MILINE School Crimson and White Vol. XXVI 1929-30

Autumn 1929 JULI HENRY SLATTIER

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXVI

AUTUMN, 1929

Number I

CONTENTS

Editorial	3
Hallowe'en, by Constance A. McCoy	4
n Memoriam	5
Andy Gump Really Lives, by Bentley Haker	5
The Criminal, by Emma Grace Webb	7
Royal Road to Romance, Book Review	7
	8
	S
	8
unior High Section	9
	9
October Is Here, by Irene Hawkins	0
Our Trees, by Ruth Nelson	C
	0
	1
	1
	1
	2
	4
	7
	0

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THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING

At our first chapel program Professor Sayles brought vividly to our minds the fact that we stand on the threshold of a new era in history. Said he, "The field of chemical engineering is only at the beginning. The field of transportation is only at the beginning. In a short time the New York Central will run several **new**, fast trains between New York and Chicago, and they are just beginning."

Chemical engineering and transportation may be still in their infancy, but they are not alone when it comes to "beginning." Milne, too, is entering a new era. This year we are doing things on a greater scale than ever before. In the first place, we have more students because of the welcomed addition of a Junior High.

Milne, unofficially, is advancing in athletics. Without the sanction of the faculty, but also without their disapproval, Milne has taken up football. Through the untiring efforts of one of Milne's star athletes, Harriman Sherman, a team has been formed and has been practicing faithfully and regularly for weeks. This, folk, is only a beginning.

Milne has also expanded scholastically. Many new classes have been added to the curriculum, and, as the demand warrants it, more will be added. This, too, is only a beginning.

These efforts of students and faculty will fail, however, without your cooperation. No one person can do everything. You have made a wise choice in attending a high school and continuing your education. You have made another wise choice in coming to Milne. While you are here, we ask your cooperation. Attend our athletic contests, support our teams (if you can't "make" them, root for them), contribute to your school paper (for indeed it is your paper; the board merely edits it), and be a booster! Things may not always go along smoothly, but then stop to think. It may not be dear old Milne who is at fault; it may be you. Do your duty and do each day's work each day. While you're doing this, remember these immortal words of Ellen Sturgis Hooper:

"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty; I woke, and saw that life was Duty."

The "Crimson and White"

congratulates the new members of the advertising staff, and those who are entrants in the advertising contest. These new people, as well as the former members of the staff, have shown remarkable achievements in securing advertisements. Look through our advertising department, and notice the marked increase in advertisers. Milne should be proud of these new people who take such an interest in the school magazine. The people who have done outstanding work are Dorothy Simon, Rhea Ungerman, Roger Towne and Byron Snowden. The business department of the "Crimson and White" wishes that the students would patronize our advertisers. By looking through this section you are often able to save considerably on the price of an article. For instance, the Albany Hardware and Iron gives a discount of twenty per cent to Milne stu-The Alling Rubber Company has also favored us with a discount. By patronizing our advertisers, you will be helping yourselves, and helping us to give you a bigger and better magazine.

B. C.

HALLOWE'EN

A mystic eve in autumn— Dusky and filled with gloom Eerie lights and shadows Etched by a pointed moon.

Elves and spirits and goblins
That mortals may not see,
Appear tonight in ghostly white
And silver filigree.

Beware all lads and lasses,
Dare not the future test.
Trust not the face in the mirror,
Your fate is a fairy's jest.

Romance and wild adventure, Loves that should never be, Beyond our ken, the lives of men, Scrambled in elfin glee.

CONSTANCE A. McCOY, '32

In Memoriam

This page is lovingly dedicated to the memory of Charles F. Saunders, Ir. who was a student of The Milne Inniar High School

∞∞—∞∞

The following poem was written by him for this number of The Crimson and White

SEASON

Fall is here and summer has gone; Until winter is here, it will not be long; We throw snow balls and build snow men; Just think what sport is here again! And then in winter Christmas comes, That is when we have the fun.

CHARLES SAUNDERS, 7th Grade



ANDY GUMP REALLY LIVES

No doubt you have often wondered as you read the comic sketch "Andy Gump" if a real Andy existed. Until this year, a real Andy was never known although he was hunted for by a nation.

Recently it was learned that a man in Pontiac, Michigan, was trying to secure the license plates for his car number 348. As you know, this number is the funny paper Andy's license plates. Immediately a search was started for a real Andy which ended in his discovery. His name is E. Andrew Gump, and he is purchasing agent for the Wilson Foundry and Machine Company, manufacturers of Whippet motors, at Pontiac, Michigan.

The real Andy is connected in no way with the comic Andy; in fact, Sidney Smith, the creator of the cartoon, did not know a real Andy existed. Accordingly, Mr. Gump wrote Sidney Smith that a real Andy lived sans whiskers and millions of dollars.

Of course, Mr. Smith wanted to do something for Mr. Gump. Mr. Gump sent him several of his business cards, and Mr. Smith drew a miniature picture of his cartoon character on the cards. Mr. Gump now has this picture on all of his business cards, and if you ask him for one he will hand you a card with his name and a picture of the comic Andy bedecked in a silk hat and a high choker collar.

Mr. Gump had quite a time securing the license plates 348 because the first thousand sets of plates are reserved for state officials Mr. Gump called the attention of the Governor of Michigan to the fact that there was a real Andy, and he thought the incident so funny that he aided Mr. Gump in securing the license plates.

At Christmas time Mr. Gump has his greeting cards designed with a small replica of his green and white license plates printed at the bottom in place of his name.

All the postal officials know Andy Gump, and if mail comes addressed to Andy Gump and without any address, Mr. Gump receives the mail.

Mr. Gump and his wife have given up all hope of being called any other name than "Min" and "Andy" and are announced thus at all social affairs.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE

By Richard Halliburton

How many of you are wondering which book you are going to read for your next book report? We suggest that you try Richard Halliburton's "The Royal Road to Romance." Despite the title, John Gilbert has nothing to do with it. On the contrary, it's a delightfully written book of travel.

Richard tired of routine school life when he was a student in college. He resolved that upon his graduation he would see the world while he still had his youth. He persuaded Irvine to accompany him, and so it happened that one day the two set out, armed with Princeton diplomas.

The diplomas did not impress the captains of Europe-bound steamers, so they decided to leave them at home. After giving each other "sugar bowl" hair cuts and donning their oldest clothes, they obtained jobs on a sail boat bound for Europe.

They travelled leisurely through Germany, the Netherlands, and France on bicycles. They went to Switzerland and climbed the Matterhorn. They visited Paris and had a grand time. At Paris they separated, Irvine going to Italy and Richard to Spain. He went to Gibraltar where he had a vacation at the expense of Great Britain, in jail.

Travel with Richard over desert sands and Arctic wastes. Climb Fujiyama with him. Live with him, talk with him. So vivid and entertaining is his style that when you have finished the last page, you will have had all the thrills, joys, and hardships of "globetrotting." We enjoyed it and we know you will. R. G. '30

THE CRIMINAL

I have no slightest fear to die.

Moreover, it would satisfy

A mind bereft of any hope,

A mind of narrow, dampening scope,

An ugly mind, within whose cell

Rest ashes, dank, with sullen smell,

A mind that can but sneak and lie,

A suitable mind for such as I

Who've shot with gun and stabbed with knife

And taken many a drunkard's life;

But I no fear in dying find;

When I go, I leave Hell behind.

EMMA GRACE WEBB, '31

REPOSE

His was a face of ancient mould, guarded by a withered hand over his eyes. A sage has told us of the thoughts of youth, but man seems to deteriorate with years in value of the brain and brawn, and rarely are there many fears of wounded feelings till he's gone. But him the world was treating well; his face held nothing of complaint; no rancour was there to compel observers to admit a taint upon a sleep of peace and quiet. I envied him as one whose life accompanied great strength to defy it. His was a laurel won by strife. Watching, my love of God increased. I realized his heart had ceased.

EMMA GRACE WEBB, '31

AN UNLUCKY MISHAP

One evening my brother and I were staying home together when suddenly my brother suggested making fudge. He began to boast of the good fudge he had made at camp. I told him to go ahead and try his luck.

He made it and after he had beaten it and cooked it he told me that I could have the first piece. I just managed to swallow my piece, but my brother choked on his. Later we found that he had used salt instead of sugar,

SARA KESSLER, 7th Grade

CHARM OF THE AIR

There is something in an airplane 'Wakes a yearning in my heart; Touches chords as yet unsounded, Thrills me like some Master's art.

And my spirit throbs in kinship
To that subtle, mystic tone.
It's the taint of the supernal
And the being all alone.

VIRGINIA GARRISON, '32

JUNIOR HIGH SECTION

THE ENVY OF THE PINE

The small pine stood on the top of the knoll, Sturdy and strong was he, He gazed at the riot of colors below, And his look was sad to see.

"Oh, all these are beautiful,
With leaves of red and gold,
If I could only have such leaves,
I would give wealth untold."

Just then he heard loud voices, The drifting wind brought near, For strangers were approaching; Their footsteps sounding clear.

"The trees in all their glory
Are wonderful to see,
But the beauty of the pine tree
Will everlasting be."

The voices died in murmurs,
As the strangers moved away,
But for the little pine tree
They'd brightened all the day.

"I'll never more be jealous,"
The little pine tree spoke,
"Of the crimson of the maple,
And the golden of the oak."

"For when winter's hoary frosts come, And the leaves no more are seen, Then the greenness of my branches Reigns everywhere supreme."

DOROTHY OSTRANDER, '33

OCTOBER IS HERE

October is here! I can see the frost on each tree and vine Glisten like gems in the bright sunshine; The air is clear and cold and fine. October is here!

October is here!
The leaves on the trees are changed to brown and red and gold;
Then to the ground they come tumbling down,
And twirl and whirl like funny clowns.
October is here!

October is here!
The merry football squad is out.
They will reach their goal, we have no doubt,
With a Whoop! Hurrah! And a merry shout.
October is here!

IRENE ISOBEL HAWKINS, 7th Grade

OUR TREES

When trees grow big and tall,
The maple smiles at the little ones at play;
The oak stands straight and sturdy, shades the children at their fun;
The weeping willow shades the kittens at their romping;
When we grow like trees we may shade the younger folks.

RUTH NELSON, Eight Grade

IF

If I were a poet,
I'd write of the fall,
Of the still, frosty air
And the harvest and all.

If I were an artist,
I'd paint all these sights,
Of the leaves and the fires
And the still, frosty nights.

FENTON GAGE, '33

MY POPLARS

Two poplars at my gate they stand Big and stately, tall and grand; They are the happiest in all the land— My Poplers

They are the ones who guard my gate
From early morn till at night late;
They are the proudest in all the land—
My Poplars.

We have a small farm in the country. In the summer my father has a garden there. I also have a garden and by the gate there stand two poplars. There is a small white gate between them. Over the gate is a rose arbor. When the leaves rustle it sounds as though they were boasting because they guard the gate.

DOROTHY CLARKE, Eighth Grade

AUTUMN

Autumn is an angry chief,
All decked in war paint gay;
And the colors of his handsome face,
Are red, orange, purple and gray.

NAOMI HANNAY, '33

THE WIND

Ha, Ha! laughed the wind As he hurried along, For he loved to laugh As he sang his song.

Ha, Ha! laughed the wind As he tumbled the leaves, And he shook them roughly Down from the trees.

EDWIN BLOCKSIDGE, Seventh Grade

SCHOOL NOTES

Ye scribe is told that originality is desired in the school news' division as well as other parts of the Crimson and White. I rack my brains and make a mighty effort and decide that I have it. I shall tell you that school opened Monday, September 23, 1929. I am confident that that information will be included in no other department.

I have been around, poking my entirely too adequate nose into all affairs and I have garnered some exceedingly choice grains:

- 1. The Crimson and White board has decided to again hold its advertising contest open to all pupils. The incentive is ten dollars in gold to be awarded to the contestant who submits the greatest number of new advertisements to the Crimson and White. I fore-tell that Albany's shopkeepers are going to be trailed and shadowed by competitors.
- 2. Apropos of advertising, the **Crimson and White** board has been increased by the addition of new agents: Rhea Ungerman, Dorothy Simon, Roger Towne and Donald Finkle. With due apologies to Gray, ye scribe finds that some remarkably good salesmen were nearly born to waste their gifts of loquacity upon desert air, but now that they have been discovered, we shall be more alert in the future.
- 3. Owing to the later hours of the Junior High and ninth grade, it is rumored that the literary societies will not forward invitations to the aforesaid classes this year.
- 4. Milne's various flourishing clubs and societies are already launched into what may be counted as a highly successful year.
- 5. The new clocks are having a strange effect upon ye scribe. While home, my teeth are heard to click momently.
- 6. We surely are getting important. A complete knowledge of our travels is now essential to the powers that be.

Class elections have been held and all the classes are looking forward to a record year under the following class officers:

Seniors—Harriman Sherman, President; Carl Wirshing, Vice President; Jane Pugh, Secretary; Jane MacConnell, Treasurer; Warren Cooper, Sergeant-at-Arms. Juniors—William McCord, President; Lorna Drowne, Vice President; Lola Barbour, Secretary; Elliot Parkman, Treasurer; George Rosbrook, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Sophomores—Robert Harding, President; Gordon Kingsley, Vice President; Jane Buckley, Secretary; Betty Chapman, Treasurer; Jack Benjamin, Sergeant-at-Arms.



Sigma is on the brink of a new year. Under the able leadership of the officers plans have been made for a very successful and interesting year. Sigma's present officers are:

President, Virginia Smith; Vice President, Lorna D. owne; Secretary, Ruth Nichols; Treasurer, Loretta Degenaar; Critic, Barbara Tomer; Mistress of Ceremonies, Pauline West; Marshal, Ruth Miles; Senior Editor, Anne Dunigan.

ANNE DUNIGAN, '30



At the annual banquet of Adelphoi last year we elected the following officers:

Harriman Sherman, President; Warren Cooper, Vice President; Burgess Garrison, Secretary; Elliot Parkman, Treasurer; Carl Wirshing, Master of Ceremonies; Mason Tolman, Business Manager; Edmond Mayberry, Sergeant-at-Arms.

We are arranging some fine programs for the coming year, including an initiation. The members are all cooperating with the society and taking a keen interest in it.

With this spirit prevailing among our members Adelphoi is due for a big year!

E. B. G.



At the last election the following members were chosen for office for the year 1929-30: Dorothy Hotaling, President; Emma Grace Webb, Vice President; Helen Wiltsie, Corresponding Secretary; Alma Terrell, Recording Secretary; Jane Pugh, Treasurer; Jane MacConnell, Mistress of Ceremonies; Elizabeth Rapp, Marshal; Dorothy Simon, Pianist; Reba Levison, Critic.

A very successful card party was held at the home of a beneficent member, Miss Reba Levison, with what we consider an exceedingly worthy outcome, both socially and financially.

Plans for the rush party to be held November first are complete. An interesting program has been arranged by Jane Mac-Connell, with the fine cooperation of the members.

Quin is looking forward to a most successful year.

A. T.

ALUMNI NOTES

402 Prospect Street,
Westfield, New Jersey
October 21, 1929

Dear Milnites.

I have so many fond memories of Milne High School that it is really hard to put even one down on paper.

Although I was graduated from there way back in 1922, I have seen and heard much of Milne lately through many of its present students and even more from my Sister Marjorie who is with you now. I judge from the stories and hints I have gathered, that Milne is just the same, except for your lovely new quarters, as it was when I was there.

I suppose you'd like to know what I am doing now; well, I am the Girl Scout Director for Westfield, N. J. This is a very beautiful, well-to-do residential suburb of New York City. We have a little over 160 scouts and have started three new troops since I've been here.

I like the work very much and especially the town and the people. After six weeks here I think I'm a pretty good judge, don't you? I could tell you much about "my scouts" and how overanxious they seem to be for more scouting; of our many good times, hikes, parties and special groups—but I must not bore you with my "shop talk."

I wish all the members of the Crimson and White board the best of luck for this coming year. It is a lot of work but then you really have some fun with it, too. I remember some very funny times which I had when I was the Joke Editor.

I do hope Milne's athletics are better than when I was there. Anyway we did have a pretty good girl's basket ball team, so here's good luck to this year's team.

Sincerely

DOROTHY L. WILLIAMS

State College October 23, 1929

Milnites All,

It doesn't seem half so strange to be writing you as I thought it would. I see so many of you every day now that I feel more like one of you than I have since Professor Sayles handed me my diploma nearly four years ago. But how you've grown since my day! Perhaps the new building has done it, or the new staff of teachers. Anyway, there's something different about you. Maybe it's all for the best.

But this is apropos of nothing at all. I was asked to tell you about some of the most interesting times I had when I was in Milne. I wonder if, by that, you meant for me to lay bare my grim past and make confessions that would startle your dignified constituency. Well, I'm not going to, anyway. Perhaps I haven't anything to confess; you'll never be sure.

All sorts of memories come rushing back as I write this letter. There were the Hallowe'en stunts in which I was always the villain. (They were the only opportunities I ever had to wear Dad's stovepipe hat.) There was the matrimonial bureau that two of us conducted for the lovelorn maids of our class. There were—but I can't go much further without becoming involved in matters that I just said I shouldn't discuss.

I remember the time Miss Wheeling came to look over the school before she accepted the position of English critic. (She has never heard this before, so she will be as surprised as you.) I was

a junior, and we had just finished our study of "Julius Caesar." Our English teacher told us one day in class that our new critic was coming and asked us if we shouldn't like to dramatize a scene from the play to show her what a clever crowd she was going to have to work with. You can imagine how excited we were. We chose the scene we wanted to present, and then—this is the part I remember best—the teacher gave me absolute charge of casting, costuming and directing it. I think that was one of the biggest moments of my life.

The crowd of us met at college the following Saturday morning to rehearse. The scene we were doing was that in which Cinna the poet is lynched by the mob, and if you have read the play you'll remember the rough action and loud shrieking that takes place in it. My cast, it seemed to me, were inexpressibly mild, and for a full half an hour I did nothing but urge them to jostle, fall, run and generally pull one another about. At last, after ages it seemed, they began to get into the spirit of the play, and then such shrieking and banging you never heard in all your lives. I sat in the back of the room beaming with satisfaction. And then—well, you can guess what happened. The door opened, and a janitor's angry head was stuck inside.

"What does all this noise mean?" he shouted. "High School kids, aren't you? What are you doing at the college to lay? Get out of here before I send for Mr. Sayles, and hurry up!"

My hopes were dashed. I was no longer a David Belasco or an Eva LeGallienne. I was only a "high school kid," and oh, what an aversion I took to that particular janitor! We gave the play in class, however, and if you want to know any more about the story, ask Miss Wheeling how it all came out. It was my first experience in play production.

Everything is golden when I look back over my days at Milne. After four years, the happy or ludricrous events are the ones you remember and I have plenty of memories. I wonder what you'll be recalling after you are graduated.

Sincerely

DOROTHY L. BRIMMER, '26



School again! And Sports!

We tried our hand at football this fall for the first time in the history of the school. Football is not a recognized sport, and we were forced to coach ourselves. To date we have played only one game, that with the Troy Country Day School, and while we were defeated by their heavier and well-coached team, we nevertheless made a good showing and played good football. At the time of writing a game with the Albany Academy Reserves is being sought.

The basketball squad will be called out by Coach Baker about the first of November. Five out of eight of last year's successful team are back with us again this year. We have several fine prospects who should work in very well with the squad. Our team will be under the direct coaching of Rutherford C. Baker, State College coach, and will be captained by Carl Wirshing.

No team can play good basketball without the cooperation of the student body. This year Milne is bigger than ever before, and with the increased number of players out for the team a better quality of basketball will be seen. The attendance at the basketball games for the past several years has been fair, and last year it was really good. We hope that every student of Milne will give his team loyal support. Come to all the games! You will enjoy yourselves and have the time of your lives cheering your team to victory.

College cheer for "University of Expert Barbers:"

Cut his lip,
Rip his jaw,
Leave his face
Raw! Raw! Raw!!

Personals of Our Returned Warriors of the Court and Diamond

Harriman Sherman, "Shermy"—With a summer spent with the woolly bears up north in back of him, "Shermy" should look ahead of him to a winter filled with coach's familiar voice.

Edmond Mayberry, "Firpo"—Between ditch digging and the Delmar theatre "Firpo" ought to have a breaking curve—or perhaps a broken back.

Burgess Garrison, "Birdie"—Another Slingerlands pr. duct back after a hard summer's work. And how!

Kenneth Phelps, "Ken"—Is little Kenneth ever serious? We've never seen him that way. The boy with the "smile that won't come off."

Raymond Pafunda, "Paffy"—Pretty lucky. Gets away with lots because the coach can't see him.

Carl Wirshing, "Wirsh"—The Monarch of all he surveys. We wonder what he surveyed in Hollywood and why he was a week late for school?

William Sharpe, "Bill"—Our chances don't look so good this year with our ex-captain following up "Russell Sage" pretty closely.

Paul MacCormack, "Cy"—Did Cy stop "bohunkin' around" this summer? Coach will soon see.

George Rosbrook, "Rozzy"—"Is there no justice in the world," cries Rozzy. "Between summer school and pitching hay, I had a wonderful vacation."

The following schedule has been arranged by Manager Boyce:

Middleburgh—HomeDe	ecember 7
Open date—HomeDec	
Open date—AwayDec	
Delmar—Home Dec	
Delmar—Away	
Open date—HomeJa	
Burnt Hills—Away	
Open date—AwayJ	
Canajoharie—HomeF	
Chatham—AwayFe	
Open date—HomeFe	
Open date—HomeFe	
Open date—AwayFe	
Cobleskill—Home	
Middleburgh—Away	
Open date—Home	
Chatham—Home	

E. B. G.—R. F. P.



The Varsity Club has resumed its activities again with better Milne spirit than ever. Many of our letter men of last year have been graduated; consequently we who are left are looking forward to some new members this year. Our only entrance requirement is an M earned in one of Milne's sports.

To those who have not yet been awarded a letter—earn one and be welcomed into the Varsity Club!

BURGESS GARRISON, '30, President HARRIMAN SHERMAN, '30, Sec.-Treas.

Milne Graduate Will Receive Try-Out With St. Louis Club

Manton Spaulding, who was graduated from Milne High school in the class of 1928, is to get a try-out with the St. Louis Cardinals of the National League. He will be sent for more experience to the Waynesboro club of the Blue Ridge league, owned by the St. Louis club.

During the past season, Spaulding pitched for the Schuylers of Albany, winning eight games and losing one. Among these victories were two no-hit games and two 2-hit games. Spaulding is the only Milne High school man to get a try-out with a major league team. He was tutored by Coach Rutherford R. Baker and Coach William Morris, of Albany Academy, both of whom cooperated to obtain a trial in the big circuit for the former high school star.

When the teacher asked Rozzie what were some uses of cowhide, he replied, that he thought the most important one was to keep the cow together.



Since this is the first issue of the Crimson and White for this year and our Exchange Department friends are likewise just publishing their earliest numbers, our list is rather limited. However, we sincerely hope that we may have the pleasure of renewing our old Exchange acquaintances of last year and of adding many new friends to our list.

The Torch-Troy Catholic High, Troy, N. Y.

You have a quite complete little magazine, Troy High, but don't you think it would be advisable to have a special section in the book for your advertisements. We like your idea of "Assemblies" very much.

The Tiger Cub-Hastings High School, Hastings, Nebraska

How this exchange department enjoyed your column "Getting Out the Papers Isn't All Fun!" We certainly know that's true.

The Parrot-Castleton on the Hudson

For such a small school, your year book surpasses all we have received. We certainly were amused at Crackers from the Parrot. Let us congratulate you heartily.

The Volcano-Hornell High School, Hornell, N. Y.

Your paper appeals to us because it is filled with interesting events concerning your school and outside activities. Come again and tell us more about Hornell!

Chand Bagh Chronicle—Lucklow, India

Greetings, Chronicle! We certainly are pleased to hear from our friends so far away. Don't you think the Exchange Department is the most interesting of all the school board, when we receive magazines from all over the world, even India? Your stories are more interesting than ever this year, but what we are wondering is, where are your sports, humor and advertising departments?

The Triangle—Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.

Your literary section is well done, but it tends to overwhelm your other departments. We wonder if you couldn't rectify this.

The Hermonite-Mount Hermon, Mass.

Come often, Hermonite! It's a pleasure to read a lively school paper like yours. "Dirt" is especially clever. Somehow, we found only one feature in your literary department. Why not try to enlarge it a little?

Child—Mama, am I descended from a monkey?

Mother—I'm sure I don't know, child, I wasn't well acquainted
with your father's family.

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