from the student fund. Other outstanding accomplishments of the club included the organization of a varsity girls' basketball team to play other schools, the successful management of the Annual Antics, and a renovating of the system of awards, making the procuring of letters and sweaters much more difficult.

B. B.







## INTER-SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

The three literary societies, Quin, Sigma, and Adelphoi, worked together this year on two enterprises in particular. For two months the joint committee, representing the three societies, made arrangements for the annual Q. T. S. A. formal dance which took place April 25. Over one hundred dollars was received as a result of this affair, while the remainder of the money received was placed in the fund to pay for the new plaque which was recently erected for the winners of the annual Q. T. S. A. scholarship.

Girls' Day was changed into Inter-Society Day for the first time this year. The male members of the cast added tremendously to the effect of the production, and from all indications, Inter-Society Day has become a permanent successor to Girls' Day.



## SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

Under the leadership of the president, Rita Hyland, Zeta Sigma has experienced a very successful year. The members have attended many enjoyable social functions beginning with the annual rush party, the Sigma-Quin dance, the initiation of new members, the annual banquet and Q. T. S. A. Dance, Inter-Society Day, and lastly the Sigma outing. The society raised some money by holding a candy sale.

Zeta Sigma extends best wishes to the members in the coming year of 1934-'35.

Officers of the year were:

Rita Hyland .....	<i>President</i>
Virginia Hall.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Carolyn Mattice .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Dorothy Clarke .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Florence Brenenstuhl .....	<i>Critic</i>
Bette Conklin.....	<i>Senior Editor</i>
Barbara Bladen .....	<i>Marshall</i>

C. M.



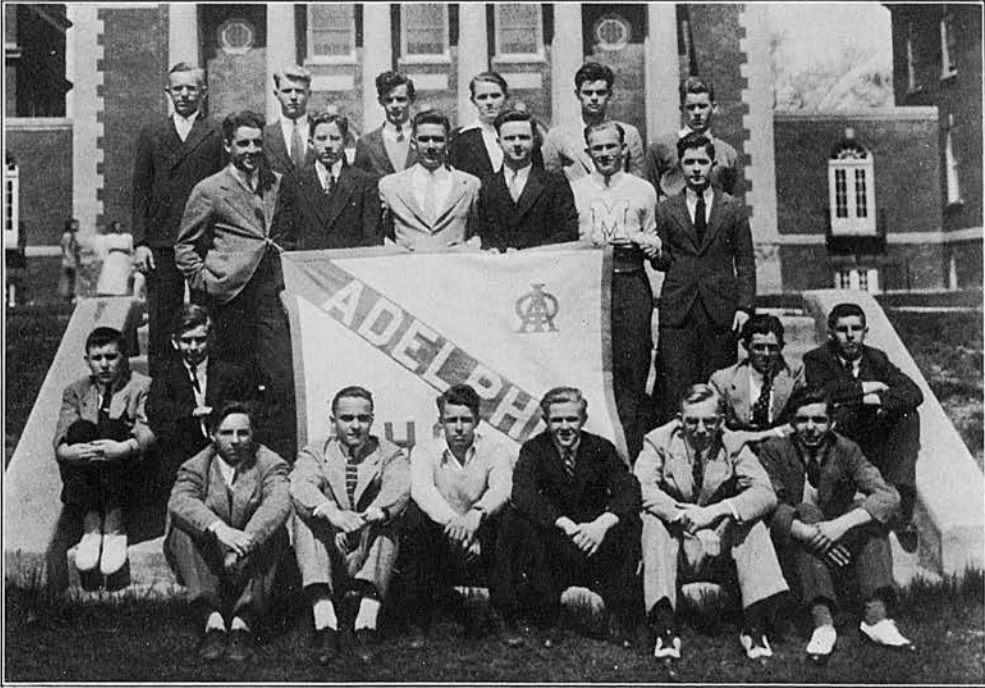
## QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Quintilian Literary Society has had a most prosperous year. The Quin Rush Party resulted in the initiation of twenty new members. The card party held at Betty Pitts' home, the annual banquet, and the Quin outings were also very enjoyable. Many of our members participated in the new Inter-Society Day program. The society wishes to extend grateful thanks to our president, Betty Pitts, for her capable leadership during the year.

The officers for the second semester were:

Elizabeth Jane Pitts.....*President*  
 Christine Ades.....*Vice President*  
 Marjorie Mabel.....*Recording Secretary*  
 Sara Kessler.....*Corresponding Secretary*  
 Elizabeth Roosa.....*Treasurer*  
 Dorothea Stephenson.....*Mistress of Ceremonies*  
 Frances Charles.....*Critic*  
 Mary E. York.....*Marshal*  
 Doris Shultes.....*Pianist*

M. D. M.



## ADELPHOI

Adelphei has just completed a very prosperous year. Throughout the year eleven new candidates were initiated and enrolled as members. For the first time a semi-annual banquet was celebrated in addition to the regular one at the end of the school year. Many of the members of Adelphei participated in the new Inter-Society-Day program. The officers for the year were.

Thomas Watkins ..... *President*  
 Robert Stutz ..... *Vice President*  
 Robert Canfield ..... *Secretary*  
 Arnold Davis ..... *Treasurer*  
 Duncan Cornell ..... *Master of Ceremonies*  
 Fred Dearstyne ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*  
 Richard Masterson ..... *Business Manager*

R. N. C.



## HI-Y CLUB

The Milne Hi-Y Club, under the sage leadership of Edwin Blocksidge, has just concluded another enjoyable year. In the fall the club conducted successful trips to Syracuse, New York, and Ithaca, where athletic events were witnessed. The Hi-Y also conducted a "Pep Meeting" in the school to usher in the basketball season. One of the social events of the year was the Milne Hi-Y dance, conducted with the very important aid of the Girls' Athletic Club. The Hi-Y also held a Father-Son-Faculty banquet which was enjoyed by all those attending. As the closing event of the year, the club held its annual outing at Lake Cossayuna on May 25, 26, and 27. The club extends its thanks to Roger Bancroft and Donald Benedict, their two faculty sponsors.

Edwin Blocksidge .....*President*  
 Fred Dearstyn.....*Vice President*  
 George Perkins.....*Secretary*  
 Richard Thompson .....*Treasurer*  
 Raymond Hotaling .....*Sergeant-at-Arms*

G. P.



## SATIRE CLUB

The Dramatics Club this year was the largest club in the school. Because of its large size, and in order to provide for an easier plan for accomplishing work, it was divided into three groups, the advanced section for experienced actors, the amateur group for unexperienced aspirants to a career behind the footlights, and the setting group. Miss Helen Doherty supervised the advanced group, Miss Maybelle Matthews the amateur group, and Mr. William Nelson the setting group.

In the advanced section, most of the time was spent in the development of individual theatrical ability, while the less experienced group produced several plays. The Christmas plays represented the combined efforts of all three groups. The productions were a huge success, and therefore the work of everyone concerned was rewarded.

The officers of the three combined groups follow:

Duncan Cornell .....*President*  
 Robert Stutz.....*Vice President*  
 Arnold Davis.....*Business Manager-Treasurer*

F. B.



## LES BABILLARDS

"Les Babillards" has increased greatly this year, and under the leadership of Henry B. Barnet, president in first semester, and Margaret Gill, in the second, it was successfully directed. A contest was held and a prize given to the person writing the best French article.

"Les Babillard" extends best wishes to the members for next year.

Officers of the second semester were:

Margaret Gill .....	<i>President</i>
Olive Vroman.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Carolyn Mattice .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Jane McClure .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Henry B. Barnet.....	<i>Program Chairman</i>

C. M.



## THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

The staff of the *Crimson and White* has had withal, a very busy year. March 10, 11, and 12 saw the annual Milne delegation in New York at the Columbia Scholastic Press Association convention, where the *Crimson and White* took a second place. The delegation consisted of Dorothy Ann Duffey, Dorothy Wallace, Helen Gibson, Henry B. Barnet, Jr., and George W. Cole. Miss Ruth Moore, of the English department, was faculty escort.

The only disappointment throughout the year was the temporary absence of Miss Katherine E. Wheeling, head of the English department, who for many years has been our faculty advisor. Miss Marion E. Howard, editor-in-chief of the "State College News," successfully took Miss Wheeling's place.

The weekly paper, as published by the staff, went to press thirty-one times, while the semi-annual magazine appeared twice. The staff wishes to extend its thanks to Miss Marion E. Howard and to the other people who made the regular appearance of the newspaper possible.





## SOCIAL EVENTS

Marge—Say, Seaver, just look at this list! It looks as though Milne has started her social activities again.

Seaver—Well, I'll say! Do you remember the first dance of this season? The Sigma Quin Dance? It used to be a Sigma dance, but she accepted Quin's assistance to make it a real success!

Marge—Oh, but I was thinking of the C. S. P. A. Convention. The representatives were quite attentative at the meetings, 'tis said; anyway they brought back another red, white and blue ribbon.

Seaver—You are forgetting, Marge, the boys athletics. Boy, but they played some good basketball!

Marge—And the girls for the first time were given a chance to play other schools. They didn't win, but they showed that the next year we can hope for victories.

Seaver—Prize Speaking! Did you ever hear anything so appropriate as George Cole's selections, "Long Pants." He certainly deserved the prize. Mary E. York also proved that Milne has talent. The speakers were all so good, I couldn't understand how the judges could even make a decision.

Marge—After the Easter vacation we started in again with the Q. T. S. A. scholarship dance. Weren't the Japanese decorations attractive though?

Seaver—I liked the Student Council Dance on May 12, the best. There were only a few there, but it was a great dance. And did we have fun! How was Girls' Day?

Marge—It isn't Girls' Day any more. Adelphoi, Sigma, and Quin put their heads together, and what a hit! It was only an experiment, but one worthy of changing from Girls' Day to Inter-Society Day."

Seaver—Oh, you just had your society outings, didn't you? Did you have any fun?

Marge—Did we have any fun? You're asking me, "Did we have any fun?" All I can say is that Sigma and Quin will try to have more outings in the future.

Seaver—Now we are looking forward to the School excursion. We didn't have one last year so this one should be something special.

Marge—Class night, graduation, and then we are on the outside looking in. The seniors will miss the quiet halls and even the Permit system. I wonder if the quiet halls will miss them?

## ALUMNI NOTES

Hillcrest Cottage  
Middlebury, Vermont  
May 6, 1934

DEAR MILNITES:

Now that the time has actually come for me to write an alumni letter, I am completely lost as to what to say. There is so much to tell about Middlebury that it would be impossible to put it all in one letter, and as for reminiscences of my days at Milne, they would be none too short.

There are no other Milne graduates in school here now, although Gerry Griffin graduated several years ago, and Dot Hotaling has been visiting this week end. That sounds like a good lead into a Middlebury pep talk, but I promise not to be too emphatic. Of course, I am very enthusiastic and like nothing better than suggesting that my friends come here, but too much praise would be a dangerous thing.

In spite of promises—Middlebury *is* a wonderful place, and for one who is used to a small school, like Milne, it is particularly fine. Everyone speaks to everyone else from the very first day to the last, and there is never any feeling of strangeness. I didn't even mind being a freshman, although it does seem good to be a sophomore. And then comes the difficulty of thinking that this experience of college will soon be past. Now I am a bit premature in worrying about what is comparatively quite a distance from me. However, it would be quite wonderful to think of this life as going on, rather than to think of senior comprehensives and looking for a job.

Perhaps it would be better for me to think a little more in the present and start work for the quiz that comes tomorrow. At any rate, Milnites, I wish you well, and wherever you may go to school, or whatever you may do after high school, I wish you the best of everything.

Sincerely yours,

Betty Masterson

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Burgess Garrison, '30, captain of this past season's baseball team, has been on the Dean's list since he entered Union. He graduates this year.

Paul Beik, '31, has also been mentioned on the Dean's list.

Clara Stutz, '33, is attending Russell Sage.

Bob Harding, '32, a sophomore at Brown University, was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity Track Team, which won the Intramural Fraternity Championship.

Margaret Kyle, '33, is attending Simmons.

Betty Rapp, '32, is a sophomore at Sargent.

Paul Jacquet, '33, is Historian of his Freshman Class at Union.

Fred Hall, '29, is captain of the gym team at West Point.

The Alumni department wishes to extend their best wishes to the Alumni Senior Class, and remaining Milnites. Good luck to you all!



# EXCHANGES

June. The time of the year one thinks of graduations, marriages and—exchanges:

*"The Academe"*—Girls Academy—The Crimson and White has expectantly awaited this opportunity to comment upon the *"Academe"*. Now that the occasion is at hand, may we express some of the admiration we have for this magaizne.

To describe your publication by an Exchange Editor's adjectives as "excellent", "well written", would be putting it mildly. To begin with your poems are full of deserving merit. However, "Renaissance" and "Contrast" are the most outstanding. With such talent, why not have your rising geniuses write on lighter subjects—more humor and perhaps a little love? We would like to pay special honor to the writer of "A Modern Version of Little Red Riding Hood". With this bit of humor from an eighth grader comes the fact that the *"Academe"* can make a dried up, hackneyed Exchange Editor actually laugh! We think that your editorials are fair and that there is room for improvement.

Now—"Katie Kix Up" in last year's *"Academe"* still cannot be excelled. "Polly Prattles'" prattling can be very much improved. The humor at times seems lost, but it does show some of the spirit of its predecessor. The *"Academe"* certainly comes up to the standard of other years, and the respective editors, deserve congratulations and best wishes for future success.

*"The Babu Lau Jaiswal High School Magaizne"*—Although at times your magazine seems a little childish, we find that some of your writers are very talented. Especially one of your correspondents, one Surva Narayan Chaube. His suggestions for the improvements of a school magazine are as helpful as they are amusing.

One point, however, which puzzled us was the reason why you labeled your school notes 'Editorial Notes'! We suggest you put your school notes, editorials and literary attempts, etc., into separate departments. Also, why not include an exchange page?

On the whole your magazine was interesting and one that is appealing to an American student. How strange we two are and yet so alike!

*"Bleatings"*—St. Agnes' School—We regret that we have only the Autumn issue to comment upon. However, if the following issues come up to the standard of this one, the editors of *"Bleatings"* deserve a vote of congratulations.

The first thing that impressed us was your cuts. Next your book reviews. Both of these departments excell any of our exchanges. But your school notes seem very dull and your exchanges very trite. We suggest you increase both departments and keep away from the "matter of fact" method of writing.

And back at us—

"*Academe*"—Albany Girls' Academy—We were to be perfectly frank, rather disappointed with your first issue. Inasmuch as your magazine is published but twice a year, it seems that it could attain a higher level. The mediocrity of many of the poems especially appalled us, and the number of stories, essays, and editorials seemed far too limited for a school of your size. Your cover, however, was attractive, your Junior High School material most promising and your Exchange Department unusual and interesting.

"*The Torch*"—Catholic Central High School—Complete in every phase—poetic, literary. From the minute that we glanced at its bright cover we knew that those pages in between would contain some very interesting material—and we were not disappointed. I can hardly choose any special poem upon which to comment for they all show that you have present in your midst a great amount of poetic ability. Those "Book Reviews" were well written and surely served as a great factor for urging students to read the books.

We, the editors of this department wish to extend our congratulations to all the graduating classes on our exchange list and to thank the respective editors for the effort they made to exchange constructive criticism:

"*The Triangle*"—Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

"*The High School Recorder*"—Saratoga High School, Saratoga, N. Y.

"*Panorama*"—Binghamton High School.

"*The Hermonite*"—Mt. Hermon School.

"*The Oracle*"—Rensselaer High School.

"*Hoot Owl*"—Coxackie High School.

"*The Record*"—Mamaroneck High School.

"*Sir Bill's Bugle*"—Johnstown High School.

"*Nott Terrace Tribune*"—Nott Terrace High School.

"*The Lamp*"—Cobleskill High School.

"*Homer News*"—Homer Academy.

"*Stratford Bugle*"—Stratford High School.

"*The Ulsterette*"—Saugerties High School.

"*The Volcano*"—Hornell Jr.-Sr. High School.

"*Murmurs*"—Narrowsburg High School.

"*The Forum*"—Lockport High School.

"*Fairview Flicker*"—Fairview High School, Rocky River, Ohio.

"*Wildcat Scratch*"—Quapaw, Okla. High School.

"*The Cue*"—Albany Boys' Academy.

"*M. H. S. News*"—Mechanicville High School.

"*School Daze*"—Cohoes High School.

"*Chand Bagh Chronicle*"—Lucknow, India.

"*The Council Fire*"—Philip Livingston, Jr., High School.

"*The A-B-C Spotlight*"—Albany Business College.

"*The Vocational Messenger*"—Industrial High School.

"*Estee Echo*"—Gloversville High School.



### A Modern Jonah

There was once a very young and exceedingly able sailor whose knowledge of the sea was incomparable and withal most astounding. One day, having been made the butt of the crew's jokes once too often, he rather foolishly engaged in a battle of fisticuffs with his tormentors. Then, since one person is considerably less strong than eight or ten, he was picked up bodily and thrown into the ocean which he hit with a resounding splash. The crew thought it a great joke and cavorted about on the decks laughing uproariously. But when the young sailor failed to appear, they became very anxious, and though they took turns in attempting to find him, they were finally forced to continue their voyage without him.

Now, when the young sailor was hurled so unceremoniously into water blue, he swallowed much of it and began to sink. But suddenly he found himself in a great cavern and he began to think, "My, I'm in an awful pickle!"

"No, you dope," a thunderous voice answered, "You're in a whale!"

The young sailor fainted! Then, when he revived, lest he be already digested, he began to jump up and down and generally make himself troublesome to the whale. This must have been some hitherto latent instinct for self-preservation as regards being swallowed by whales, for the poor mammal stood the young sailor's commotion among his vertebrae, intestines, and other organs as long as he could and finally ejected him forcibly.

He began to sink again, and finally landed on something hard. It was the moss-covered hull of a boat. Now the young sailor's incomparable and withal astounding knowledge of the sea soon informed him that this ought to be a treasure ship, so he ventured down into the hold, and verily, there sat an iron-bound chest! Pushing aside several skeletons, he lifted the chest to his shoulders and carried it to the upper deck. He essayed to spring lightly towards the surface but there wasn't any spring. Again and again he attempted the ascent and failed. Leaving the chest on the deck, and thus lightened from his load, he sprang agilely toward the surface—and got there. Having perched himself on a wave, he procured a pair of binoculars and surveyed the surrounding horizon. Aha! Land! and he struck out with high hopes. Finally arriving at the island, for such it was, he proceeded to weave a rope from the numerous vines and foliage which dangled insouciantly (you can skip that last word, it doesn't mean

anything) from the palm trees. Then he returned to the ship, having first attached one end of the rope to a surface wave and descending with the other.

Then, satisfied that his troubles were over, he picked up the chest and began to climp up the rope to the top. But failure dogged his foot-climbs. The chest was too much for him. This second failure, in the face of his youthful brilliance, was torturous. Striding around, blinded by an impotent fury, he bumped squarely into an Otis elevator. His incomparable and withal astounding knowledge of the sea at once led him to experiment with it and he soon discovered that the only thing lacking to make it run was a nut. This presented no difficulty at all, for he made a dive for the surface and a bee-line for the island. Returning in record time to the elevator, he produced a nut that fitted exactly—a cocoanut. Lugging the chest into the elevator, he pressed the button marked, "Top Floor" and they zoomed upwards. At the surface he got off and pushed the exceedingly unwieldy conveyance ashore.

There, despite his extreme exhaustion, he managed to drag the chest to some concealing bushes. With trembling fingers he threw back the lid, and there, sparkling up into his dazed eyes in all the myriad colors of the rainbow, were piles and piles of—BALLYHOO!!!

H. Gibson, '35

## We Men

The male of the species *Homo Sapiens* is a quite interesting variety of ape. Some would class him slightly higher than an ape, but the difference is negligible.

He should be fed about three times a day, on a quite varied diet. His diet should not contain many intoxicating beverages, as these seem to make him lose whatever reasoning power he has in the past possessed. Like other apes, he should be trained to pursue his desires without interfering with others. The young of the species should be sent to a peculiar institution called a *school*, where they are forced to sit in large rooms and listen to other humans, who speak to them whether they listen or not. The purpose of these *schools*, is vague, but they may be said to provide a rest period for the young humans.

When the adult, any member of the species who has attained a certain indefinite age, ceases to attend the *school*, or *college*, as some forms of it are called, he begins his life work.

This usually consists of obtaining from others small, round fragments of a yellow metal called, by men, *gold*. The reason for having, holding, and trying to gain more of these particles of *gold* is unknown; it being considered as one of the many strange idiosyncrasies shown by men. Any such desires must be tolerated; if they are not, some odd mental state termed a *nervous breakdown* often ensues.

P. De Porte, '35

## Verbum Sap

### BIRTH

A new thing,  
 Fresh, tender.  
 Struggling for existence,  
 Alive with heavenly splendor.

### YOUTH

A young thing,  
 Joyous, trouble alack.  
 Experienced by all,  
 All wanting it back.

### LOVE

An age-old thing,  
 A fiery passion so tender;  
 Two hearts blending in one,

### AGE

An awakening thing  
 Of life's happiness and woe,  
 Slipping through our fingers  
 Letting it go.

### DEATH

An end or a beginning?  
 But not a fear,  
 Because with our last breath  
 God is so near.  
 Life's a futile struggle  
 Unless we are uplifted.  
 It's a glorious privilege,  
 And we can make what we choose of it.

S. Klarsfeld, '34

## Thoughts On a May Day

The distant hills are emerald in the sun;  
 (My awful Latin prose, it isn't done).  
 The ship-like clouds drift on a sea of cobalt sky;  
 (I wonder if the tennis court is dry).  
 A swift wind moves the budding branches in the air;  
 (A friend of a friend of mine just dyed her hair).  
 The lovely apple blossoms open more and more;  
 (I wonder if I've met that boy some place before).  
 O wild sweet days of May! What could they lack?  
 (I might have known the sun would scorch my back).

C. Hallenbeck, '36

## Freedom

The sun rose early on the bright and beautiful day of June 20th, 1926, and with it rose Jack Halliday. He got up from his hard cot in the corner to gaze out of the window through cold iron bars and over a gray stone wall. As he looked out of his cell, he was conscious of a great feeling of warmth surging up inside of him. It was June 20th, in the year of Our Lord, 1926. For twenty years he had awaited this day.

For a long time Jack Halliday, alias Duke Dexter, stood by the window, gazing out with a far-away look in his gray eyes set in a well-formed head. He was thinking, as he had so often done before by that same window—thinking of the years that had been lost in his confinement in that Hell. It would be exactly twenty years ago at eleven o'clock that he had marched up the steps of the Anderson Prison to begin his twenty years' sentence. He had led a hard life before his capture and now he was paying for it, or rather he was just getting through paying for it. None of the old gang would ever know the hell that he went through in those long, dreary months. He was going straight from now on, you could bet your life savings on that. As soon as he got out of prison, he was going to find a good job and settle down.

At eleven o'clock sharp, he heard the guard come down the hallway. A key jangled in the lock and the door swung free. He was free! He was on his own! He hastened all aglow to a nearby room where he changed to his street clothes. What a different feeling these clothes had from the prison garb. He went from the room up a flight of stairs to the Warden's office. The Warden wished him good luck and shook his hand. He walked mechanically down the long hallway leading to the final door. Trembling, he watched the massive door swing open on its hinges. He almost ran from the prison but soon recovered his bearing and swung down the sidewalk. The great prison wall ran parallel to the sidewalk and as he walked along beside it he experienced a kind of a dread as he looked at its height. He walked a few more steps when he heard a woman across the street scream, shouts from men above on the wall, and a cry of a frightened child.

Next day there appeared the following notice in one of the local papers:

### EX-CONVICT DIES

Jack Halliday, alias Duke Rexter, met accidental death today as he was leaving prison. He had just finished a term of 20 years and had just left the gates of the prison. Halliday was 46 years of age. He has no living relatives.

W. Terrill, '35



## A Tramp Becomes a Hero

One summer afternoon Vivien was sitting alone on the back porch. She had a new drawing book and a new box of water colors, for her sixth birthday had just passed. She had been painting quite a while, and was just about to go into the house for a pan of clear water, when the gate creaked.

A strange man was coming up the walk. He was a short, middle-aged, extremely dirty fellow, and was leaning on a cane. Nevertheless, he was walking very fast. Vivien was frightened, for she recognized him as one of the tramps from the railroad, which was but a few blocks away. She had heard dreadful stories about these men, all of which she recollected in one frightened moment. Her first impulse was to run into the house and lock the door, but he was coming up the porch steps. Vivien stood as if frozen on the spot, until he was beside her. She was like a small, terrified bird, which sees a large serpent about to spring upon it, and yet it remains silently on the ground, forgetful of its wings which could take it to safety.

"Hello, little girl," said the tramp. She did not answer.

"Is your mother at home?" he asked.

"No," she replied, gazing intently at the ground.

The tramp made a movement towards her with his hand. Vivien drew her arms behind her.

"You're a nice little girlie, aren't you?" the old fellow offered.

"No," Vivien said fiercely.

"What are you doin', writing?"

"No, I'm drawing," she said unsteadily.

"Well," he said, "If your mother's not home, where do you think she is?"

Vivien was terribly frightened and thought crazily that she would tell him that her father and all his friends, who were policemen, were in the house. She did not say this ridiculous thing, however. It was probably his appearance which stopped her. His face was very ugly, dark and dirty. When he spoke she saw that many of his teeth were missing, and the few he had were long, crooked, and brown.

Suddenly he grabbed hold of little Vivien with his horrible claw-like hand.

"Are you sure your mother isn't at home?" he demanded.

"I—I'll—go in and see," she stammered. She opened the door, entered, then slammed it shut, and turned the key. She shivered and shook. She gave one frightened glance out of the window, thinking that surely he would be gone now. There he was, hurrying up the steps, calling out something to her. Vivien fled upstairs and ran into the closet of her bedroom, determined not to make a sound. She held the door tightly shut.

No one but the tramp, that terrifying old fellow who wanted only money, had seen the thick clouds of black smoke which were coming out of the attic window. His heart was not as ugly as his face, and he did not run away as a coward might have done. He thought only of getting the little brown-haired girl, whose overturned box of water colors lay on the stairs, out of the house. He called out to her. There was no answer. There were not many houses on the block and therefore no one heard him. When he found that Vivien had

locked the door, he no longer tried to enter, but ran away to call a fire department. When the fire department arrived, they tried to get Vivien out of the house. She did not answer their calls. She was no doubt doubly frightened to smell the thick, black smoke, and she dared not make any sound. The old tramp braved the smoke up to the second floor. He looked in all the rooms. When he spied Vivien in the closet, he grabbed her and carried her downstairs. She ran to her anxious mother and father, who had just arrived. Her mother carried her out of the house which was now in flames. Her father, upon hearing the story that the tramp told, thanked him profusely. Of course the tramp omitted the fact that he had frightened little Vivien. He hobbled out of the yard, a hero, with quite a bit of money jingling in his pockets.

M. Wilcox, '35

## History Class

Ginny's fooling with the window stick,  
Whoops! she gave herself an awful lick!

Chris with a pencil is gaily playing,  
"Hey! I got a letter!" she is saying.

Sally is drawing a picture of Pooh,  
Christopher Robin and Piglet too!

Tommy is pulling his ears with a jerk,  
He shows the children how they work.

The teacher just asked Eddie a question.  
He looks as if he had indigestion.

Mr. Noakes there in the corner is pondering,  
I'm willing to bet his mind is wandering.

Roy is the source of the class's fun,  
"Austria's Hungary" is the newest pun.

Fromm's face has a merry beam,  
She has the last name to complete her team.

Jane is writing with a blue fountain pen,  
I know she's doing her homework again!

Mary on the desk is drawing a line.  
She has to do something to pass the time.

Chat is twisting a piece of pink paper,  
He's always making some foolish caper.

Ruthie's head is down on her desk,  
Trying to get her much-needed rest.

Vivian's the one who's sure to pass.  
She and the teacher are carrying on class.

Ruthie is filing her pretty nails,  
And amusing Sara with enticing tales.

Willis is playing with a piece of wire,  
Next to the door—that's playing with fire.

Sara is busily doing French.  
Her thirst for knowledge is hard to quench.

Irene's wearing a new green sweater,  
Somebody's taste couldn't be better.

Germain is leaning over his work,  
His mouth drawn up in a gentle smirk.

Thus we sit gathering knowledge,  
I wonder how many will get to college?

E. Roosa, '35





### The Storm

The rain struck the dreary, gloomy house. It battered the windows, pounded the roof, bruised and shook the ill-fated home.

Thunder shook the heavens and lightning crashed from the sky. Quietude, ——— then roars; dismal, obscure darkness, ——— then a brilliant light.

The storm agitated the house which vibrated with a shudder, a jar, a rattle, and ——— silence, until another crash of booming thunder and glaring lightning set the house quivering again.

Thus it continued far into the night. Crash after crash, until the swaying house was fairly torn apart! But still it continued!

For seven days the rage persisted. In the next week, ——— there was no house. Nothing—but a clay basement, scraps of food, a lone brick fireplace, and numerous articles of furnishings floating and sinking in the surging, obstinate water.

Thus the storm had achieved its ambition. It had broken a home, though old and tarnished, and had sunk the treasures the shelter had stored.

This was the work of a storm! Mean, cruel work, with the hope of shattering!

C. Kormit, '39

### Soliloquy

If I could choose my place to die,  
 I'd choose it underneath blue sky  
 With petals from an apple tree  
 Falling softly over me.  
 Within a thickly wooded glade,  
 The ground in patterns—shine and shade  
 Where sunlight filters through green leaves,  
 Where all is life, and nothing grieves.  
 'Twould be upon a little hill  
 Where all is quiet, silent, still.  
 Amid pink blossoms, buried deep,  
 On soft, green moss, I'd fall asleep.

L. Walk, '37

## Barnacle Bill, Modern Odysseus

With apologies to Homer

### *Book the First*

After leaving Manila during the Spanish-American War, we journeyed across the broad Pacific for three days. On the third day about 4:00 o'clock in the morning, we sighted a small island. As we neared it, a great screaming and wailing was heard. As it grew lighter, we could make out the forms of hundreds of men chained to the rocks. All around these were strange beings—half beast, half man. They had hideous faces and long, cruel teeth.

I signaled for the engines to be stopped and for the great anchor to be thrown. Our great, grey ship with curving bows was brought to a halt.

Then I girded on me my cartridge belt and my revolver that fitted my hand so well. After taking two pocket flasks, I prepared to go ashore. My comrades lowered the captain's gig and we swiftly rowed to the shore. As we landed the strange beast-men gave savage growls and grunts of surprise and anger. My comrades were all armed with rifles, and I had a revolver in each hand. As we set foot on land, the beast men rushed forward with chains to chain us to the rocks. We all fired together and nine creatures fell. The rest halted, bewildered and frightened.

Then spoke Joe Green, son of mighty Bill Green of the Gas House Gang, "Well, Skipper, shall we polish 'em off?"

"Nay, stap a while my hasty Joseph," quoth I. "Perhaps we can make some friendly agreement with yonder beasts."

But as the beasts showed no friendly inclinations, and rushed us again, we opened fire and mowed them down. They fell, smothered in their own wine-red blood.

Then we set free the hundreds of men, weak and wasted, that were chained to the rocks. We gave them food and drinks from our pocket flasks, which increased their spirits greatly. In a few days the men were able to move about without help. My men and I helped the men to construct houses, and two months later my men and I sailed away, promising to send ships to rescue these unfortunate mortals.

### *Book the Second*

Four days later a great storm struck us and we were in grave danger. The main mast fell, crushing three of my strongest men. I wept at the sight, knowing that three more noble mortals would nevermore gaze upon Battery Park and the Statue of Liberty.

Then suddenly, through the howl of the gale, we heard the dull thunder of breakers. A second later our good ship was smashed to matchwood on the black, jagged reef. We were all dashed, along with the wreckage, upon the sands of a lonely, storm-swept isle.

When the storm passed, we set about looking for the inhabitants of this land. As we approached a gigantic cleft in the mountain, we were startled to hear a

terrible bellowing and roaring. From the mouth of the cleft there appeared a monstrous shape, somewhat like a man, but with two heads and four arms. Upon spying us the beast gave a savage roar and charged straight for us. We fell over one another in our effort to escape, and none of us succeeded. The monster seized us all and slung us in a far corner of his cave. We lay there, stunned and bruised, wondering what was coming next.

The beast at once busied himself with preparing a fire in which he heated several bars of iron. When the fire was hot, he seized Fred the cook, and thrust one of the red-hot bars through him from head to toe. The bar sizzled and hissed as it penetrated poor Fred's brain, and his shrieks and screams were blood curdling. After Fred was done to a brown over the fire, the monster grabbed Bill Jones, one of the Jones boys, and tore off one of his arms. Bill ran about the cave screaming and groaning, the quivering flesh on the stump of his arm making a very repulsive sight indeed. The giant then ate all the meat off the arm and threw the bone on a heap of others in the corner.

Then he seized Fred and devoured all of him except his bones, which he also threw in the corner.

Then he put Bill out of his misery by splitting his skull with a huge axe, and drinking his brains. Then he proceeded to devour the rest of him with great gusto.

That night, needless to say, was sleepless for all of us. After thinking a while I finally hit upon a plan for escape. In a corner of the cave lay a huge pile of rope that gave me the plan. After he had drunk the contents of our pocket flasks, the monster fell into a deep sleep. The noise of his snoring sounded like thunder in the hollow cave, and served to ruffle the sounds made by us.

Then we securely tied him, hand and foot, with the pile of strong ropes. As his chest and arms were covered with a thick layer of leather-like skin, we had no hope of reaching his heart. I then hit upon another plan. We heated hundreds of small stones to an intense heat in the fire. Then we took the sharpest knife in the company and made a slit in the soft wall of his stomach. His screams and cries were terrifying, but I plugged my comrade's ears and my own with cotton and kept on working.

When we had a slit about four feet long in him, we put in the red hot stones one by one. His shrieks and screams increased in volume and number as the stones rolled and hissed among his inwards. After we had put four score and five red-hot stones into his abdomen, his struggles and cries ceased. We knew by this that his wicked soul had departed forever.

Then we cooked the meat of a young lamb and ate it. After this we went to sleep. The next day we set about building a ship. We eventually succeeded in building one thirty cubits long and ten cubits wide. In this we erected a mast and sail and on one fair day left that dread isle forever, mourning the loss of our unfortunate comrades.

T. Parran, '37

## The Surprise Party That I Planned

One warm day in the sunny month of May, I thought I'd give a party for the child across the way. The little girl was crippled, but her smile was always bright, so I hastened to the study to plan whom I'd invite. I chose a dozen girls and boys who liked this little Jane, for I knew they'd want to help her to forget her horrid pain. The apple tree was blooming, so I'd have the party there, beneath the pink-white blossoms in the pure, fresh, open air. The food we had was simple, and the kind that *Janie* liked, for *she* sat in her wheel-chair while the others golfed or hiked. I sent short invitations to each chosen little friend who hoped the child was better and would soon be on the mend. Jane knew naught about the party. 'Twas a secret, deep and dark. She played with books and dollies, and sat for hours in the park.

The party-day was sunny, not a cloud was in the sky. Things were quiet and mysterious; Jane said she wondered why. I wheeled her to the garden, where the flowers were in bloom, and she said it was much nicer than a stuffy, dark, old room.

At last my friends ran from the house. They cried "Surprise!" "Surprise!" Poor Jane could not believe her ears, nor quite believe her eyes.

And then, when it was over, she said she was so glad that she thought, in all her lifetime, she would never be "half-sad!"

L. Walk, '37

Note. This illustration of rhythmical prose was composed during an English test.

## Spring Winds

The winds of spring are blowing  
 All through the greening trees.  
 Amidst the lovely breeze  
 They start our scarfs a-blowing  
 They make the clouds go flying  
 Across the clear blue sky.  
 The daffodils are nodding  
 As they go flying by.

The winds of spring are roaming  
 Among the sunny hills.  
 Let's nod when they are coming  
 Just like the daffodils.  
 In lane and street and meadow  
 They have a song to sing.  
 O let's go running, running!  
 To meet the winds of spring.

D. Welsh, '39

## An Ancient Story Brought to Light

I have always regretted that Sambo lived before my day. He was a mighty man in his day and would be still in story and song had not the Civil War put a stop to it. After the Carpet Bagger politicians and native Scalawags had begun to get control of the south, something happened that stopped the tales of Sambo's career. Whether it was the promise of numerous white rascals to put the Negro into power, holding office, owning land, and ordering the proud white aristocrats to blacken his boots, and using pumpkin leaves for money that so excited the stupid Blacks as to drive all other stories from their heads, no one seems to know. But sure it is that not a person living on the earth, except myself, knows of this remarkable personage. I heard it from old Mose White, a couple of years before he died, and it seems I'm the first white man to ever hear the story. For several generations only the oldest sons of Mose's family knew of Sambo, but as Mose didn't have a son, and he'd heard of my writings, after some persuasion he said, "Wal,' you see, Marse Charlie, it's this a-way. I'se ain't got no family lef' any more but I don't reckon fer one minute as the tale orter stop here. Now you see I'm still on this side erb de riva an' s'long as I'se here I reckons you ain't spose' to tell no one erbout it. After de Angel take me en I hab my golden harp den I reckon you all kin do jus' 'xactly what you all please erbout it. Maybe could even write er book about old Sambo."

This thought seemed to please the aged Negro as much as it did me, so now, a year since Mose departed for the Golden Shore, I will endeavor to faithfully set down in writing the ancient story of Sambo, partly as it was told to me, partly as I remembered it.

According to Mose's calculation, and mine, Sambo must have lived before Negroes were brought from Africa. We figured that about 1450 B. C. he was in his prime. When most white people look at most black people they think: "He has black skin, a protruding, thick lip, flat nose, and looks generally rather dull and stupid with his crinkly black wool.

Well, Sambo was different! His hair was black and woolly, his nose was flat and his lower lip protruded but he didn't impress people as being very stupid.

By some freakish act of luck his parents were Pigmies and belonged to a now extinct tribe of such small people. Sambo was large. By standing on his tiptoes he could see over the tallest treetop which was about four hundred feet high. He had brain and muscular strength proportionate to his great size, and so, although he may have been pretty ignorant, no one knew it. Queer as it may seem, when he was too months old he hadn't gained an ounce, (nor lost one) and his mother was getting worried about having to keep him in the same humming bird's nest so long. Of course all Pigmy babies were small, but they were usually large enough to comfortably fill a parrot's nest when they were a week old and Sambo's was a very odd case.

Then when he was seventy-one and a half days old and still weighed exactly three ounces and three grams, something happened. It was believed afterwards, but no one really knew, that a queer golden insect with black crystal wings, the only one of its kind ever seem or heard of on earth, bit Sambo on the



fourth finger from his thumb on his left hand. Ever afterwards, that finger tapered at the end, and twisted like an enormous corkscrew. Two days later the golden bug with the jet black crystal wings was found dead in his kinky hair. After everyone had been allowed to gaze upon it for 27 seconds each, the chief wizard tied it up in a bag of monkey skin with some pollen from the sacred Poly-Woly-Weed, and fastened it around Sambo's neck as a charm against all evil. Well, to get back to Sambo; at three-seventeen on the day he was seventy-two days' old his mother was scared nearly out of her skin by seeing her tiny son suddenly shoot out of his humming bird cradle, and before he stopped shooting he was way above her head. When he finally did stop he was looking at her over the top of the first chief's house. After that he slowed down a bit so that from then on he grew about an inch and a half a day. When he was thirteen years old he had, like most boys of his age and tribe, reached the extent of his growth.

When he was still a toddler he wandered off by himself and what should he do but come to a cliff above the ocean, and, tripping over a fallen tree, plunge headlong into the Atlantic. The sudden splash was felt all over the world, and the force of the waves was so great that it swept away the narrow chain of land connecting Asia and North America. The water rushed over Europe, North America and Asia as well as all of the southern continents, and of course flooded the land and killed all of the plants and animals living on them, where it didn't roll straight off again. In North America the Appalachian and Rocky mountains held it in so that that night, when suddenly the northern air turned the coldest it had been in history, the water froze, making what we call a glacier which melted the next day, slowly, and started moving southward, rolling away the mountains formerly cutting the continent of North America through the center from coast to coast.

After Sambo had extricated himself from the ocean, as he did without much trouble, he toddled back home and lay down in the main street of the village. Now most of the huts were on the main street and all in a straight line. As each house had but one door and Sambo, when lying down filled the street completely, the inmates were very much frightened to find when they awoke from their mid-day naps that something strange, brown, soft and immovable was completely barring their exit. They could not tell what it was for no one could see beyond the door, but, every once in a while it moved a little so that they knew it must be alive. Everyone started shouting to everyone else and poking the unknown (not x this time) with hatchets and spears. The shouting and pricking finally wakened Sambo and he arose and started to cry for as yet he was only a baby. There had been a great drought before this, but plants and animals had become adapted to such conditions so they didn't mind it, but, when Sambo began to cry so hard, the tears, besides drenching the earth all around, nearly washed away the town and its inhabitants. The sun shone hot upon the scene and, with his tears and the wind of his sobbing breath which completely devastated the forest, all of the fallen and killed plant and animal life soon decayed. The immediate effect of the salt killed any plants which might have grown again, and the sun soon dried up the excess water. For these reasons the Sahara Desert is so very fertile and the salt seems to have disappeared. But that's another story.

In the meantime the people must eat. But where to get food was a question hard to answer. As yet Baby Sam didn't know anything about the value of various plants and animals for food, but he was anxious to help, so carrying his father on his shoulders, he set off toward the sunrise. After traveling about an hour, they arrived at the Nile, and deciding it was a very nice place in which to live, hurried back, and after two or three trips, the whole community was established near the present Delta of the Nile.

M. E. Gillett, '37

### Canes

When Tommy's father goes to walk  
 He takes his cane along,  
 Swinging it lightly to and fro,  
 Singing a funny little song.

Now Father's Tommy has a cane,  
 A long one gathered from a tree,  
 And he is trying with all his might  
 To see how short a cane can be.

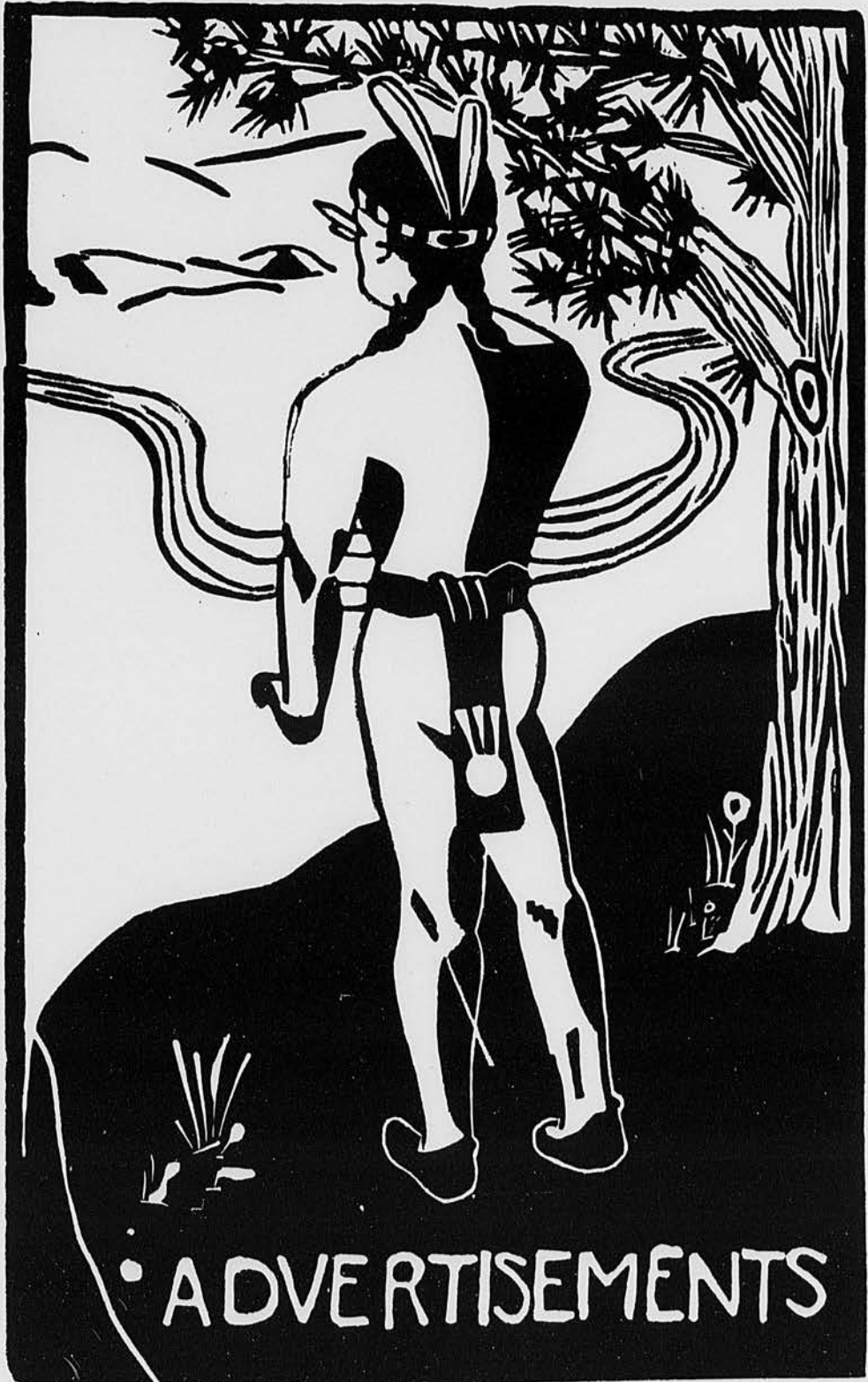
When Tommy and his father take  
 Their canes to walk at Christmastide,  
 There will be this special difference,  
 Tommy will carry his inside.

D. Welch, '39

### The Hermit

I'd love to be a Hermit  
 And sit inside my cave  
 With nary a soul to annoy me  
 And I wouldn't have to behave.  
 I would have ice cream for my dinner  
 And cookies and cakes and all,  
 Apples and oranges; all kinds of fruit  
 And pictures on the wall.  
 I think when I am grown up  
 And can choose what I'm to be,  
 I'll live the life of a Hermit  
 In a cave beside the sea.

V. Kemp, '38



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Bob—No. But here's my lighter.

Bill—How am I going to pick my teeth with that?

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