

Milne School

Bricks + Ivy  
(literary magazine)

1939

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MILNE

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EDITION



*Brickles and Jut*

J.L.S.

# BRICKS AND IVY

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*yours truly,*  
*The Editor*  
 JOE MILNITE

In our circle of acquaintances there is one who stands out to such a degree that his mannerisms are extremely interesting to study. This person, Joe Milnite by name, is no doubt a familiar figure to the majority of our readers. Knowing him so well and admiring him so much, they surely will not mind if we endeavor to put on paper our conception of his character.

Joe Milnite goes to Milne High School, where he is getting his education. When he graduates he intends to Do Something for the World. In the meantime, therefore, he is content to wait around and bask in the sunshine of knowledge. He is superior to his female contemporaries at Milne, but, realizing that they are sensitive creatures, he never mentions the fact.

Joe's main interest is the forming of opinions. He has an opinion on everything, which he is more than glad to express at any time! Joe's teachers sometimes find it a bit annoying when Joe imparts his views at odd moments. They realize, however, that self-expression is an important part of Joe's education.

As for his teachers, Joe is very interested in them! He feels that he has something to give them. He does not mind, also, if they teach him something in return.

Joe has many friends. There is something about him which seems to draw all sorts of people to him. Although Joe realizes this, his modesty keeps him from referring to it.

Space forbids our describing Joe Milnite in full, for which we beg our readers' indulgence. We hope that we have not conveyed any erroneous impressions in this attempt to portray the substance of Joe Milnite's character. As for ourselves, we find him unusual in all respects and he will never cease to be a source of wonder to us.

Yours truly, The Editor



# THE AVERAGE SENIOR

As seen by Robert Gardner, '39

Recently a group of questions were formulated and submitted to the members of the Senior Class. The answers that were received give, we believe, quite an accurate portrayal of the average Senior.

Getting up at the average time of 7:20 A. M., the Senior has a long and varied day.

Of course, a Senior likes to eat as well as anyone else. A full course steak or turkey dinner seems to be about tops. Those in our class who hail from the South are positively in favor of southern fried chicken. Then too, there are those who are strict economists and prefer the one and only hamburger.

Speaking of economists brings us to the monetary questions of the Senior. In one week the Senior spends approximately \$2.33. Yes, I said \$2.33. Probably that is why he is "in the red" so much, and why red isn't his favorite color. Blue is the color best liked by far. Red is next, though, with green, white, and royal purple also favorites.

Colors remind us of blondes and brunettes. The girls like brunettes best in the boys. They also like blondes, brownettes, and redheads, of course. The gentlemen prefer brunettes, strange as it may seem. The boys are very partial to blondes, brownettes and redheads also.

Concerning our preferences for certain actresses or actors---we like them all. Among our favorite actresses, however, are: Alice Faye, Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Priscilla Lane, and Annabella. A few of our favorite actors are: Tyrone Power, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and Mickey Rooney. All this brings us to our favorite 1938 movie. Among the leaders are: "You Can't Take It With You", "Brother Rat", and

"Spawn of the North". Tops among the traditional "scary" pictures are "Dracula" and "Frankenstein".

The automobile is, by far, our favorite means of travel. The train, the bicycle, the boat, and the airplane are also popular with us. Believe it or not, a few of us favor hitch-hiking as a mode of transportation. As we travel along, we like to listen to variety programs on the radio. In this field, the Chase and Sanborn Hour is outstanding, as far as we are concerned. We also like the Good News Of 1938 program, the Rudy Vallee hour, The Camel Caravan, and Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge.

Of course we like to dance. Strange to say, we favor the Waltz. The Shag is close behind, with the Lambeth Walk and the Fox Trot also popular. When we dance, we like to dance to good orchestras. Those we think are really good include Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Kay Kyser, Will Osbourne, and Sammy Kaye.

After his strenuous day the Senior toddles off to bed. The average time for going to bed is 11:00 P.M., but I don't doubt that more than one Senior has, at one time or another, just beaten the milkman to his or her doorstep.

## EFFICIENT EPITAPHS

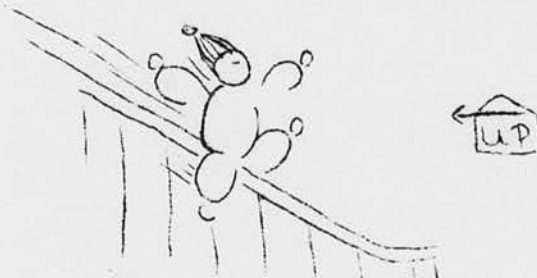
Here lies the body of Peter, the goat  
Who drowned himself in the castle moat.  
Sally Devereux, '40

Here lies the body of poor John Mott;  
In life he was just a drunken sot,  
But his heart was kind; his soul so true;  
So he's gone above to be made anew.  
Evelyn Wilber, '40

Here lies the body of a boy,  
Who thought Nitroglycerine was a toy,  
But the stuff went boom;  
Now he's in a tomb;  
So here lies the body of a boy.  
Roy Williams, '40

BEHIND THE BRICKS AND IVY

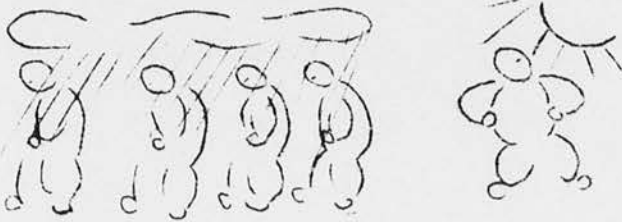
Miriam Fletcher, '39



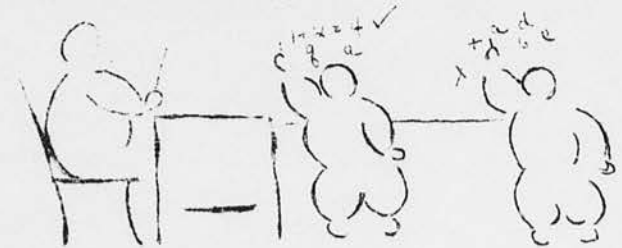
If you haven't yet met  
A seventh grader clown,  
Just go up the "up" stairs,  
He'll be coming down.



The eighth year student knows the ropes  
And the faculty too,  
Yet in crowds you find that he  
Is the one wiggling through.



The freshmen have that quality  
Which often helps a lot:--  
They're always sure things will improve,  
When we know they will not.



The sophmores are the ones who work,  
Not that ambition is profuse,  
But just because they couldn't find  
A suitable excuse.



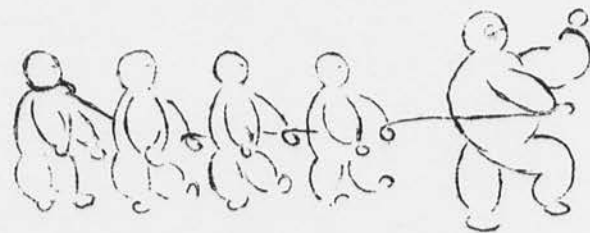
The juniors feel they're doing fine,  
The fact draws our attention,  
For, do you know, contentment is  
The smother of invention.



Ah, now here are the seniors,  
The veterans of the lot,  
They've been each one of the above;  
That puts me on the spot!

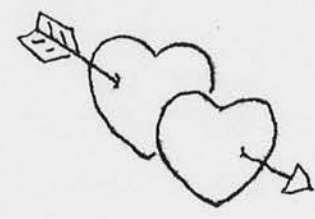


Now for our dear teachers,  
That learned group from State--  
I'd better not say much more  
Till after I graduate!



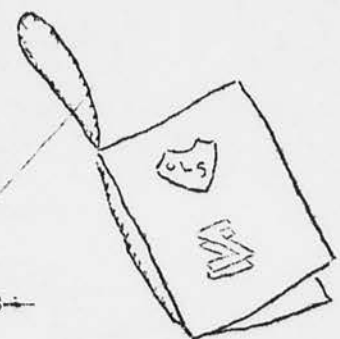
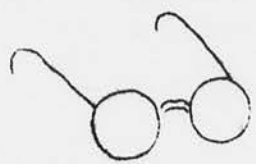
Last of all our faculty:  
First, I should have said,  
For, theirs are all the guiding hands  
By which we're being led.

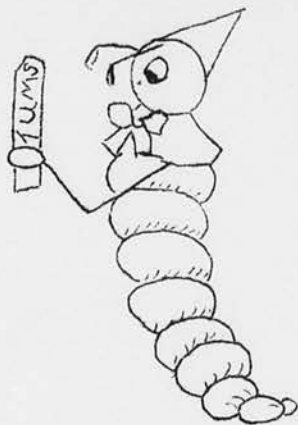
( Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. )



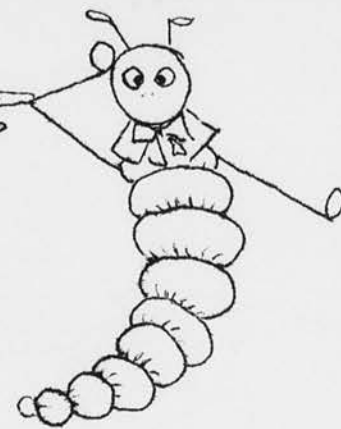
THE SAME OLD STORY

She's sitting in the library; just gaz-  
 ing into space,  
 The strife within her troubled mind is  
 mirrored in her face,---  
 There's loads of homework to be done and  
 study hard she must;  
 She'll turn on all her strength of mind  
 and concentrate or bust!  
 She ought to do her English, but she'd  
 rather sit and dream  
 Of one who stars in basketball upon the  
 high school team;  
 She knows he is her hero even when he's  
 on the bench---  
 But she has to think of algebra, and his-  
 tory, and French;  
 Her head is full of Robert Burns, of Lat-  
 in verbs and nouns,  
 (And those funny little wrinkles on his  
 forehead when he frowns !)  
 French genders are so hard to learn: "La  
 joie" and "le jardin",  
 (The noun she'd rather think about is  
 very "masculin" !)  
 She has to learn those Hist'ry dates; to-  
 morrow there's a test---  
 But dates on Week-ends are the ones that  
 she remembers best !  
 While she struggles with her algebra and  
 all its unknown powers,  
 Her thoughts stray to the coming dance  
 and whether he'll send flowers,  
 And though assignments should come first  
 with her as well as you,  
 With such an overcrowded mind, what is  
 this maid to do?  
 So she sits here in the library and  
 chews upon her pen-----  
 Oh, why did God make homework-----and  
 why did He make men?





## BOOK WORM CORNER



Well, bookworms, are we alone at last? Hilton says not, in We Are Not Alone. This seems to be an interesting book which most of you should "eat up". It tells of an English doctor into whose quiet life explodes the bombshell of an exciting adventure. So, if you want something that will not give you that bad feeling----don't use "Tums"; read We Are Not Alone.

Winter in April by Robert Nathan tells of the "growing pains" of a young girl of fifteen. If you are at "that certain age", read this book;---you will enjoy it immensely. It also shows what different types of people think about youth and the modern world.

What do you do during your summer vacation? If you have always wanted to take a trip through Europe at such times, here is a way to do it without having to pay a fortune. Read Emma Gelders Sterne's book, European Summer, and look at the charming illustrations by Alice Williams for scenery. Five women took a jaunt in a car through seven countries of Europe. This is the story of that trip, written in an amusing style and fun to read.

Did you ever commit murder? No? Well, were you ever accused of murder? To realize just what this would mean, you should read Rachel Field's book written around the life of her great-aunt. All This And Heaven, Too tells of a woman accused of murder who looks to America for a new life. Read it, Bookworms, even if you've never had any murderous impulses.

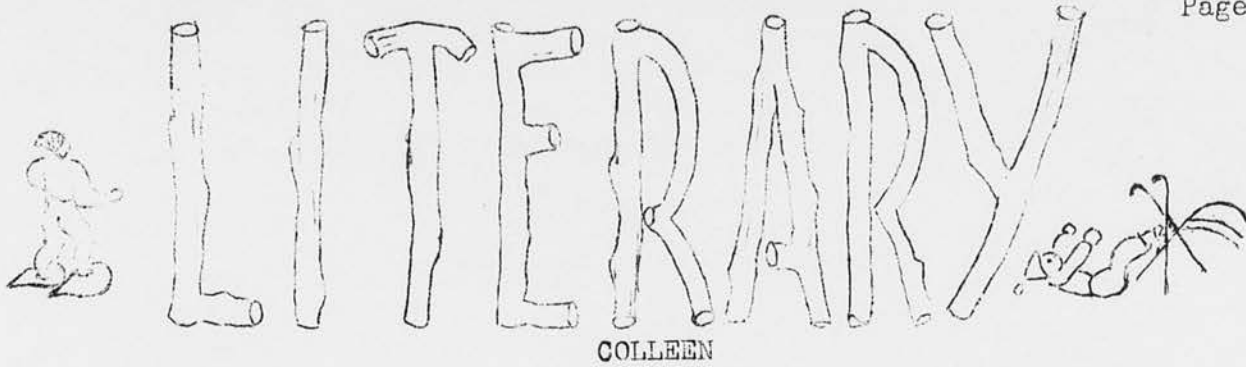
It seems that the bookworms need a new doctor. If any of you are willing to sacrifice yourselves for the cause, read The Citadel by A.J. Cronin. It is the story of a young doctor's struggles with life, love, and medicine. So, read this and begin your practice prepared for what is to come.

Bookworms, have you ever read Old Jules by Mari Sandoz? If you want to read something that is funny and yet can make you cry, read this book. It is the life of a French settler in the Middle West, and it goes from the ridiculous advertising for wives to the struggles of the immigrants with life and death.

Remember the "hurricane" of October 1938? If you do, you should read The Mortal Storm, which tells of the political storm and strife in Germany. If you pride yourself for being up on current events, read this excellent book by Phillis Bottome.

By the way, fellow bookworms, do any of you happen to be escaped convicts? Oh, so sorry---shouldn't have asked anyhow. Well, if you ever decide to become one, perhaps you should read Dry Guillotine first; it may make you change your mind. For a good, shivery, shaky outlook on life, read this tale of Rene Belbenoit's life in a French Guiana penal colony and his escape from it---after fifteen years, however. Perhaps, I should leave you with pleasanter thoughts than these, but it's always so nice to bring out the gruesome thoughts in a person.





Tiny, slender, and bare-footed, she stood facing the wind, her long wavy chestnut hair blown back and floating in the sun like soft, shining gold. Her deep blue eyes sparkled with laughter under long dark lashes. Her soft lips curled in an elfin smile, and her cheeks were rose red as from a fire within. The poise of a queen was hers, and her clean ragged dress blew in the breeze as no velvet gown could. From the green, mossy knoll on which she stood hesitating, as a bird, she surveyed her world. The joy of life seemed to burn in her veins. She was light of foot, light of heart, wild, and free.

Alora Beik, '40

#### THE FOREIGNER

A dark figure shrank in the shadow of a doorway. It was a small man, dressed in black, crouching there. His back was humped and his face was thin and grotesque. His arms were too long for his small body. Long, slender fingers were crooked claw-like as he played a strange foreign tone on a half-hidden harmonica. A black hat was tipped over his face, but in playing, his head moved to the exotic beat of his music, and a glimpse of sharp, searching eyes would send a shiver of fear through any observer. Straight, shaggy, black hair hung to his crooked shoulders. Although a picture of wretchedness, he inspired no pity, but only dark foreboding.

Alora Beik, '40

## THE FARM

Joe had always wanted, after that movie, to be on a farm. Being "just a slum kid", he had never had the opportunity of seeing the country itself, so the first glimpse he had of the fairyland of nature was in the seat of a theatre. The picture was a poor one; one of the old fashioned "flickers", but Joe wasn't worried about the technical angle. All he saw was a world radically different from his own--and it enthralled him. That afternoon (he was only ten years old) he came out of that cheap, dim theatre in a daze, squinting his eyes in the sun and vowing to himself (cross m' heart 'n hope to die) that some day he should own a farm--his mind was only brought back to the dingy, narrow streets when he came near being run over, and he somehow realized that the driver was cursing at the absent mindedness of the lad. Pulling himself together, he went home and wildly praised the picture to the many members of the family, who, after hearing enough of the picture, chased him out to play. From then on, between games of "cops 'n robbers" with the neighborhood children, he would sit on the dilapidated stoop of the tenement house he lived in and dream of the farm he would someday have with cows, chickens..... But the slums don't usually give up their spawn.....

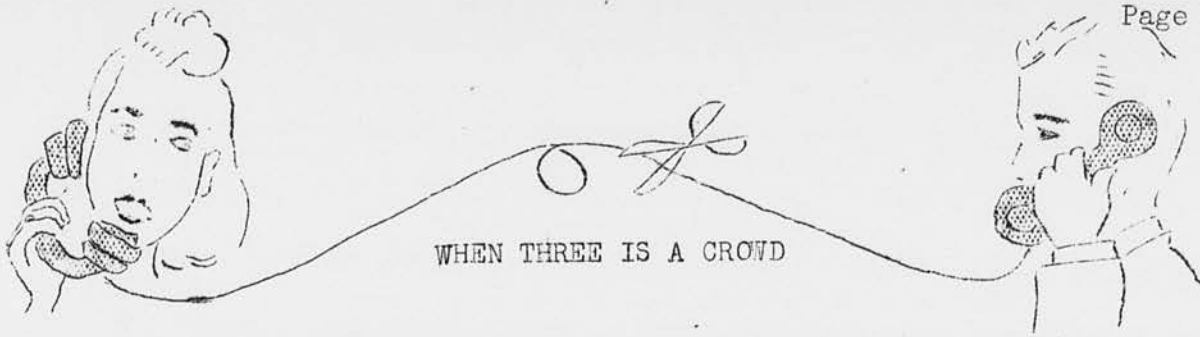
To the casual observer the immense, grey structure, built of a most substantial stone could easily be a country gentleman's mansion, and, looking about at the huge farm spreading in all directions, the observer would declare it to be a gentleman's estate. It was midday, and the hot sun was beating down unmercifully on the bare backs of the men working among row upon row of many varieties of fruits and vegetables in all stages of development. Joe was standing in front of the grey house. He had just delivered a message to one of the overseers, and on his way back now, he stood, taking in the scene and daydreaming, shading his face with one hand.

"Geez", he thought, "I always wanted to be on a farm and here I am. Tink o' dat!"

Then his face clouded with remembrance. He should be reporting..... Joe, the trusty, turned his back on the prison farm and slouched inside to report to the warden.

N. Gilbert Dancy, '40

- school-----a place where children learn everything that the teacher knows and then study from the textbooks nights.
- undertaker-----a man who goes around asking his friends if they aren't at least a little bit sick.
- graft-----a substance used for lining pockets.
- politician-----a cigar vender.
- student teacher-----a person who takes over a class so that the students can show him or her how to teach.
- fund-----past tense of another word for entertainment.
- movies-----a place where the modern generation, which is too lazy to make up its own entertainment, goes for enjoyment.
- workman-----a retired student who works only in the daytime.
- Democrats-----members of a lesser governmental party who learn well but are often led astray.
- Mickey Mouse-----a member of the "pink elephant" family that can be seen on special occasions.
- Mahatma Ghandi-----a person who would be highly embarrassed if Lady Pepperell gave up making sheets.



## WHEN THREE IS A CROWD

I can stand dictators who shout, jitterbugs who hop, or singers who warble sadly and off key, but if there is anything that sends my blood pressure up and gets me down, it is the person who advises, whistles, or yells when I'm on the telephone. Have you ever tried to give your attention to someone on the other end of the line, while the family prepares for the evening's activities? It goes something like this in our house:

Everything is more or less peaceful, when the telephone rings. Hopefully, cautiously, I approach and take up the receiver, but immediately I am discovered. Brother decides on the spot that his clarinet practising mustn't be put off another minute. Cousin Sue in the basement yells to Uncle Nod in the attic that his old hat is in the coal bin and what shall she do with it? Mother whispers in my free ear that I mustn't make a date for Friday, as she is having company and wants me to help. Then there is an almost peaceful lull. I am on the verge of discovering what the telephone monologue is about, when bzzzz----- the electric refrigerator swings into action. Perhaps I didn't mention that the downstairs telephone is next to the refrigerator. This comes in handy on hot days when the conversation is lagging, but it sounds like a fire alarm when it warms up, cools off --or whatever a refrigerator does. The dog, not to be outdone, lays a bone at my feet and whines for attention; kitty, jealous creature, lights into the pooch----just playing, of course! ----and Father rushes in to tear them apart. Sister's beau chooses this moment to call and is practically knocked down by Brother, who is rushing to the piano to compose a piece, suggested by the cat and dog fight. To top it all off, my girl friend

arrives and screeches wildly in my ear that she just lost my French book, which she forgot to mention that she borrowed.

Counting ten slowly, oh, very slowly, I hang up and inform the world in general and the household in particular that I'm leaving home for good. Where does it get me? The telephone rings again, and, from force of habit, I answer. Thus begins the next episode in the never-ending cycle of telephone peeves.

Jean Lodden, '40

#### WATCHERS OF THE SKY

A humming sound is heard, next a roar, and then a thundering blast as three planes of the Army's observation section come rocketing through the skies. Motors wide-open, propellers screaming, three members of the Army's eyes go blasting high overhead. Smooth, slim fuselages; thin, tapered wings, and strong tail surfaces sparkle and shine with silver light, as the rays of the glaring sun strike their metal skins. Painted round engine cowlings bright and colorful insignia and markings add to the beauty of the Army's newest observation plane, the North American O-47A. With large, tall rudders sticking up in the rear, and a thousand horses packed in the nose of each plane, those watchful little hornets go buzzing along with full military load at two hundred miles per hour.

After having churned and filled the air with thunderous roars for a little while, the tiny squadron twisted its nose about, dug into the side of a soft, fluffy cloud, and so disappeared from sight.

Robert Meghreblian, '40

## A MEAN SEA DOG

Old "Shark" Blane is a mean sea dog;  
 He's mean as mean can be.  
 For he shanghaies his crew and beats them too,  
 And is meaner than mean can be.



Two candles burn in the mess's port;  
 The zero hour is at hand!  
 Out of the hold the sailors come;  
 One from each and every land.

Clubs in hand, knives unsheathed,  
 Cautious, they crawl along the deck.  
 Old "Shark" Blane, as you will see,  
 Is about to "weather" his last wreck.



Old "Shark" Blane was a mean sea dog;  
 He was mean as mean could be.  
 For he shanghaied his crew and beat them too,  
 And was meaner than mean could be.

Edward Sternfeld, '40

## FORMULA FOR WAR

( to the rhythm of the tom-tom )

Deep in the fire-lit caverns of the earth,  
 Witches are chuckling, chanting charms of death;  
 Satan and his hell-imps brew a magic potion  
 -----Using molten hays!

Season all the brine with jealousy and greed,  
 Wrongs half-forgotten, reddened in new rage,  
 Selfishness and lust-black as ever imp could find  
 -----Make the potion strong!

Flames of the hell-fire, send the smoke fumes high  
 Up through the oceans, hissing o'er the world,  
 Out through the mountain cracks; choke the throats of men  
 -----Poison them with war!



Betty Barden, '39

## DISSERTATION ON ROAST TURKEY

Just where would one start on a turkey? Either the neck or the "rumble-seat" would do, I imagine. Upon the question of attack, it is entirely up to the attacker's temperament as to what weapons would be used. If you were the dainty, precise type, you would probably use a carved fork, elegantly fashioned with a monogram, and one of those knives which are made to fit the palm of the hand and whose blade is similar to that of a razor. If you are the bold, confident, and rather "braggadocious" kind of person, you would probably use a huge fork with long, sharp tines and knife capable of splitting the turkey from "stem to stern". Then comes the ordinary, "garden-variety" type of person who would probably use a regular, black-handled kitchen knife and fork.

Back to the attack ! Suppose you were ordered to sit at the head of a long, food-bedecked banquet table and had to carve and serve the turkey. Would you chop the wings, legs, neck, and tail off first; or would you start at the neck and work down, giving the next-to-last person the "seat-of-trouble". After all, being the last person myself, I couldn't be as mean as that.

Then, comes the "mining" problem. How do you get into one of these "birds", anyway? You know, perfectly well, that inside are probably stuffed chestnuts or crab-apples for dressing.

There is also the problem of how to prevent yourself from drooling on the turkey in your intense hunger. After putting a napkin over the parts of the carcass, upon which you are not working, you may rest in peace.

I make a motion for newer and better zippers on turkeys. --After all, you can't spend all of Thanksgiving day carving the turkey ! Thus is the life of a turkey carver and the death of the turkey.

## THE FARMER MAN, BY G.J.P.

(Parody on "The Rich Man"- with apologies to F.P.A.)

The farmer man has his horse and buggy,  
 His cows and pigs and broken-down shacks.  
 He smokes a homemade corn-cob pipey  
 And laughs at rich man's dirty cracks.

He labors through the burdensome day,  
 And knows not Wealth, its clinch.  
 Though his pot seems empty, his heart is gay;  
 His life's no cinch.

Yet though my electric lights grow dim,  
 Though I don't slave for my chop-suey---  
 Think you that I would change with him?  
 Fooey!

Gerald Plunkett, '42

## I LIKE RABBITS

I like rabbits--  
 They hop about,  
 Hunt in dark woods,  
 And chase lions out.

They are so contented,  
 They wriggle their nose;  
 They never are forced to  
 Change their good clothes.

They mind their manners  
 And have good habits;  
 Elephants are bigger,---  
 But I like rabbits.



Richard Shepard, '42

## NINTH GRADERS GO IN FOR PICTURESQUE SPEECH

As sly as a student who  
 has had a moral victory o-  
 ver the teacher (Robert  
 Clarke) . . . As noisy as  
 a tiny watch in an empty  
 room (Ethelee Gould)

How Else  
 Would  
 You  
 Describe  
 It?

She looked like a drop  
 in the bucket (Gerald  
 Plunkett) . . . As uncon-  
 scious as a man reading  
 the funnies on the bus  
 (Miriam Boice)

As disgusted as a vegetarian at a  
 cannibal feast (Don Foucault) . . .  
 As still as the circus man who is ba-  
 lancing a goldfish bowl on his nose  
 (Richard Shepard) . . . As useless as  
 a fat man in a Shag contest (Ethelee  
 Gould) . . . As safe as a bottle is  
 with Wallace Beery (Joseph Hunting)

As chubby as a blown-up water toy  
 (Ethelee Gould) . . . As safe with  
 her as with a talking parrot (Glenna  
 Smith) . . . As unappealing as a bot-  
 tle of gingerale that has been stand-  
 ing in the sun (Ethelee Gould) . . .  
 As useless as a blind man at a bur-  
 lesque show (John Poole)



## MY DREAM GARDENS

The fragile, little daisy, the saucy mignonette,  
 The brazen, hardy sunflower, the dainty violet,  
 The lazy sweet clyssun, the radiant, scarlet rose---  
 Are clustered in my garden, in stately, sweet repose.

A truant stone path wanders in and out among the flowers,  
 In shady nooks, green grasses carpet lovely, secret bowers,  
 A tinkling fountain trickles down into a deep, green pool,  
 And fishes leap to catch the drops, and all is still and cool.

And in the gladsome sunshine, birds sing their silv'ry songs  
 Of peace, and joy, and gladness, that live the whole year long.

Ruth Van Gansbeek, '41

## A TELLER OF TALL TALES

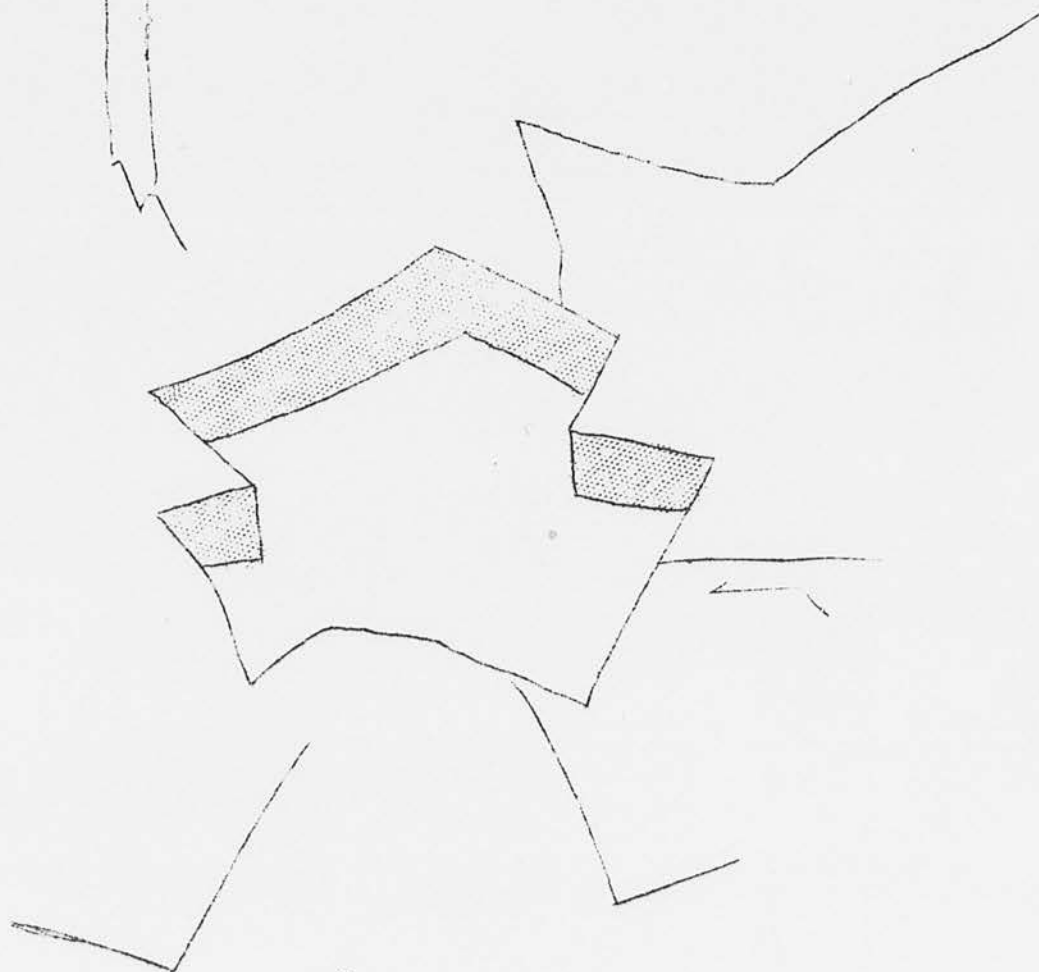
He sat with his chair tilted back and his feet on top of the old wood stove. His heavy mackinaw and green scarf made a startling contrast to the long, drooping mustache and the great, red cap now on his knee. The flushed cheeks and the gold-rimmed spectacles perched on his nose fitted him perfectly. Though in his seventies, he still retained the hardiness every woodsmen acquires from outdoor life.

In the general store of every little village there is a group of loungers, and each group has its story-teller. In this certain group the old man was the spokesman and was just getting started on his tale.

"Wal, now," he began, "in the old days--" And so he talked-on and on. The group sat in silent anticipation and awe. The wise, boisterous old man of the woods had begun another of his "tall tales".

Don Fouccult, '42

Thin Ice



Finis