

CRIMSON AND WHITE

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THE MILNE SCHOOL, S.U.N.Y., ALBANY, N. Y.

MARCH 29, 1972

Deja Vu

by Jock Anderson

Washington, March 27 — It was learned today through high administration officials that the Milne Student Council has quietly dismissed charges in an antitrust suit which had been filed against the Milne Boys' Athletic Association. Furthermore, it has come to light through a memorandum written by a key MBAA lobbyist that came into this reporter's possession that this lobbyist has been negotiating with the Council about a contribution to support next year's Election Assembly. The offers, which make direct reference to the settlement of the antitrust suit, range in the order of 23¢.

Former Treasurer General Larry Levine has denied all knowledge of any deals, as has President Barker. The lobbyist, whose identity is unknown, is reported to be in the intensive care unit of Nurse MacDowell's office recovering from a sudden attack of pneumoultramicroscopic-silicovolcanoconiosis, a rare tropical disease contracted only when breathing the hot, dust-laden air around erupting volcanoes. However, a pneumoultramicroscopic-silicovolcanoconiosis specialist in Nurse MacDowell's office said that the disease can also be caught breathing the hot, dust-laden air around erupting politicians. He further specified that the lobbyist is in critical condition and can under no circumstances testify before an investigating committee.

The antitrust suit had been filed by a well-known Milne hoop star, protesting the Central Hudson Valley League's controversial reserve clause, which states that a player may play only for the team of the school which he attends. He argued that many of his teammates play for the opposing teams anyway.

National Priority

Washington, March 28—The Congress of the United States passed today by unanimous voice vote a resolution changing this year's April Fool's Day to March 29 instead of April 1. The measure, introduced on the Congress floor by Representative Samuel Stratton, was an amendment to his widely-acclaimed bill causing five national holidays including Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday to fall on Mondays every year regardless of the date. It was thought that the bill, called "essential to our national security posture," was passed in response to the demands of various pressure groups, notably the Editorial Board of the *Crimson and White*, a high school student newspaper based in Albany, New York, who were angry that April 1 is not on a school day this year. President Nixon hailed the new law as "possibly the greatest achievement of my administration," and said that he would promptly veto it as soon as April Fool's Day was over.

So, Happy March 29th Fool's Day, everyone!



President Tim Barker conducting a typical Student Council meeting.

—BULLETIN—

The dreaded disease coolitis, is rapidly spreading throughout the Milne School. Latest reports say that it has reached near epidemic proportions in certain cliques. Somebody afflicted with this disease would show signs of being conceited, obnoxious, having a superiority complex, and an insensitivity toward his fellow students. This disease is most prevalent in the region of Page Auditorium, but can be found anywhere. If you know someone who has this disease, please urge him to take a look at himself and become a member of the human race again.

Freedom at Last

Milne will become an open school next year, according to reliable administration sources. All classes will be dispensed with, as students will work on independent study projects of their choice.

The reasoning behind the program is basically that supervisors are too lazy to spend any time teaching, so they will be allowed to stay home in bed. Asked about the new program, one teacher remarked, "I get paid no matter what those dumb kids do."

Activities Go "Bloom"!

Like the fresh sap rushing back into winter weary trees, a new, more exciting series of programs and activities are due to hit Milne in the Near Future.

The athletic department has been severely affected by the State's budget cut. To prune its costs, for example, the bowling team now practices in the third floor hallway of Milne, but the most innovative programs have evolved in the track program.

The thrifty Mr. Lyons has found it profitable to hire out his runners as couriers and messenger boys and Mr. Lyons told reporters "not only does running along Western Avenue strengthen their lungs, but for extra incentive, they also do their sprints through Arbor Hill."

The stars of this year's track team, too, will be affected by Progressive reform. The lusty Paul Farmer, who left the course in the middle of a race when a girl crossed his path last season, will run in blinders and will be led by the hand when passing the stands, while Wayne "Shoeless Wonder" Elsworth might be persuaded (as a concession to team tradition) to at least put tape on the soles of his feet, thus making him eligible for the new decrepit sneaker contest.

In the field events, the cafeteria has bought the rights to all pigeons speared by the javelin throwers, and a new event this year is the slingshot, inspired by the story of David and Goliath, using a shot and an athletic supporter.

The Junior Varsity track team, however, will run around the field wearing spikes and sacks of grass seed, and the golf and hockey team will systematically squash dandelions to the chant of the cheerleader's rai dance.

Mr. Pruden, the dauntless leader of the Bicycle Club was hit while racing with a VW on the Northway. When asked to comment, Mr. Pruden shook his bandages and said "it'll be assigned as a velocity quiz." Next year's Seniors taking Physics should remember the following figures—25 feet, 62.5 mph, and \$23,000.

In an unprecedented interdepartmental project, the Milne Photography Club has joined the Public Speaking class to study the Techniques of Blackmail. Mr. Mueller's Law class has also participated as counselors for the defense, and a Law student happily exclaimed "Wow! We're actually participating in the Albany court system and everything!"

The newly-formed Ecology Club is learning how to photosynthesize, exhale oxygen, and wring tears from Senators. They have been temporarily disorganized, since their leader was forcibly planted in Washington Park.

Washington Park will also be the scene of the Latin Club project, in which terra-cotta lamps and a Sta-Prest toga will be buried there, thus proving that the Romans also reached America.

—FXP

MILNE AIR POLLUTED

After watching the 6 o'clock "Total Information News" on channel six one night, one of the C&W's loyal reporters became angry and frustrated as weather girl Louise read off the pollution count. "That is irrelevant and immaterial," he cried, "because the air over the TV 6 studio has nothing to do with the air over me or my classmates."

So he set out to take air samples around various places in Milne. Devoted to his cause but lacking TV 6 type of equipment, he vowed to fulfill his quest.

The poor fellow is no longer with us. He faithfully took his samples of air and went home to count the small particles one by one, but one day he made too valiant an effort, braving the smoke of Mr. DeLong's office to try to take a sample. He was found asphyxiated the next morning, but just before he died he had managed to scrawl the number 301,284 on the floor in ashes, using a smoldering cigarette butt as a pencil.

Before the occurrence of this tragedy, this staid worker had taken samples of and counted particles in fully 57 different places around Milne. The reporter found that the air in Milne is to a point where it is endurable only for a limited amount of time, which he calculated to be 959 days. "One day more," he warned fatefully the day before his demise, "and the students will start dropping like flies."

COUNTDOWN

This year's seventh grade entered Milne with six years of the place before them. Since Milne is open 160 days a year, this means that, just as a matter of interest, these students will have attended school for a total of 960 days when they graduate in June, 1977.

Spelling

Spelling is one of the black pages of our school. While we are trying to show legislators and professors how good we are so that we may remain open, our spelling is one of the worst I've ever seen in Albany. Why, the student teachers have to combat the spelling errors before they can even correct and get the meaning out of a composition or test they have in front of them. But, we students are not the only ones who spell wrong, the teachers also make very bad mistakes.

We must be able to express ourselves coherently to be effective in any endeavors we undertake when we become adults. Therefore, I think that a little mor amfasis shud be putte on speling becawse et is atroshe!

—Rolf Schauer

C&W: A STORY FOR OUR TIME

You may have been wondering why the *Crimson and White* has come out so sporadically this year. Some of you (who happen to be more unfeeling than others) assigned this to the idea that the *Crimson and White* editors suffer from sporadically guilty consciences, at which times they bestir themselves and get out an issue. Others of you, more compassionate, assumed that the editors are just naturally lazy people. The wisest of you decided that the editors just wanted to surprise the students by never putting out two issues on the same day of the week. However, all of those rationalizations are incorrect. To illustrate what REALLY goes on behind the C&W scenes, I offer you *The C&W Story: A Parable For Our Times!*

Once upon a time, there were two students in the kingdom of Milne who happened to be editors of the kingdom's venerable newspaper. They were simply boiling with wondrous ideas, and indeed hoped to make their charge a little less venerable and a lot more exciting. At the beginning of Milne's New Year, the editors, prepared to infuse new blood into the paper, called a meeting. And lo! people from all parts of the kingdom, Dwarfs and Senior Citizens, Sportsmen and Wise Men, all came to the meeting. With exceeding joy, the innocent editors assigned articles to one and all.

The day of deadline approached—but no articles did. The editors went up to the various writers of their staff, puzzled. Said one to a Dwarf as she skittered through the hall, "Prithee, where is thy article?" The Dwarf screeched to a halt and unplugged the transistor radio from her ear long enough to say, "By the way, what am I supposed to be writing about?" Then off she scampered again.

The other editor was faring no better. He stopped a Wise Man who was trekking up the stairs, face hidden in a book of mystical lore. "I beg of thee, where is thy article?" he asked. The Wise Man, without lifting his face from the book, (indeed, without skipping a single word of his discourse), replied, "Fear not; for I am working on the eighth draft, with the aid of only five library books. It should be complete in two weeks. Of course," he added pleasantly, "if you will have no use for it then, that's all right; I'm thinking of having it published in book form."

Nor did the Sportsman have his article. When one of the editors caught him as he jogged through the hall, bouncing a basketball and spouting statistics in mournful tones, all he had to say as he jogged in place was, "Can't I do a different article? Sports this year is a real bore; lose, lose, lose. Why can't I do something on . . . on . . . sex education in nursery schools; or that new film festival in Urdu, Greek and Sanskrit . . . or . . ." and mumbling to himself he jogged away.

Another Wise Man had not had the time to write his because he was busy contacting tribesmen in darkest Africa by way of his ham radio set. And so it went. The editors of the newspaper had no articles! One of the editors went into shock and had to be carried off to the Golden Circle Lounge, where he lies still, dreaming silly dreams of six-page newspapers (see photo). The other has so shrunk in size that she passes through Milne like a shadow, whimpering and babbling about 34-space margins. As for the paper, no one knows who is really responsible for it today; very likely it is a figment of your imaginations.

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Publisher.....Jon Guttenberg

Staff: Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Jack

Andersen, James Reston, and a

bunch of seventh graders.

Special Advisor.....Henry Kissinger

Mini-Mester Courses Revised!

Many students have complained about the courses to be offered for Milne's first Mini-Mester, and the fact that they were not consulted when the courses were first drawn up. Also, it seems that many teachers did not have much of a say in the course plans either, and have decided that they'd rather "let it all hang out" and teach something interesting for a change. Therefore, a new committee consisting of six faculty members and twenty-six Seniors (who prefer to remain anonymous) has met and agreed on an entirely different set of courses, here listed according to the teacher who will be involved:

Mr. Bowler: Walking down the long aisles of Page Hall; the complete guide.

Mr. DeLong: How to be cheerful in class. Mr. DeLong's lone experience in this field is his best recommendation.

Miss Dunn: Grammar.

Mrs. Dupuis: Canabalism. A banquet will be given at the course's end; whoever is interested in lending a hand, please stop in at the Home Ec Room after school one day.

Mr. Kraus: Methods of Teaching—the Student as Vegetable. No preparation necessary.

Mr. Lamanna: Italian Studies, with special emphasis on the Mafia. Learning by doing will be stressed; students will put "contracts" out on undesirables among themselves and the faculty. Immunity from prosecution will be guaranteed by Mr. Lamanna and his "friends."

Mr. Lewis: How to live your life without changing the expression on your face more than once or twice. A three-day segment of the course will be devoted to chin-rubbing. A possible alternate; how to annoy politicians, teachers, administrators, etc., with importunate letters every time they turn around.

Mr. Neiderberger: Third world. Also, fourth world, fifth world, sixth, etc. Prerequisite: students must be able to count.

Mrs. Peters: An investigation into the stimulation of sports. The boys are invited.

Mr. Pruden: Long-distance bi-



Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

With all the talk going on these days about liberation, you people have all failed to recognize one of the most oppressed minorities there is. We are chased, laughed at, and grossly underpaid, perhaps receiving no more than a carrot or two for the whole season's work. If you haven't yet guessed it, I represent the Federation of Unified Rabbits, or F.U.R., for short.

The first thing I'd like to ask you people is how you got us poor rabbits involved in this whole Easter business in the first place. Did Jesus ever paint eggs? You bet my cotton tail he didn't. Why, I'll wager he never even saw a rabbit in his life.

And how did eggs get associated with us anyhow? Geez, I mean, I never knew a rabbit, or even a hare, for that matter, in my entire life who ever layed an egg. So why pick on us?

But hopping on to the present, I'd like to register a complaint about our working conditions. Did you ever try to visit every house in the world between dusk and dawn of a single evening without making any noise? Did you ever even try to drive a twenty ton truck full of eggs without breaking any? Well, that's what you make me do, and I'm only a foot-and-a-half long!

Finally, the degradation of our job would make your ears spin. If there's one thing a decent, self-respecting rabbit can't stand to be called all the time, it's "bunny." I mean, how would you like it if we started calling you all "bubbaleh"? You wouldn't like it one bit, by whiskers!

That's all I've got to say, I guess. Please try to have just a hare more consideration for us this Easter, will you? —P. Cottontail

Dear C&W,

I really got uptight when I read that article written by Libby Derico putting down A.M. radio. I

cycling. An excursion to Asia is planned. (We tried to tell him that he could not possibly get past San Francisco without a boat or plane, but he just laughed.)

Mrs. Schrader: Advanced Quantum Mechanics and Other Puzzles.

Mr. Smith and Miss O'Conner: In keeping with good Milne tradition, the French Department has decided instead of bothering to go to France,

think the music they play on stations like WPTR and WTRY is a real groove and something you can really get into.

I took Libby's suggestion and I tried listening to WRPI for one day. All I can say is that it was a real bad scene.

To start things off, they played 5 straight hours of this horrible classical noise. I won't even bother calling it music.

After that, they played something called blue music. At first, I thought it was soul music, but it couldn't have been because they didn't play anybody good like Sly or the Stylistics. All it was were these black guys playing guitars and singing something about their baby being blue. The worst part about it was that you couldn't even dance to it.

To top it all off, they had this show called "Mostly Folk"—if you could even call it folk music. They played all this country junk and these corny English and Early American folk ballads. The sad thing is that they really thought that they were playing folk music. Haven't they ever heard of the real heavy folk people, like Cat Stevens and David Cassidy?

At this point, I was so hard up to hear some real music that I turned my transistor back to the good old A.M. dial. You have no idea how good it feels for J. W. Wagner to lay some heavy sounds on you after listening to that garbage all day.

The ultimate hassle is the way Miss Derrico put down the king of the airwaves, Boom Boom Branigan. I had the Boomer at my Bar-Mitzvah party and he was real boss.

To end my article, I'd just like to ask the readers of this paper to listen to stations like Wipter and WTRY and hear the music of the beautiful people.

Right on and Peace man.

—A Milne Member of the Now Generation

to bring France here. Inquiries are being made to Georges Pompidou and to the Ace Trucking Company.

Mr. Spielman: Models of Man, Part Three: Sociological Manifestations of Seniorities. No one is expected to show up.

(Clip out this article, please; the administration can't afford to print up another fancy booklet.)