

CRIMSON AND WHITE

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Getting Involved

Who would make the best President of the United States next year? Most major candidates have said that they are opposed to the war in Viet Nam, but which one has come up with real answers to the other problems this country faces? I feel that Senator George McGovern has shown himself to be the most qualified candidate for the Democratic nomination, and I urge you to have a say in his election, even though you cannot vote.

Ever since McGovern has been in the Senate, he has spoken out publicly against the Viet Nam war. He now pledges that United States' troops will be withdrawn from Viet Nam within ninety days after he takes office. He will not require the release of all American prisoners of war before the withdrawal because he believes that the North Vietnamese will release them only after United States' troops have gone.

McGovern also sees the necessity of reducing the tremendous spending on unnecessary super defense systems. He has sponsored an enormous amount of legislation in the areas of conservation and pollution control. In addition, McGovern has always fought for civil rights legislation in the Senate and has worked, during the primaries, to see that delegations to the national convention will include women and minority group members.

There are other important issues too numerous to list here. McGovern's stands on these issues can be found in magazines and newspapers. However, many people are still unaware of the candidate's qualifications.

Here lies the perfect opportunity for Milne students to be truly effective. I urge you to become familiar with the issues and different solutions and choose your candidate. Help the McGovern (or another) campaign with time or money. Talk to your parents, teachers, friends, and older brothers or sisters who have a vote. If you persuade one person and win one vote for your candidate, then you have already had an influence on the election.

Imagine the increasing effect that the government will have on your life within the next four years. Wouldn't it be worth it to "get involved" in this year's presidential election.

—Larry Levine

Trial?

Four Milne students were brought to trial yesterday in Superior Court of the State of Confusion, on charges of trying to impersonate newspaper reporters.

In an historic decision delivered by Superior Court Justices Steve Benko and Merle Bachman. The four were handed the harsh sentences of one year of hard labor as editors of next year's **C&W**. Nina Feltman, alias Rocco Vaselino, the leader of the organization, was ordered to be Editor-in-Chief, while Marta Rockwood was made feature editor, Irv Dunn, sports editor, and Elizabeth Freedman, news editor.

—J.L.

R.I.P. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

It was late one chilly winter Sunday morning, that one blessed day of the week when I can lie sleeping tranquilly in my bed until noon or even later if I choose. That particular Sunday, my parents out, I had chosen to do exactly that, and I was dozing luxuriously, blissfully off in the land of fantasies, wrapped up under piles of quilts and blankets. Ah, girl of my dreams, come closer, closer . . . Wait, dream-girl! Why are you crying? Stop it! What's the matter? Oh, I hear, it's that noise, that horrible noise, what the devil is that noise?

I start tossing and turning, trying to escape the sound, covering my ears, and then suddenly burst awake. I hear: Riiiiinnngggg! Rrrrrriiiiiinnngggg! The telephone; Oh no, oh my God, who knows how many times it's rung already, I'd better hurry! So I fling off my covers, spring to my feet, bound into my parents' bedroom, and dive for the receiver, banging my elbow and stubbing a toe in the process.

A syrupy feminine voice responds at the other end. "Why hello, sir, and congratulations! You are one of the lucky few who have been chosen from our computer to win free, yes, absolutely free, a one-year subscription to the world famous publication Scandal Magazine. Yes, you will receive at no cost twelve big issues of Scandal which will give you candid and authoritative insights into the private lives of all your favorite Hollywood motion picture stars. Isn't that thrilling? Gee, sir, I sure do admire your luck. Well, I guess we all just can't be so fortunate. Now, may I please have your name and address so we can immediately start selling—I mean, sending you your big bonus prize issues of Scandal?"

"Gosh, Miss, that sounds terrific. O.K. My name is Mr. Ernest T. Bass, and I reside at the Senior Room of the Milne School in Albany. Now when will Scandal start appearing on my front doorstep?"

"W-E-L-L, Mr. Bass, as soon as you send us a small shipping and handling charge of oh, say eighteen dollars, we'll begin immediate delivery."

"Eighteen dollars?"

"Yes, sir, just for shipping and handling, of course. You know how postal rates are getting these days."

"Boy, I sure do. Why, it's almost a crime."

"Well, I certainly agree with you there, Mr. Bass. I wish all of our clients were as sympathetic with our poor, victimized financial situation and philanthropic, unselfish intentions as you are. I'll expect a check from you then, right?"

"Terrific. Now, Miss, what are you doing tonight when you get off duty?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bass?"

"I said, what are you doing tonight? After a long, hard, honest, altruistic day's work picking out random numbers and calling them on the phone, disturbing people's privacy and swindling them out of their paychecks, I'd say you need a little relaxation. With the kind of mental and verbal prostitution you're involved in now, maybe you'd like to get right down to some physical degeneracy. Your place or mine?"

—CLICK—

"I sure took care of her," think I. "Practice makes perfect."

Elbow scraped, toe bruised and inflamed, and any plan to sleep the morning away now utterly wrecked, I prepare for my morning shower, turning on the water, adjusting the heat, stripping my clothes off. But just as I am about to step under the stream of water, I pause, feeling a zit on my nose, and stop to pop it. O happy pimple! For when I am once more ready to begin my shower, Riiiiinnngggg! goes the telephone! A feeling of righteousness and joy comes over me. "I have foiled it this time! I had not even one foot wet when it rang, thanks to my ache," I think as I stride triumphantly stark naked toward that obnoxious black box. "Hello!" I proclaim, picking up the receiver. "Hello, Steve, this is Mom. Listen, I noticed that the front walk was awfully slippery this morning when I left. Would you be a dear and try to chop some of the ice off this afternoon so nobody hurts themselves? I'll be home in time to make dinner."

The conversation terminates. I relish the sweet taste of my victory over technology. But like a modern Laius and Jocasta, I cannot avoid my fate; as soon as I am in the shower luxuriating in the thick Breck lather I have worked up on my long locks, that unutterable sound penetrates my soapfilled ears. Once more I make a mad nude dash to my parents' night table.

Death of a Newspaper

There are many things which we, as Milne students, expect to happen. We expect to come to school (no later than 8:30, of course), to spend a seemingly endless amount of time attending classes, to parry the usual battery of tests and quizzes, and every two or three weeks, just to break the monotony, we expect to receive a copy of the current issue of the **Crimson and White**. And what is so unusual about that? After all, Milne is our school and the **C&W** is the Milne newspaper. We have a right to expect a copy of it every few weeks. We have a right to read it, laugh at it, to praise or criticize it. Yes, that's true, we, as Milne students, do have these rights concerning the school newspaper. However, there is one right we don't have. We don't have the right to ignore it, to take it for granted because if things continue as they have been, there may not be a newspaper in years to come.

As it now stands, the **C&W** is, as usual, understaffed for next year. Far worse, there are very few prospective juniors on staff. This fact becomes especially distressing when you consider that there will be no qualified juniors to take over the paper when next year's senior class graduates.

Many clubs have come and gone here at Milne. Yet, each time an organization disbands through lack of interest, funds, or for some other reason, a little part of Milne dies with it. The death of the **C&W** would take with it much more than just a little part of Milne.

A newspaper should be an integral part of any school, something its students can take pride in because they, themselves, create it. But how can Milne hope to have a truly interesting, creative paper if its editors are perpetually forced to beg people for articles, struggling to fill the spaces left by people who had promised to write but simply "didn't have the time."

We'll all have "the time," with the long summer ahead, to perhaps think about things that each of us could do to help make the **C&W** a better newspaper. Perhaps you have an idea for an interesting article, or a poem which you'd like to see printed. And next year, when a **C&W** meeting is announced, try very hard to attend. Even if you'd rather not actually write yourself, you could still offer your support and ideas to those who would. Believe me, contributing to the creation of a school newspaper can be a truly gratifying experience!

—N.F.

Rally Revisited

Presidential candidate, Senator George McGovern of South Dakota came to the Colonie Coliseum on Tuesday night, June 3, to campaign for the New York State Primary. Nearly 10,000 people showed up, mostly between the ages of 18 and 25. In this day and age of political scorn for young people, it was quite surprising to see McGovern greeted by such an enthusiastic ovation amid the homemade signs and raised fists.

McGovern's voice, clear and deliberate, is easy to listen to. His speech expressed his thoughts on many of the current issues. He attacked the Viet Nam war, and the evasion of tax payments by big business. He discussed the new law requiring candidates to disclose the amount of money spent on their campaigns.

In addition, McGovern also spoke about relieving the country's unemployment crisis and of spending tax dollars on services which benefit the people.

Preceding McGovern, as an added attraction, was a country music jug band, "The Star Spangled Washboard." They were quite versatile as they succeeded in holding the audience's attention. Tom Paxton, the well known folk singer, was on hand to sing his new song about peace, a theme which seemed to set the mood to greet McGovern.

Remarks such as, "Never again shall young men give their lives for a corrupt militaristic country," brought the audience to their feet in waves of applause. McGovern's sense of humor was quite evident in his remarks against Nixon and his administration, his jokes bringing cheers of approval from his enthusiastic supporters.

Mary Ann Krupak brought a close to the evening with some encouraging words for McGovern, as he exited with a thunderous cheer from his supporters.

—Helene Galek

In Cape Cod with the "Fearless Five"

When the plan for Seniors to have independent projects for the Mini-Mester was approved, five crazies planned to bicycle to and around Cape Cod. These people, who had heard of the wonderous exploits of their member and leader, Debbie Stinson, the summer before, began to salivate over the idea of reproducing her amazing feat. So, on Friday, May twelfth, the "Fearless Five," (Ted Mineau, Ani Shahinian, Debbie, Kevin Murtagh and me), followed their mentor, Mr. Donald J. Pruden, on the first leg of this historic venture.

Although their mileage for the first day was a measly seventeen miles, it took them three hours to complete it. The group stayed the night at the Prudens' (very hospitalable people) and embarked on the thirty-two miles to the Pittsfield hostel. Unfortunately, four miles from the house, my gear lever came off and a halt for repairs was necessary, as was a call to Mr. Pruden for HELP! The problem solved, the brave fiveful clambered over the mountain that sits between New Lebanon and Pittsfield, bought food for dinner, scaled another rather large lump in the road and finally collapsed in the Pittsfield hostel—which looked rather like Girl Scout Camp re-visited. As they settled in for the night, Ted made the wonderful announcement: "Somebody stole the hamburger and there are bugs in my bed." The question of stolen hamburger surprised the other four—who would want 1.35 pounds of hamburger? Ted, Ani, Kevin, Debbie and I enjoyed a scrumptious meal of Product 19 that evening.

Bright and early the next morning the cyclists pedaled out of the hostel and down a four-and-a-half-mile mountain. Aaaahhhhh!!! What a lovely way to start the day. A stop for breakfast, and the quintet kept going until it reached Sturbridge, a distance of approximately sixty miles from their starting point that morning. Sadly however, Ani felt that she was dying, so the "Fearless Five" had to spend two nights in the scenic PINK HAVEN MOTEL. We took Ani to the hospital and the doctor pronounced her normal.

On the sixteen we managed to do another sprint of sixty miles, this time taking us as far as Ted's sister's house in Brighton, outside of Boston. The following day the crew made it to Plymouth—about thirty miles. We could have done more but the combination of a sixty-mile ride the day before and getting out of Boston that morning had taken its toll. Wednesday night was spent in a boarding house, much to our shrinking wallets' dismay, but it couldn't be avoided.

The Cape at last! We got into Hyannis by 3:30, visited the Kennedy Memorial Park and then collapsed at the hostel. Two days of rain kept us from seeing much more of Hyannis. We spent one of the soggy days sitting in the Hyannis Public Library.

On Sunday, the twenty-first, we took the Hyannis-Martha's Vineyard ferry. On our way from Oaks Bluff to Edgartown we had our one and only flat of the trip—Kevin's back tire. Food, strapped on bikes, held, and juggled, was carried to the hostel. The hostel, although not completed was beautiful and the people, absolutely fantastic. The Gay Head Cliffs was everyone's destination on Monday. We split into three groups at this point. The cliffs were beautiful, the beach, rocky but nice. We had trouble getting Ani away. This day, too, they gave me a surprise birthday party (nine days after my birthday.)

Tuesday, Ani, Debbie and I went to Chappaquidick—the island where Ted Kennedy had his accident. It had one of the prettiest beaches I've ever seen. Wednesday, our last day, was spent in a brief (about nine seconds) swim in the ocean and in preparing for a going-away party for most of the kids in the hostel.

The twenty-fifth saw us take the ferry to Woods Hole and from there, Nantucket! On the first leg of the ferry trip we saw Livingston Taylor, James' brother. The hostel on Nantucket is an abandoned life-saving station, which unfortunately is unheated. We stayed in the kitchen with the stoves on for the next couple of nights because it was really cold!

Our stay at Nantucket was highlighted by: doing our laundry, sitting in a square near the laundramat, riding Poplis Road to Sandat Head where there's a cliff you can look over to see the sea, sitting on the beach, watching the Nantucket Town Memorial Day parade that took all of two minutes to go by, painting the floor of the girls' bathrooms in the hostel, seeing a windmill and Henry Cabot Lodge's summer home, and meeting some of the nicest people in the world.

We departed from Nantucket on the thirty-first with much longing to stay. Who wanted to start home? The Nantucket-Hyannis ferry allowed us another night in the Hyannis hostel, followed by a bus ride to Boston and a ride to Brighton. The next afternoon we were home.

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:

This year was the first year Milne has experimented with the Mini-Mester. Since I participated in one of the numerous courses, I can speak from my own experiences. I was fortunate enough to be a part of the First-Aid course, taught by our own school nurse, Mrs. McDowell. The class learned quite a bit about First-Aid, with the help of films, and workbooks. Each student had a "practice partner," whom he band-

aged, splinted, carried, dragged, and dropped occasionally.

In addition to all the fun we had in those three weeks, it really seemed to pay off as we will all receive First-Aid cards declaring us official First-Aiders.

I really think a congratulations goes to everyone who participated in making the Mini-Mester such a success. From what I have heard, it was truly enjoyed by most, if not all Milne students and supervisors.

Let's hope we can create an even more exciting program next year.

—M.R.

R.I.P. (cont.)

It is a friend of my mother's. No, nothing important. No, don't bother to leave a message. 'Bye 'bye now.

"Thank God they don't make videophones yet," I think, treading my way back over my wet path to the bathroom. But by this time the shower is cold, not to mention my shivering and dripping body. I duck my head under, braving the shock of the temperature to rinse out my hair, then dry off and start to dress. Ha-CHOO! Nothing at all. I continue dressing, and then proceed downstairs and make myself some breakfast.

One hour, two eggs, nine kleenexes, two aspirins, a wrong number, and a television rating poll later, my hair is dry enough for me to go outside. Toe and elbow bandaged and an extra wad of tissue in my pocket, I put on my boots and coat, get the ice chopper from the basement, admire its fine, sharp edge for a moment, leave the house and go to work on the front walk.

Chop. Chop. Crunch. Smash. Chop. Crunch. Ring. Chop. Smash. Chop. Ring. Ring? Ring! Ohmigod! Acting on animal reflex, I jump for the door to the house, throwing down the chopper.

Ouuuuucccccchhhh!!! My foot! Blankety-blank sharp ice chopper! And yet, even in the agony of an impaled foot, only one thought occupies my entire being: I must get to that telephone. I hobble towards the door—but don't make it. My injured foot goes out from under me on the ice, and I fall backwards onto my good leg which has buckled under me, hearing sickening noises in my knee and back. Yet the telephone has not stopped ringing; finding that I cannot stand, as if possessed I crawl inside on my stomach, using my arms to propel me forward. Stopping from complete exhaustion just out of reach of the receiver, I summon up the last reserves of strength in my broken body. Telling myself "C'mon, boy, you can do it, you've got to, you've just got to, that's it . . .", I stretch, stretch, strettchhhh my arm to the very limit of human capability . . . I've almost got it . . . suddenly, I feel something give in my shoulder, and I've got the receiver! I've got it! I've got it! "Hellohellohello!" Hung up.

The next thing I remember, I awake in a hospital bed. Two doctors and a nurse are standing over me. They tell me my parents are waiting outside. They tell me that my parents found me on the floor of our house, clutching the telephone receiver, laughing hysterically. They tell me my elbow is infected, my toe, two bones, and a blood vessel in my foot are broken, the ligaments in my knee are shredded, two vertebrae in my back are cracked, the tendons in my shoulder are strained, and I have double pneumonia. They tell me that when I am well enough, I will undergo psychiatric tests. They tell me that I may be there a while, and that with my parents' wishes, I am in a private room with all the conveniences of home. Then they go away.

I am alone. It is peaceful and quiet. I am beginning to think I may like it there. I close my eyes. Ah, there you are, dream girl. It's been a long day . . . dream girl, why are you crying? What's that noise?

I open my eyes in horror. Terrified, my whole body trembling, my stomach turning, I somehow bring myself to slowly turn my head and look over at my bedside table. I scream.

"Help!"

"Hello," says the doctor. "Can I help you?"

—Steve Benko

If you ever have a chance, take yourself and your bike or hiking shoes, and go see Cape Cod. We didn't see much of it, but the parts we saw were beautiful, and most of the people we met were friendly. GO!!! It's the nicest and most enjoyable way I know of proving your insanity.

—Sara Boomsliter for the "Fearless Five"



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WHUMP!

