

CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XXXIV, No. 10

THE MILNE SCHOOL, ALBANY, N. Y.

June 13, 1960

ARMAGEDDON APPROACHES

The final examination schedule for the second semester of the 1959-1960 school year is as follows:

Tuesday, June 14

8:30	Science 7	—320, 321, 324
to	Soc. Stud. 8	—Draper 349
10:25	English 9	—Draper 349
	French I	—Library
	Latin I	—123
	Spanish I	—130
	Salesmanship	—233
10:30	English 7	—Draper 349
to	Math 8	—126, 127, 128
12:25	Chemistry	—320, 321, 324
	Book. I	—233
1:00	Science 9	—126, 127, 128
to	English 10	—Draper 349
3:00	Physics	—320, 321
	Soc. Stud. 12	—Draper 349
	Bus. Law	—233

Wednesday, June 15

8:30	Math 9	—Draper 349
to	Math 10	—Draper 349
10:25	Math 11	—Draper 349
	Int. Alg.	—Draper 349
	Math 12	—Draper 349
	Bus. Arith.	—233
10:30	Intro. Bus.	—233
to	Latin 9	—123
12:25	Voc. Off. Pr.	—235
	Shorthand I	—228
1:00	Soc. Stud. 10	—Draper 349
to	English 11	—Little Thea. 227, 228
3:00	French III	—127
	Latin III	—123
	Spanish III	—130

Thursday, June 16

8:30	Soc. Stud. 9	—Draper 349
to	Biology	—320, 321, 324
10:25	French II	—Library
	Latin II	—123
	Spanish II	—130
10:30	Soc. Stud. 11	—Draper 349
to	English 12	—Little Thea. 226, 228
12:25		

Other examinations will be given at the following times:

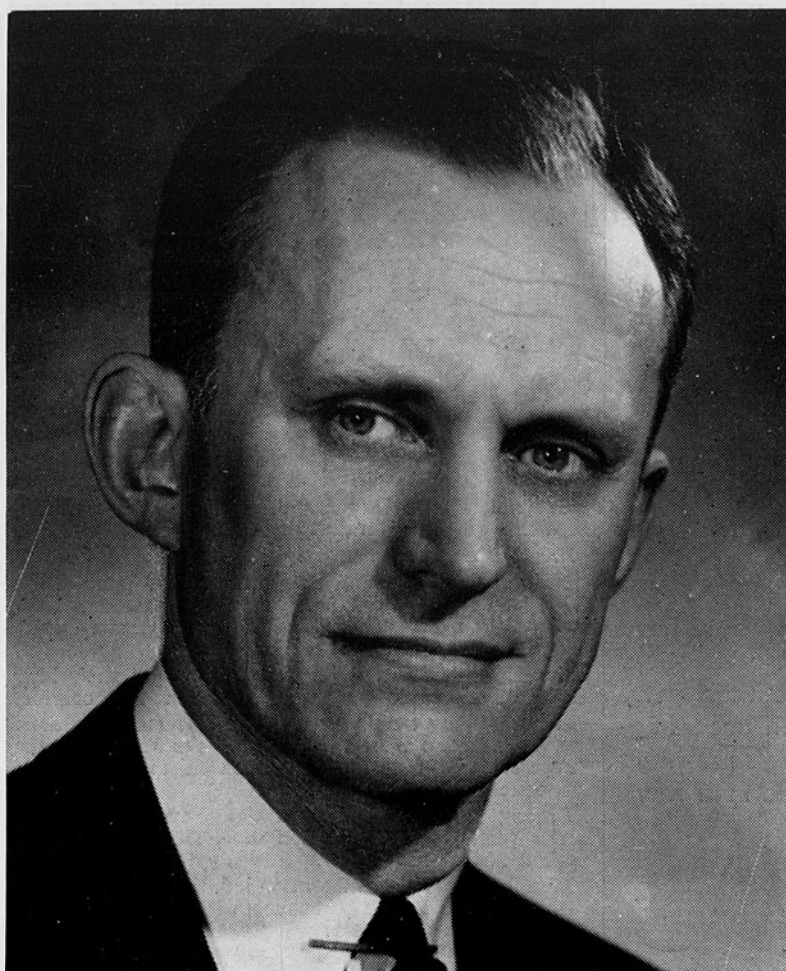
Grade 7: Monday, June 13, 10:15-11:40—Math (D 349) 12:15-1:39 Soc. S. (D 349).

Grade 8: Monday, June 13, 10:15-11:40—Eng. (D 349) 12:15-1:30 Sci. (D 349).

Girls Physical Education: Friday, June 10 during the regular gym periods.

Typewriting: At times set by the department.

Conflicts: Thursday afternoon, June 16, or at times set by the departments.



Dr. James E. Allen, Jr., Commissioner of Education, New York State Education Department, will speak at Milne's Commencement exercises.

70th Class Graduates

Dr. Allen to Speak

Sixty-four seniors, including ten students, will participate in Milne's commencement exercises on Friday, June 24. Dr. James E. Allen, Jr., Commissioner of Education of New York State will speak at the graduation ceremony, which will take place in Page auditorium at 8:15 p.m. Milnettes and Milnemen will provide music for the occasion.

Honor students as of January include Peter Sarafian, valedictorian, Earl Miller, salutarian, Arlene Tobonsky, Ruth Malzburg, Amy Malzburg, Marianne Maynard, Kathy Hendrickson, William Nathan, Theodore Standing, and Stuart Lewis. Penny Pritchard and Tim Hamilton will lead the procession of graduates as Grand Marshals. Head ushers will be Margie Childers and David Blabey. Assisting them will be Susan Crowley, Janice Humphrey, Joyce Johnson, Judi Safranko, Riki Stewart, Joe Allison, Scott Bunn, David Herres, John Hiltz, Stuart Horn, and Steven Aice, all juniors.

Parents will have reserved seats on the first floor of Page Hall. All students are urged to attend, and are required to sit in the balcony.

Seniors Plan to Have a Ball

Seniors are busily preparing for the annual Senior Ball, the major senior class social event of the year. The dance will be Friday, June 17, in Page gym.

Committee chairmen are Anne Wilson and Roger La Mora, decorations; Ruth Malzburg and Arlene Tobonsky, refreshments; Doug Margolis and Tom Rider, music; and Vicky Brooks and Bill Wather, receptionists. Juniors who will be ushers at graduation are invited to attend.

Chaperones for the dance will be Miss Betty Glass, Mr. Glenn De Long, and Dr. Ruth Wasley. The professional band of Mr. Keith Whitter will supply music.

Many Seniors Earn Scholarships

Several members of the class of 1960 have earned scholarships this year. Cathy Hendrickson, Stuart Lewis, Marianne Maynard, Peter Sarafian and Ted Standing earned

Assembly Honors Milne Students

Awards for achievement and citizenship were presented by Dr. Theodore Fossieck, principal, and Mr. Harold Howes, guidance counselor, at the school honors assembly today. The program also included music by the Milnettes and Milnemen.

Math contest awards were given to Stuart Lewis and Marianne Maynard. Proficiency in mathematics was recognized by an award to Stuart Lewis. Excellence in music was rewarded by prizes to Robert Berberian, Margie Childers, and Victoria Brooks.

Ted Standing was rewarded for outstanding accomplishment in English; Amy Malzburg and Marianne Maynard received awards for accomplishment and interest in French and in Spanish. The prize from the William J. Milne Latin contest went to Janet Surrey. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute gave an award to Peter Sarafian for outstanding science and mathematics achievement over the four year college preparatory course. The art awards were made to Carol Huff and Lance Nelson. Business education awards were presented to Lloyd Smith and Janet Mattick. Richard Ludeuna received the junior high math award, and Daniel Morrison the ninth grade science award.

In memory of two deceased Milne faculty members, the Margaret C. Armstrong award and the Francis Harwood award were bestowed upon the outstanding girl and boy students in the sophomore class, Jana Hesser and Richard Doling. The Norman Suter memorial award to a senior for good citizenship was given to Carolyn Walther and Curt Campaign.

The J. J. Barsam award for greatest contribution to the senior play was conferred upon Stephen Whaley. Albany Civic theater gave recognition to Victoria Brooks for outstanding dramatic work outside of the senior play. Work on the **Crimson and White** won awards for Peter Sarafian, Bonnie Reed, and Roger LaMora. Dorothy Hoyle was honored for her work on the **Bricks and Ivy**. Norma Rosenthal, whose work improved the most between the junior and senior years, was awarded the Robert M. Taft memorial. For the best poetry of the year, Jed Allen received the Alfred T. Wheeler award. The Q.T.S.A. scholarship for excellence in extra-curricular activities was awarded to Sarah Gerhardt. Peter Sarafian was named the winner of the principal's prize.

Regents' Scholarships, with Jed Allen, Warren Abele, Virginia Lange, Doug Margolis and Bill Nathan as alternates. Doug Margolis has also won a scholarship. Steve Whaley rounds out the list of scholarships winners to date by winning a full tuition scholarship to Hobart.

Public Enemy No. 1

THE CHEATING PROBLEM

We were shocked and angered a few weeks ago when we spied one of the so-called "honor students" deliberately and blatantly cheating on a unit test.

Cheating is considered by many to be clever and cute; this is a sad commentary on our society's moral standards. Do some of us think we have the privilege to violate the basic ground rules of ethics and decency? From a more materialistic point of view, how would it look on your school record to have been expelled for cheating?

This brand of dishonesty is not something to be snickered at or shrugged off. There is a solution to the cheating problem which could benefit everyone in Milne—both the honest student and, in the long run, the dishonest one as well.

Perhaps Milne should initiate an honor system on all its tests, so no one would have any qualms about reporting such a violation. Cheaters on exams are no more than petty chisellers and should be dealt with accordingly. There is a point where fear of "squealing" is placed in proper perspective, and a more mature sense of values emerges.

Disappointment

As avid music fans, we were overjoyed at the news of a Milne record library. Our spirits were somewhat dampened, however, when we learned that the library will not purchase any more records; there simply isn't any money. The present records were a gift from the class of '59. So now what? Is the class of '60 going to further enrich the library's resources, or will a great idea fall by the wayside? Surely there must be a way to finance this project. Perhaps the student councils could buy some records. From a more practical angle, suppose the school organizations, such as the Hi-Y clubs and the "literary" societies contribute money from their treasuries toward this worthy cause?

Sell Your Books

The Efficient and
Profitable Way

DO BUSINESS WITH

THE HI-Y BOOKSTORE

Milne Merry-Go-Round

With their mothers in tow, Gay Simmons, Barbara Currey, Jan Mattick, Jane Hillson, Dotty Hoyle, Janie Siegfried and Barb Faulkner enjoyed an evening of fun, food and folk dancing at the M.G.A.A. banquet.

Ken Hoffman will travel to Israel to work this summer.

Carol Ricotta, Mo Glasheen, Helen Alpert and Judy Fisher all threw parties where everyone had a wonderful time.

Andre Donikian's party was host to many lovers' quarrels, as well as a birthday celebration for Andre and Stu Horn.

Chad Grogan isn't off crutches yet, but at least he's wearing two shoes.

Sarah Gerhardt started off to the Quin-Sigma-Tri-Hi-Y picnic with a flat tire, much to the dismay of Dave Meurs who had to change it.

Barbara Butler recently returned from an exciting weekend at Clark university.

Seen at "Sayonara," the last junior high dance, were Maureen Clenahan, Tommy Kingston, Peggy Crane, Bob Tebbutt, Sue Press, Curt Cosgrave, Linda Bearup, Mike Benedict and Cindy Newman.

Every morning before school, Ann Riley, Sue Johnston and Terry Galpin get a work-out playing tennis.

Veterans Howie Otty and Ann Wilson are exclusive members of the Milne appendectomy club.

Heard singing the Utica Club beer song on Riki Stewart's lawn were Scott Bunn, John Hiltz, Dave Blabey and Tim Hamilton. Meanwhile indoors Bobbi Lester, Ellen Price, Gay Dexter and Barbara Corbot enjoyed the Quin-Sigma-Tri-Hi-Y picnic.

Don Kingston and Mike Russell brought their lawn chairs to school so they could eat lunch in comfort.

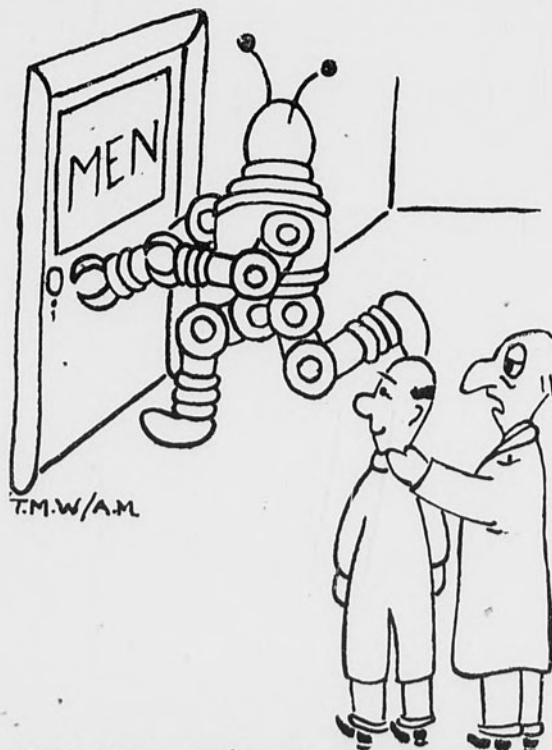
After a tiring tennis game, Sandy Berman, Stu Horn and Mike White were treated by cooks Judi Safranko, Betty Weinstein and Joyce Johnson to a backyard barbecue at Judi's house.

Among the twelve seniors who showed up for the senior picnic were Doc Hengerer, Dotty Hoyle, Bill Nathan and Bobbi Lester.

Five business students attended the Business Students Recognition Day sponsored by State College Commerce club. Beverly Wozniak, Barbara Rogler, Norma Rosenthal, Roger La Mora and Lloyd Smith started their day with a "Cocoa Hour" at Brubacher hall.

Congratulations to Norma Rosenthal and Carolyn Lannon for honors received in the Gregg Shorthand Speed test.

—by JAN and MIBS



YOU SEE, HE'S ALMOST HUMAN

The Inquiring Reporter

By DAVE

Question—Should Milne have an honor system?

Stu Horn—Yes. Such a system would prevent cheating and encourage students to try for better grades.

Rick Wallace—Yes. It's easier to work without someone watching over your shoulder.

Tom Thorsen—Yes. The average grades would improve if we had an honor system.

Jan Welt—Yes. It would raise the average of us cheaters.

Steve Rice—No. Too many cheats in this school.

Ken Hoffman—You've got to have teachers to proctor the exams. I cheat.

Doug Margolis—If the students can prove themselves honest enough, it would be a good idea.

Jana Hesser—To be honest, no.

Chad Grogan—If we had an honor system, there would be more cheating than ever.

Stu Lewis—It would be hard to have more cheating than we have now.

Mr. Kraus—It's all right if we have honorable people.

Joe Allison—I'm all for it. It will promote joy.

Janet Arnold—Before answering, I would like to consult my cheat sheet.

Janice Humphrey—I am against it. It offers too many temptations.

Margie Childers—Idealistically, yes. Realistically, no.

Sue Gerhardt—No. Parental pressure might cause some to cheat in such a situation.

Jim Brody—Yes. For seniors only.

Jim Casey—It wouldn't work without unanimous cooperation.

CRIMSON AND WHITE

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CRIMSON AND WHITE WRITING CONTEST

First Prize, Jr. High Prose

QUIZZES, QUIZZES AND MORE QUIZZES

By JIM VAUGHN

Seven A.M. the shrieking sound of that awful alarm clock woke me up like a herd of buffalo under my bed. Half asleep I stepped into the shower (I almost broke my neck on the soap) and by the time I was out I was three-fourths awake. It took a cup of black coffee, two eggs, and six strips of bacon to awaken me fully. Those awful homework papers kept me awake until two A.M., and what happens when I hand them back? They read the mark, and toss them over their shoulder into the waste paper basket. Five hours of sleep and what do I get? A complaint for an unfair mark.

At eight-fifteen I was on my way to school on the bus, and by eight-thirty I had arrived. Thirty more minutes of peace and then commotion beyond the wildest dreams. I think every teacher dreads the approach of "nine A.M.", zero hour among our faculty.

With fifteen minutes left I had already written the day's assignment and started to prepare some questions to ask the class about last night's reading assignment.

Suddenly I spotted one of the enemy. He was camouflaged completely in a white pair of sneakers, bulky sacks, blue pants, white shirt, and messed up hair. He slid into his seat and with a big smile said, "Hello Mr. Vaughn."

"Hello Billy," I said carefully, not knowing what to expect. Not a word followed for ten minutes. The first bell broke the silence sharply. Then one by one they came into the room, giggling, smirking, and yelling. As the last bell rang, silence came over the class. The next five hours were to be a holocaust of noise, giggling, bitter feelings, and laughter. "Now, you were supposed to read pages thirteen through twenty-five for social studies last night. I want all of you who did not read the assignment to raise their hands." Not a hand was raised. "Well then, since all of you have read your assignment, I think we will have a little quiz." A few grunts and groans broke the silence from the back of the room. I wrote the question on the board and then handed out the corrected homework.

By ten-thirty we were engaged on the topic of why does a ball fall to the ground faster than a feather. I called on Billy, who was talking to Mike across the aisle, and asked him what he thought of this.

"Twenty-four, I think, sir."

Everyone started to giggle except Mike, who knew nothing more than Billy, if not less.

After getting six or seven terrible guesses I called on the brain. Every class had one. In my case his name was Johnny Brigdome. This kind of kid knows as much as the encyclopedia he memorized it from. When you ask him something, you always learn something.

By eleven o'clock we had started learning how to multiply fractions. After explaining all about the method, I asked if there were any questions. I knew what I was letting myself in for, but according to the "Teacher's Code of Ethics" I had to go through with it. Billy raised his hand. I knew he was going to ask me to go over it again.

Mr. Vaughn."

"Yes."

"Would you go over it again. I don't quite understand it."

I went over it a second time and then gave them a quiz. Ten minutes passed, and then I collected the papers.

"I —," the buzzer rang for lunch.

At twelve-fifteen the whole class was back. Half of the day was over, but another trying half stared me in the face.

Take our your grammar books," I said. In the middle of the lesson I heard some giggling from a few girls in the back of the room. Obviously something was going on I knew nothing about. Just then I caught one of them passing notes. This is something every class has also, a note-passer. In my case I had three or four, all girls. I went on with the lesson only to be interrupted several more times. Finally I said, "Well someone let me in on the joke." Billy handed me the mangled old piece of paper that looked like the constitution's grandfather. On it was a small note, "Billy likes Kathy." "And this is the joke?" I said. No one smiled.

For the rest of the day I taught them verbs, nouns, and pronouns. Finally that glorious sound caught my ear. It was like one hundred angels singing. The dismissal bell.

Now I go home, looking forward to another glorious night of correcting homework, quizzes, and making up some more quizzes. You know something? I like it!

Honorable Mention, Sr. High Prose

EVENING STAR

By SCOTT BUNN

"I tell you, last night it suddenly appeared blue," insisted Jason, his voice still shaking with excitement. "The whole planet became a brilliant blue."

"And I tell you, don't get so bothered over a little freak of nature, Jason," answered Wilma, his wife in an impassive voice. "Besides, you can't change the universe before dinner. Wash up. It's almost ready. Call the boy from the barn," she added as Jason disappeared down the hall, muttering to himself.

Jason was a farmer. He looked, felt and thought like all farmers in the latter days of life. His farm was far from the nearest city, and he farmed only for his family. He sold no produce to the cities.

At dinner Jason opened the conversation again. "Dion, what do you think of the Blue Planet?"

Dion, his grown son, pondered this question while sloshing a spoon in his gravy.

"Well, father," he began slowly, "I don't know. It is a mystery. It's too bad we don't live closer to town. With the radio broken, we're not likely to hear unless a neighbor passes by. By that time perhaps a funny-looking creature in a baggy suit will land in our barnyard."

With this last remark, Jason looked hurt and somewhat angered but not giving up he asked Wilma the same question.

"A bunch of nonsense!" she scolded. "And Dion, you should have more sense than to listen to your father's aimless talk."

"Aimless, is it!" shouted Jason. "Do you realize that nothing like this has happened since the beginning of history?" He became more excited and continued with emphasis. "For all we know, there could have been creatures on that planet that blew themselves to kingdom-come. Some of them could have escaped in rockets and at this very moment may be entering our atmosphere."

Jason rose irritably and glared at his family. He looked as though he would burst.

"I'm ashamed of you," said his wife, "carrying on like we're all about to be killed in our beds. You should—"

"I should what?" interrupted Jason without giving her a chance to finish. "And ashamed . . . of me . . . no less! I'm ashamed of you—both of you." By this time he was so excited he began to shake and said with much effort, "I'll not say any more." With that he strode out of the room.

Wilma became alarmed for the first time, more by her husband's behavior than by his vehement statements.

The evening dragged on with practically no conversation, except for the usual "Is the wind coming up?" or "Want a snack before bed?" The latter was the last comment before the family retired.

Jason couldn't sleep. He tossed, then turned, then became engrossed in deep contemplation.

"I did act like a fool tonight," he thought. "Me and my ideas. I shouldn't have blown up. But still, it is strange. I wonder why that beautiful green planet did turn blue?"

Finally, he dropped off to sleep.

Everything was still. The whole farm seemed desolate, bathed in the cool moonlight.

It was dark when Jason awoke. It was either very late or quite early. He couldn't tell.

Their bedroom looked over the front pasture. He pulled himself out of bed to look at the strange blue star in the sky. As he stared there was a streak of light in the sky, an explosion, then another blinding flash of light.

Jason could see nothing after the flashes. He was more shocked than terrified. He still sat in the same place. The household came alive. Wilma woke and began to scream. Dion rushed through the door yelling "A meteorite! A meteorite fell! Let's—"

"It was not a meteorite," interrupted Jason quite calmly.

By this time Wilma had become a little more composed. She looked from Jason to Dion who were looking at each other.

Then Dion said in disbelief, "You're not thinking that that flash was a ship full of people from your little blue planet?"

"That's what we're going to find out," returned Jason. "Get your clothes. I'll meet you downstairs in five minutes. Don't forget your gun!" he shouted as Dion started for the hall.

"Jason, must you go—I'm—afraid," said Wilma.

"Well, whatever it is, it probably caused damage to our North field," Jason said, as he began dressing. "It landed—or if you prefer, fell—just over the rise. Maybe some of the livestock was hurt. I'll have to see."

Wilma agreed reluctantly after Jason said he was going anyway.

A few minutes later the father and son started out of the house. The night was unchanged. The moons were still out, but a cool breeze now stirred the trees.

A few more minutes walking, then they stopped short.

Dion turned and looked triumphantly at his father.

"It is a comet," he said.

Jason just stared. It was glowing and formed a crater when it hit. "No . . . no! It's moving!" screamed Jason. "A door . . . run . . . hide!"

(Continued on Page 4)

First Prize, Jr. High Poetry

THE CLASSROOM

By VIRGINIA COLEMAN

I see a teaching smiling bright,
I hear a child recite in vain
And on the desk his fingers trace
An aimless pattern on the grain.

Another student's fingers clutch
A pencil, and his knuckles gleam.
Across the room a girl sits dazed,
Her thoughts lost in forbidden dream.

A tired face, a puzzled face,
A sigh and an impatient moan,
And one who studies all alone.

And underneath the whispers drone,
A note is passed, a book is read,
'Though few are hearing what is said.

One child in boredom turns his head
And sees through dusty window pane
That outside waiting for them all
Lie darkness, clouds and drizzling rain.

EVENING STAR

(Cont. from Page 3)

They both ran behind the rise and
threw themselves to the ground.
After a passage of minutes, they
crawled on their stomachs to the
edge of the crater and looked down.

The door was open. Two disgust-
ing and horrid creatures emerged.
They walked on only two legs, and
had two grappling arms and a terri-
fying head with only two eyes, and
pasty white skin.

Suddenly the intruders began to
climb the crater.

Jason didn't hear what they said,
because his hearts gave way but
Dion understood their brain waves.

The creatures had now reached
the brink of the crater. One knelt.
The other spoke, "This small band
of the last survivors of Earth's Last
Atomic War do hereby take posses-
sion of the planet Jupiter and re-
name it after our beloved homeland.
It will hereafter be known as
Earth II."

Honorable Mention, Sr. High Poetry

The Nonconformist

By STU LEWIS

The blades of grass were growing
In a beautiful shade of green
And all along the city block
No finer lawn was seen.

The mower came to do its work
The grass obediently fell
But a stubborn little dandelion
Gave the mower hell.

"Comrade, why don't you give in?"
A young gay blade did ask,
"When we're cut down we look so
fine
And in the sun we bask."

"Oh, no, I won't, 'mom ami vert'"
The yellow head replied,
"I want to know I've changed the
world
Some way before I've died."

LIMERICKS

By ROSEMARY AXELROD

There once was a girl named Marie,
Who wanted a husband-to-be.
She selected a sailor,
But the sailor did fail her.
Now her marital plans are at sea!

Honorable Mention, Sr. High Poetry

ELAINE SPATH

When will it settle . . .
This floating, musing fog of shallow faces
And countless mirrors reflecting nothing
That swim before my eyes in the enveloping blackness
As the fog deepens?
Though confusion and folly fill the mind,
Sometimes through the blackness comes a transitory
gleam
A flare of insight, or a glimpse of madness.

First Prize, Sr. High Poetry

Trees Along a Superhighway

By RICKEY STEWART

Ancient trees along a superhighway—
Accent the wide contours of the road—
Accent the difference between today's world—
And that of old—

Great bodies of steel and chrome—
Hurling along the highway—
Do not stop to see the trees—
Do not stop to ponder their meaning—
Instead they hurtle on to meaningless destiny—

The highway opens itself up to urge them on—
Granite meets rubber in endless contact—
The trees lean down to whisper their secrets—
But the hum of engines drowns out their song—
Drowns out their song and make them sad—
Makes them withdraw and save their knowledge for
another time—

Honorable Mention, Sr. High Poetry

MOOD

By ANNE RILEY

Loneliness is an old dog dozing by the crackling fire.
His doleful head bowed down with care;
His steely eyes reflect the colored tongues;
An onerous sigh escapes him as his paw twitches
nervously.
It is a single figure upon the burning de sert,
The last leaf tumbling from the barren trees;
An uncertain heart . . .

Second Prize, Sr. High Poetry

DESOLATION

By DAVID HERRES

He walked down the deserted street.
There was no sound but that of a broken bottle
Blown by the shifting winds.
He sat on the curb
And wept bitterly.
He was startled
When a very low moan
Echoed across the square.
It was the inevitable wind
Winging where a warehouse once was.
He picked up a stick
And wrote:

IT IS NOT WELL FOR ONE MAN TO BE ALONE

and then he died.

Second Prize, Jr. High Prose

SPARROWS

By SUSAN TAFLER

On cool summer evenings it is delightful to sit on the back porch and
feel the caressing breeze carried by the trees. You can see the green ivy
vine and the rose bushes. Perched on the edge of the roof is an old
weatherbeaten red birdhouse. Inside are young English sparrows, cease-
lessly chirping.

If you sit quietly and don't move, the mother sparrow will come and
feed the always-hungry babies. First she perches on the clothesline.
Then she flits to the swaying willow and after a moment of hesitation
she flies to the birdhouse.

She thrusts seeds into the open mouths of the eagerly waiting babies.
They push each other about, making quite a racket, to get a fair share
of the seeds. Always hungry, always eating, the baby sparrows seem to
have one continuous meal.

Her job is endless and she will fly back and forth until her growing
fledglings can care for themselves. I could watch for a long while, this
pleasant sight, but those mosquitoes have come out again.

Honorable Mention, Jr. High Prose

THE BURIAL

By PAUL FEIGENBAUM

The youth turned, knelt next to the body and muttered, "Oh, God."
The tattered man grunted in agreement.

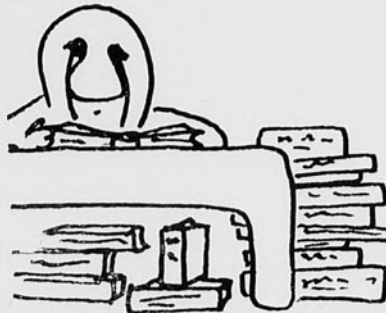
The youth looked at the dead man's face. The eyes were open, and
the jaw hung down in a stupified manner. His body was a bloody hulk,
and blood was trickling out the side of his mouth and down the side of
his now gray-skinned face. His fists were clenched and his legs were
twisted into a position that only a contortionist can achieve.

He felt a retching sensation in the pit of his stomach. "He was
waiting for it. He knew it was coming, and he expected it. But how
did he know, and why did it happen in such a horrible manner?"

"B'Gawd, I never see'd nothin' like this befur," said the tattered man.
"One minute he's standin' there, an' the next he's gruntin' 'n' heavin' 'n'
twitchin', 'n' then it hit 'im, just like that (and he emphasized this with
a snap of his fingers). Durned if I know what the hull damn war's about.
One night a feller comes an' gets me all boozed up, an' the next mornin'
I'm in a wagon with about twenty other fellers on m' way to the army.
The hull war's like hell on earth."

The youth looked up and said, "I'm gonna bury him." The two
gathered rocks and piled them on the corpse, and the youth lashed two
sticks and made a cross and stuck it between the rocks. He looked at
the grave and then towards the sound of the artillery. He walked away
slowly shaking his head, and the tattered man limped after him.

Under the rocks, rigor mortis set in on the corpse. The body gave a
violent jerk, and a rock slid off revealing two hollow eyes staring into
eternity.

**Kartoons
By
Kingston**

I LIKE TO READ PICTURES



SEE, I MADE THE TEAM!

Milne Triumphs in Four League Contests

After losing three straight ball games by a one run margin, Milne came back to win four in a row. At Cohoes Milne was plagued by poor hitting, and Jim McClelland's six hitter went down the drain when in the fifth inning Cohoes got two runs to win the game 3-2. The same story goes for both the Lansingburgh and Watervliet games with Milne losing 3-2 and 2-1 respectively.

Milne Wins

The ball started rolling for the "Red Raiders" when in the second Cohoes game everything seemed to click. Aside from Jim McClelland's spectacular pitching (3 hits and a walk), the "Young Profs" finally began to riddle the ball for nine base hits. Doc Hengerer, Jim McClelland and Tom Thorsen carried the brunt of the hitting attack with two hits each. The game ended with a score of 14-2 in favor of Milne.

Once started, the Milne team couldn't be stopped. In the following game with Lansingburgh, Milne scored three runs in the sixth innings to win the game by a score of 5-3. Steve Rice contributed three base hits while Al Markowitz came through with two clutch singles that drove in two runs.

Academy Falls

Albany Academy was Milne's third straight victim on the diamond. After scoring three runs in the first inning, Milne, behind steady pitching by Mike Daggett, coasted all the way ending up with a score of 8-2. Steve Rice, Mike Daggett, and Jim McClelland were the only men to collect hits from Academy's ace pitcher, Charlie Townsend. However, Townsend had trouble with his control, and this resulted in a smashing victory for Milne.

Milne's fourth straight victory was chalked up against Van Rensselaer high school. Behind the inspiring pitching of Jim McClelland, Milne had no trouble in stopping V.R.H.S. 10-0. McClelland, who allowed only two hits, was relieved in the fifth by Tom Thorsen. Hitting was no trouble with Steve Rice slamming out two singles and Neil Robinson a booming double.

Baseball Promising

The baseball picture as it looks now is very promising. With a little luck, and a lot of skill, Milne hopes to be right in the middle of the Class C sectionals. Last year Milne won its first sectional game against Greenville, but unfortunately fell to the overpowering team of South Glens Falls by a score of 3-1.

Batting Averages

Segel	.286
Daggett	.282
*Jenkins	.273
Hengerer	.258
Rice	.241
Jim McClelland	.200
Thorsen	.176
*Markowitz	.154
*Jon McClelland	.143
Lockwood	.133
Robinson	.118
*Less than 20 AB.	

	ERA	K	IP	ER	W	L	T
McClelland	1.87	80	52 $\frac{1}{3}$	14	3	4	1
Daggett	2.38	17	17 $\frac{2}{3}$	6	2	1	0



Jim McClelland takes a healthy swing at the proverbial apple during the Milne-Lansingburgh game.

Athletes Receive Awards at Dinner

The Milne Boy's Athletic Association held its annual father and son banquet recently. Mr. Edward Fagan was the master of ceremonies and Ned Harkness, hockey coach of R.P.I., was the speaker.

After a quick "Star Spangled Banner," and a few Grogan and Fagan originals, the presentation of letters and awards, given to the player voted most valuable by his teammates, went to Jeff Segal for basketball, Jim McClelland for baseball, and Bob Cantwell for tennis.

The seventh grade awards went to Theron Brown, Bill Day, Tom Grogan, Steve Hutchins, Tom Kingston, Frank Marshall, John Mellon, Jim Nelson, Lance Nelson, and John Slocum.

Eighth graders awarded letters were Dick Blabey, Bernie Bryan, Bill Burke, Bill Butler, Pete Einhorn, Dave Golden, Steve Guth, Mark Lewis, Stan Lockwood, Bob Mendel, Jeff Rider, Rich Sherman, Charles Shoudy, and Bob Velenti.

Frosh presented with letters were Tom Bennett, Brian Carey, Curt Cosgrave, Paul Galib, Jim Hengerer, Jim Lange, Leo Mokiber, Cuddy Nuckols, Jim Olson, Deane Rundell, Ken Thomas, Jim Vaughn, and Dave Worthman.

Chuck Barbaro, Clint Bourdon, Perry Cornell, Mike Daggett, Dick Doling, Dick Etkin, Chuck Grogan, Mick Grogan, Les Hoffman, Russel LaGrange, John McClelland, Jeff Meislan, Bud Parker, Bob Reynolds, and Jim Roemer received awards in the sophomore class.

Awards given in the junior class went to Dave Blabey, Tim Hamilton, Stu Horn, Codge Jenkins, Ken Lockwood, Al Markowitz, Pete Quackenbush, Steve Rice, Neil Robinson, Tery Thorsen, Tom Thorsen, and Andre Donikian.

Warren Abele, John Breeze, Steve Einhorn, Art Hengerer, Stu Lewis, Tom Rider and Eric Yaffee also got letters in the senior class.

Teams Finish Rough Season

This year's varsity tennis team turned out two spectacular performances, both against Lansingburgh High. The "Young Profs" eased out the two games both by scores of 6-1. This was largely due to the efforts of number one man, Bob Cantwell.

However, the rest of the league turned out to be a little too powerful with Hudson edging us out 4-3, Cohoes beating us 6-1, and Albany Academy and Albany High both whipping us 7-0.

This year our team was represented in the section 2 tennis finals where Bob Cantwell took third place. Incidentally, Bob was also voted the most valuable player of his team at the recent Father and Son Banquet.

Junior Varsity

Playing only a five game schedule this year, Milne's Junior Varsity baseball team wound up the season with one win and four losses to its credit.

The opening game against Van Rensselaer High resulted in an 11-9 defeat despite the consistent hitting of Tom Bennett. Bennett connected for a double and a single.

Cardinal McCloskey proved to be too weak for Milne with Tom Bennett tossing a three hitter, and Dave Wurthman collecting a hard hit triple. The final score was 5-4 in favor of Milne.

The remaining games of the season proved to be very gloomy for the Milne team. After losing their second game with McCloskey by a score of 3-2, the Milnemen lost a scoring bout with Guilderland Central High school 14-11. During this game Dave Wurthman belted a home run and Ken Thomas came through with a triple. The final game of the season saw Milne go down to a skillful Albany Academy club with a final score of 5-0.

GAY GABS

Fourteenth Annual MGAA Banquet was again a big success, especially in view of no rain for the first time. Under the professional-like direction of Miss Murray as M.C., the pace of the program was swift and exciting, peppered with her clever quips.

Officers and Representatives Named

Previous to the banquet, the seventh and eighth grades voted for their representatives to next year's Council. Cindy Newman will be the eighth grade representative, and Marilyn Hesser, the ninth.

Next on the agenda, the following year's officers were revealed. In ascending order of responsibility, Miss Murray announced that Katie Wirshing would be next year's office manager; Gay Simmons would be secretary; Penny Pritchard, business manager; Jana Hesser, treasurer; Judy Margolis, vice-president; and Joan Kallenbach, president.

Song Leaders

Song leading tryouts were held previous to the banquet, but not one person was eliminated. All were told to come back next week. But wouldn't you know it, comedienne Murray, up to her tricks, had last year's senior song leaders actually do the choosing that day. The secret was well guarded until, in a surprise announcement at the banquet, the following were named as next year's song leaders: Karen Thorsen, Sue Johnston, and Joan Kallenbach.

Awards

Judy Margolis, Carol Ricotta, and Barbara Lester for serving as varsity cheer leaders for the first time this past season, were awarded pins in the shape of tiny silver megaphones.

This year's songleaders, Sarah Gerhardt, Linda Dillenback, and Sue Unger received, for their efforts, pins also.

Chenille M's are awarded to the girls who have successfully completed 18 separate sports in intramurals after school. Some of the girls who received them this year were: Barbara Currey, Judy Saf-ranko, Katy Whirshing, Sue Weinstein, and Sue Garman. This came as quite a surprise to a few of these girls, who had been warned by Miss Murray (the tease) that no credit would be given for sports uncompleted this spring by banquet time, thus leaving them a few credits short of 18.

Super saleswomen in the magazine department who had sold over \$30 worth of magazines were also recognized with gifts. A special gold merit pin was given to Jill Kapner and Gail Radeky for selling over \$100 worth.

Many more prizes reached the hands of surprised recipients such as the members of Jill Kapner's winning Junior High basketball team and the physical fitness test record holders. Also in line with the physical fitness test, those with the highest possible score of ten, Dorothy Hoyle, Sarah Gerhardt, Barbara Currey, Mibby Taylor, and Cherie Dominski were honored with gifts.

Finals Made Easy

By TIM HAMILTON

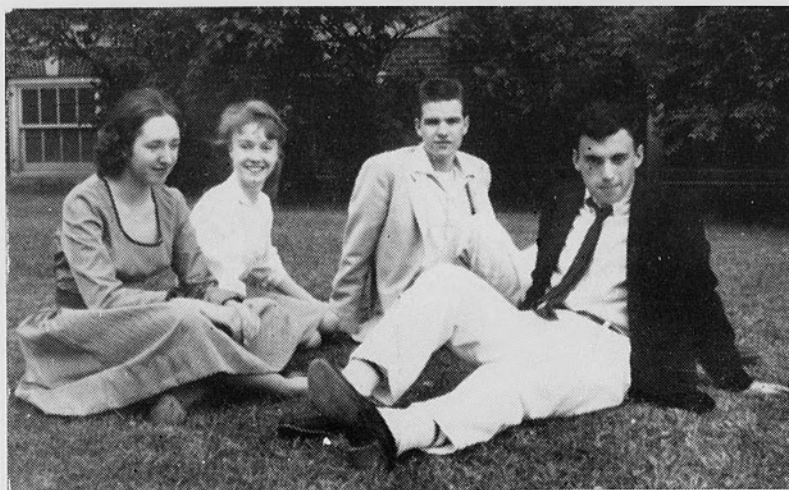
As every eager student knows EXAMS are just around the corner. IN ORDER TO MAKE TURNING THAT CORNER a little easier, THE FEATURE DEPARTMENT OF THE CRIMSON AND WHITE HAS DONE EXTENSIVE RESEARCH. THIS RESEARCH WAS UNDERTAKEN AS PART OF A HIGHLY ORGANIZED MOVEMENT TO AID the Milne student body in the passing of FINAL EXAMINATIONS. It must be remembered that the facts and figures published within this report cannot, because of the magnitude of the project be completely ACCURATE. In reality the EXAM IS NOT terribly difficult. One must merely get in the right FRAME OF MIND to do well. TO ASSUME THE CORRECT ATTITUDE FOR FINAL TAKING, ONE MUST COMPLETE THREE STEPS. First, get a pencil and begin to chew on it hungrily. Feel anything yet? Next RUFFLE your hair and ASSUME AS DISRUPTED a look as you possibly can. Finally, WORRY! WORRY! WORRY! Get the feeling? You are now ready to begin your study. For the average final give yourself at least three hours preparation. Let us suppose a student is planning his study for the hours of 9:00 P.M.-12:00 P.M. Following is an itemized account of the way which his study time should be allotted. (It should be remembered that for some of the more difficult courses such as basketweaving and advanced shoe lacing, more study time will be necessary.) 9:00-9:30 P.M.—listen to the radio (a modern medium of communication such as the radio is something which the conscientious student cannot afford to neglect.) 9:30-10:00 P.M.—play records on the record player (It has been said that much of America's culture is expressed via phonograph records. This will be particularly helpful in studying for social studies exams). 10:00-10:05 pray, 10:05-10:30 boys read sports pages, girls apply fingernail polish (one must have attractive fingers in order to do well). 10:30-10:35 pray (all the harder now). 10:35-10:45 sharpen four pencils. Recent studies reveal that broken pencil points are the cause of many examination failures. 10:45-11:00 wind watch (one must arrive on time if one is to take any test at all). 11:00-11:15 pray—(harder all the time). 11:15-12:00: This is the icing on the cake, so to speak. After all the brain-taxing preparation which the student has now completed, he is ready to commit to memory a few facts which will assure him of added points. These facts are not difficult to remember, however, they must be memorized entirely. No partial credit is given.

FACT NO. 1—Marriages in 1956 reached 1,569,000 an increase of 3% over 1,524,000 of 1955. The rate was 9.4 per 1,000. one, as usual, had the largest number, 14.7 per 1,000. January had the lowest, 7.2 per 1,000.

FACT NO. 2—Arrests of young people under 18 increased 17.3% in cities in 1956. The increase was not due to more young people since the number in this group went up only 3%. Arrests in this age group rose 20.9% in cities under 25,000 inhabitants, while cities with larger populations reported a 16.5% increase.

FACT NO. 3—The capitol of Thai-

— Senior Spotlight —



Relaxing on the "quad" are (l. to r.) Vicky Brooks, Judy Johnson, Skip Miller and Steve Einhorn.

JUDY JOHNSON

The "I Don't Care" girl of the senior class is none other than Judy Johnson. For the past two and one-half years, our talented Judy has been a regular on the Teen-Age barn. Her specialty is pantomime and this year she has entertained Milnites at the Sigma Rush and the Charity Pool assembly. Judy has also gone on several personal appearance tours to Vermont and Massachusetts with groups from the Teen-Age barn.

This year she was an active member of Milnettes—that famed singing group—and a semi-finalist in the Tulip Queen contest.

The coming summer months will find Judy taking singing lessons and serving as an apprentice at the Arena theater. Next fall she will attend the Leland Powers school, a professional school of the theater, TV and radio, in Boston.

We Milnites will be watching for you, Judy.

STEVE EINHORN

Here we have one of Milne's more versatile athletes. At one time or another Steve has managed to participate in every type of sport offered at Milne. This includes varsity basketball, baseball, golf, tennis, and being captain of his sixth grade marble-shooting team at P.S. 16. All this athletic activity is enough to wear out the average student (we get muscle-sore just thinking about it), but so far it hasn't seemed to have affected Steve. He still has found time to be veeper of M.B.A.A. and his sophomore class.

An active person usually has many interests, and Steve is no exception. Among Steve's many hobbies are sports, girls (naturally), and painting. There is nothing this boy hasn't done. After graduating from Milne, Milne's jack-of-all-trades plans to attend Syracuse.

land is Bangkok. The flag has horizontal stripes, red - white - blue - white-red, the blue doubled width of others. The monetary units are the BAH + (U.S. 4.849¢).

FACT NO. 4—(Especially important to all students):

The speed of sound varies in different substances at sea level. At 32°F it is 1088 ft./sec. Through ice cold vapor 4,708 ft./sec., ice-cold

VICKY BROOKS

Vice-president of Milnettes, treasurer of the Music council, and an active member of Ham's, Inc.—that's our Vicky Brooks, a native of Binghamton as well as a former Vincentian institute student.

An ambitious girl, she was an ambitious mother, too, in this year's Senior play, *The Glass Menagerie*. Vicky was also scheduled to appear in the Ham's play, *The Dear Departed*, (again as a mother) but the play has been postponed until next fall.

This musically inclined girl enjoys piano playing, dancing and singing. She is a tenor in her church choir.

Next fall will find Vicky attending Russell Sage junior college as an English major. She plans to transfer to Albany state in her sophomore year.

SKIP MILLER

In July of 1942 the Allied Army decided to invade North Africa. This statement holds little interest for most of you (except those who like history), but in July of 1942 Earl Miller was born. At a tender age Earl, or "Skip" as he is called by his friends, began his schooling at P.S. 16. After that experience, Skip settled upon Milne as the school in which to further his education.

During his stay at Milne, Skip has been a glutton for activities. He has been a member of the illustrious Milne baseball team, but quit when it was rumored that he might be traded to Watervliet for a cracked baseball bat. For the past three years, Skip has been a member of Theta Nu, and is currently president of his youth fellowship. He also found time somehow to be salutatorian of this year's graduating class.

Among Skip's main interests are girls and the Air force in that order. After graduating from Milne Skip hopes to enter the Air force.

water—4,938 ft./sec., glass—16,410 ft./sec.—19,690 ft./sec., gold—5,717 ft./sec.

If you follow all our suggestions and still fail to pass, then it is about time you hung up the old pencil and spend 12:00-12:30 forgetting about this article.

Junior Highlights

After a first period assembly on May 19, the Junior High classes returned to their homerooms to elect the officers of next year's Junior Student council. The nominations were made at an eighth grade class meeting on May 13.

The list of winning candidates was posted during second period. The new officers are:

Dave Kermani President
Mibs Taylor Vice-President
Jeff Rider Secretary
Peggy Crane Treasurer

Eighth Grade Hears Speakers

The eighth grade business class, currently studying vocations, has heard several speakers from State college speaking on high school business courses offered by Milne which are necessary for a career in business.

Speaking on introduction to business and business arithmetic was Mr. Alfred Dasher. Miss Renate Schoenfelder spoke on salesmanship and business management and Mr. William Sheehan spoke on business law. Miss Irene Witowski spoke on typing and shorthand.

Activities Through for Season

Throughout the junior high, there is evidence that the school year is coming to a close and final exams are approaching. The Junior choir finished the season on Thursday, May 12th, and the Red Cross club held its final meeting on the 18th. The cheerleading club concluded with tryouts on Tuesday, the 31st. Congratulations to all of next year's J.V. cheerleaders.

Final Dance a Success

Just about everyone who attended the final Junior high dance which had both a Japanese name, "Sayonara" and a Japanese theme, will agree that it was a huge success. In between jitterbugs, chalypos, and the like, numerous forty-fives and a few albums were given out by WPTR disc jockey, Sherwood. Everyone was glad to see Gay Simmons and Jim Hengerer elected queen and king of the dance.

The new officers of the Junior Student council undertook their first council responsibilities promptly after the dance when they were permitted (?) to assist the old council in cleanup.

To Lydia Lou

By SCOTT BUNN

"To Helen", "To Lucy",
"To Juliette Sue":
But no one has written
Of Lydia Lou.

She lived and she thrived
In the city Savannah,
Her walk was quite singular,
Like an iguana.

It's so sad, they do say,
About Lydia Lou.
Her reducing appointments
She didn't renew.

She was gorging one day
A pasty pink pie—
With the very last bite
She burst to the sky.

"To Helen", "To Lucy",
"To Juliette Sue":
Now someone has written
Of Lydia Lou.