MILLIE STUDENTS TO BOARD ROBERT FULTON TOMORROW FOR KINGSTON EXCURSION

The "ROBERT FULTON", steamer of the Hudson River Dayline Company will leave Albany tomorrow morning, June 10, with all Millites aboard bound on the annual excursion to Kingston Point.

Dr. Sayles stated on Wednesday that no one may leave Kingston Point during the brief hour and a half that Millites will be there, for a trip to Roundout and Kingston Point. The return trip will be on board the "ALEX ANDRE-MAHONEY", which will dock in Albany at six o'clock.

Chaperones for the occasion will be Miss Ida Beadesky, Miss Margaret Betz, Miss Naomi Hannay, and Mr. Daniel Snader.

FOOTBALL TO ENTER MILNE WITH BATES AS MANAGER

"Six man football will become an additional sport in Milne next fall, if present plans mature," Arthur Bates, manager of the organization of such a team, announced Wednesday.

Central Hudson Valley Football League for high schools is composed of six teams. One team has recently resigned, leaving a place for Milne. "Dr. Sayles is wholeheartedly behind us in the attempt to form such a team," Bates stated. "As yet, however, plans are very indefinite, as expenses connected with a team and finding a coach are still problems that we must solve." (Cont'd in column 3)

BATES TO RECEIVE VOTE FOR MILNE NINTH-GRADER

Final tabulation of votes in the Senior High Student Council elections on Wednesday afternoon revealed Arthur Bates as president for 1939-1940. Bates and his campaign manager, Alfred Metz, stated in assembly on Wednesday at one-thirty o'clock that the nominee would endeavor to introduce three new policies into Milne. He would enable the ninth grade to vote for Senior High Council president, establish a point system making it necessary that positions of authority in Milne be more evenly distributed, and secure more advertising for all Milne games.

Following Dr. Sayles' speech on the "Positive Side of Living" yesterday, Ben Douglas, 1938-39 president of the Student Council, introduced the candidates and their campaign managers. They were respectively: Arthur Bates, Al Metz; John Fink, Edward Sternfeld; Gifford Lantz, Robert Gale, and Armon Livermore, Robert Wheeler.

(Cont'd from column 1)

Practice for the season will, of necessity, start some time before school begins in the fall. Others on the committee with Bates are John Pink, Russell Jones, Gifford Lantz, and Robert Galo, and Armon Livermore, Robert Wheeler.

(Cont'd in column 3)

SENIORS RECEIVE SHIELDS

Miss Katherine Wheeling, in behalf of the present staff of the Crimson and White, presented Betty Harden, Charles Sanderson, and Herbert Marx with felt shields, bearing the inscription, "B" and "W" and a quill inscrip-
tion in appreciation of their fine work in journalism. The presentation was made in the joint assembly on Wednesday.

DEDICATION

This, the final issue of the Crimson and White of the year, is fondly dedicated to the Class of 1939, in appreciation of the high standards of scholarship and sportsmanship they have set for us, the undergraduates.
EMERICH DISPLAYS WORKS

Robert Emerich, '37, is displaying samples of art works done during his two years at Syracuse University. Emerich set up the exhibit on Tuesday in the art room where it will be until Monday. The display is composed of 36 pieces, five of which are valuable oil paintings; others, charcoal drawings.

The Sigma outing resulted in many cases of sunburn, but all who attended agreed that the good time had at White Beach last Saturday was worth the burns.

The incoming officers took their oath on Tuesday. They were sworn in by Janet Jansing, retiring president.

Dr. Stephen M. James, pastor of the First Reformed Church in Albany will deliver the commencement address.

The ball will take place in the Milno library after the Class Night exercises. The library will be decorated with palms.

This year's class song to be sung by the departing seniors on Class Night was composed, both words and music, by members of the senior class. Joseph Loden composed the music, and Miriam Freund, Janet Clark, Ruth Selkirk, and Joseph Loden wrote the words.
Once upon a time there was a certain State College Senior who helped all the Crimson and White Staff for two years. This being her last year around Milne, we would like to review her activities during this last year; Taught Senior English first semester, Editor of the College News, advising the staff on journalistic techniques, and teaching the Monday morning journalism class.

Of course, the staff knows who the person referred to above is, but for you readers, it is Miss Jean Strong, our most capable instructor.

Another school year has ended. Another Senior class has gone from our midst; that is the routine which school years bring. Just another Senior class, perhaps, to the faculty and the school, but the important Senior class to the student group who compose it.

For after all, they are not just another Senior class to themselves. This commencement to them is one of the important occasions of living. A finish of years of one kind of life; a beginning of many years of an entirely different kind of life.

If we wish to be a little sad about this occasion, it probably is the last time that all of you will be together; but you in good cheer over the occasion might ask yourselves with a rather thorough analysis concerning the positive qualities of each one; which one of those traits we can and will use for ourselves. For if this is a commencement, it must need some analysis of what is to follow, and if success is to come, the future primarily demands positive assets with which to carry on.

And so each of you must assemble, one by one, those qualities which become inherent in your character in order that "no leaness may appear in the years to come." Make haste slowly, and "be not too eager to reach your destination."

JOURNALISM CLASS

The term "Journalism Class" has appeared on the masthead for the reporters and others who were left off. The reason for this is that there was not enough room. Listed below are the members of the Journalism Class.

During the last school year, the Crimson and White Literary Reviewers Committee has printed a report on the following books:

- With Malice Toward Some by Margaret Balsey
- Androcles and The Lion by G.B. Shaw
- The Heirs Come by Louis Bromfield
- My Son, My Son by Howard Spring
- Action At Al-Aquila by Henry Allen
- The Patriot by Pearl S. Buck
- Daily-Except Sundays by Edward Streeter
- Rebecca by Daphne Du Maurier

Rebecca proved our favorite in the fiction list with My Son, My Son running a close second. In the non-fiction Daily-Except Sundays was preferred by the committee beating With Malice Toward Some by a very close few votes.

We, of the committee, recommend any of these reviewed books for pleasurable reading during the summer.

GOSSIPONIA

Dr. Reginald Gluck, the noted psychologist from California, has issued a warning to high schools and the general public, regarding the widespread plague gossiponia. Gossiponia is a disease which is prevalent in school assemblies, inviolate homeroom periods and in study halls. The word is derived from the English word "gossip" and denotes excessive babbling about little things.

The doctor stated that there are three types of this malady. The first and mildest of these is called note-writing and is caused by sitting too close to too many close friends. The second and medium stage of this is very disgusting to the bystander, for it consists of a hoarse whisper and series of giggles. The third stage occurs as a result of the first two and is manifested in constant conversation with all and sundry. An example of this can be found any day in the study hall when the librarian is deeply engrossed in a bit of the higher literature.

The only cure, which is often only temporary, comes when one is publicly reprimanded in the library. In conclusion, the doctor pointed out that the affliction is not new to the race, but had been observed back in the puritan days, when the somewhat drastic cure was a fling on the docking stool in icy water.

IVY FOR MEMORIES

It seems fitting in this last issue of the Crimson and White this year that we call to mind the significance of the ivy which clings to the walls of Milne, and from which the Bricks and Ivy, the yearbook, derives its name. Why, because ivy signifies remembrance.

What will this year's Seniors remember above all else about Milne? The faculty to whom all Milmites have always turned with their most perplexing problems. The principal and supervisors never failed to have some word of encouragement. Nor will Seniors, or any of us, fail to remember the numerous times that supervisors entered the classroom when we didn't know our lessons.

Remember the student teachers? Yes indeed, for they are the ones who have striven through the years to employ patience and tact when Joe Milnite takes pleasure in expressing his opinions on various and sundry themes.

Nor could a 1939 Senior fail to remember his undergrads. There are the Juniors, who are beginning to catch a glimpse into the cultural world of the Seniors. Next come the Sophomores, promising young people, who look forward to that glorious day when they shall take the place of the Seniors they idolize.

We could go much further - but - Ivy for remembrance! What other fond and happy memories there are!

The entire staff of the Crimson and White wish that all students have pleasant and enjoyable summer free from summer school and thought of any text books or 9 o'clock tardy bells.
SPORT SPOTLIGHT
FOCUSED BY "RIPPER"

The last sport star to grace our column is Guy Nathaniel Childs, of 490 Western Avenue.

Guy, although last in this column, is most certainly not least. He towers six feet three inches and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds.

Guy has played a sensational game of Basketball as the Center. Being a junior he will be able to serve one more year on the Crimson and White Quintet.

On the Baseball field Guy has the position of an outfielder. He has not only played in the field as he has turned in some very good pitching.

Guy with his hazel eyes and towering height is a member of Theta-Nu and has as his hobby the popular art of Photography.

Childs agrees with "Johnny" Pink that the Cincinnati Reds is the team to bet on in the National League. In Will Hening's league, however, he would like to see the Cleveland Indians come out on top, and Guy exclaims, "They may—in 1945."

In the football scores Guy is a Gerry man, but is undecided as to where he would like to finish his education. He believes it will be some coeducational university.

Now the Spotlight dims and goes with the Crimson and White as it publishes its last edition. "Ripper" wishes all the readers of this column a happy and athletic summer.

MILNE GIRLS VARSITY HAVE MEDIOCRE SEASON

This year the Girls Varsity Basketball team played with Mount Pleasant, Bethlehem Central, Saint Agnes and the Alumni. They were only led by Captain Kay Newton, who was high scorer for the season with a total score of 46 points. Virginia Nichols, left forward, followed with a score of 38 points.

In the games with Mount Pleasant, Milne was the victor who crushed both games with respective scores of 32-18 and 18-7.

Milne's encounter with Saint Agnes was hindered by our default of letting the ball reach the hands of their center forward Sally Coughlan. Also their guards did an excellent job of blocking, causing Milne to render to a score of 2-5.

Another defeat was handed the Crimson net-men by C.B.A. on Washington Park Courts to the tune of 6-0.

Then, on the day after the defeat by C.B.A., Milne took Beneselaer in a return engagement on Washington Courts by a 4-2 margin.

In the final contest, to the date of this article, Milne lost, by a decimal count, in a match against Albany High School. The final score was 5-2.

Highlights of the season so far have been the steady playing of the Captain, Earl Goodrich, who has won four out of six single matches; George Scoville's eight aces in the last set of his single match with the number two man of V.I.; as well as the defeat of Darcy and Brown of Beneselaer by Captain Goodrich and George Scoville.

(Taken from column one)

ENCOUNTER GREAT INTEREST IS ARISEN

Milne, although in the game and fighting with all their might, was not able to overthrow the exceptional team this year. In the two encounters the final score was 46-14.

The Varsity had practice each Monday night through the winter season and on one of these nights the team played hostesses to a few Milnites who are now finishing work but agreed to return to play a basketball game with the present team. Most of the ace players were there including last year's Captain Louise Hueshi. Both sides did their best but the final score was a tie of 10-10, which made the teams leave with no hard feelings.

(Continued from column two)
Although most students who attended Milne for one year were well started in the constantly turning cycle of sports, there entered Milne a person, in the eighth grade, who throughout her five years has raised her name high in sports.

Each year as the teams progressed from Soccer, Hockey, to Basketball, Tennis and Baseball, it is without doubt that Ruth Rasy was present. Her patience, determination and loyalty to the team made her one of their "Ace" players. Ruth's true accomplishments in this field are as follows: member of the Varsity Hockey team, Varsity Basketball team and is now Captain of the Girls' Tennis Team.

Throughout the past year she has guided the Girls' Athletic Council to great heights.

Ruth is also a member of Zeta Sigma Literary Society.

Although "Rasy" is a very good athletic person she is going to let conscience be her guide and take a Home Economics course at Cornell University.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BASEBALL SEASON

This year the Baseball team played a hard schedule with exceedingly tough luck. The spirit was great even to the end when Milne came out on the short end of a 2-5 count.

Extremely wet weather before the season opened, cut the schedule to seven games. It also put Milne at a disadvantage because Milne was unable to practice outdoors, and had to compete with teams which had good facilities for indoor practice.

On the opening game with Rensselaer we were defeated 4-0. The fact that Milne had had, at that point, very little batting practice, enabled Rensselaer's star pitcher Childrose to strike out twelve and blank Milne.

The next contest was with Albany High School. A vastly improved Milne nine took a very close defeat from a really tough team. This game's outstanding feature was a home-run by cleanup batter, Johnny Fink, and blank Milne.

In the next game Milne gained its first victory from Phillip Schuyler. Don Giesel, who pitched, really won his own ball game as he struck out eleven men as well as bringing in a homerun with one man on base, to bring the winning runs.

The Milne boys' luck changed again as they met Rensselaer. The final score was three to two. Guy Childs pitched un- (Continued from column one)
The majority of concrete, not cement, things have signs. For instance, there are signs along the roadside, rent and for sale signs, weather signs, (dark clouds indicating the possibility of rain, a sheer sky meaning fair weather, etc.) signs a girl is dealing for you, society signatutae, if you have no imagination) and so on.

Milnitees offer the combined signs listed above plus several others.

Momentarily dealing with the weather, as indicated by students, observations are thrust at you. Spring, having been the most recent season encountered, will be discussed first.

One of the first signs of spring is the increasing popularity of brush cuts (Hax Simpson's for example). These, of course, add much to the young master's comfort, but unless he has plenty of "it", not meaning the haircut, the severe clipping may tend to detract from his movie-star appearance.

No one in Milnie wears a hat any more often than is necessary, but another significant factor is the debut of straw hats. These "visible outside of a fish market". The first one is usually worn by some young dapper early in May.

Ankle socks can no longer be considered heralders of sweet spring since it's the vogue to wear them all year. At least, one does change to dainty cottons.

Having gone from head to foot, it might be well to continue for a while at this lower altitude.

After a long winter's hile. (Cont. in next column)

As the temperature soars, neckties, vests and coats stay at home. The Milne men take it easy as they pour over their review books and notations at the last moment.

How about the signs of fall. Everybody looks grateful for the privilege of coming back to school to rest up after the strenuous summer vacation.

One of the most noticeable things is the scarcity of new brush cuts. Saddle shoes are still the favorite foot garb, and wool socks are again shown. Suede jackets are the thing, but extra-unusual sweaters will do.

Immediately following the first snow fall, even if it's just frozen mist, all of the proud possessors of ski boots begin to wear their heavy outfits and stare moodily at scattered snow flakes.

Stark terror seizes the heart of many a Milnite as he realizes that mid-term exams are near. Extra conferences keep the halls filled until Jim says, "Four o'clock!"

Everybody can tell when spring is nearing. That dreamy look comes into all eyes and the supervisors questions are answered with "Oh-a, pardon me, I--a guess I didn't hear."

That brings us right back where we started. Time to sign off.
The witty caption of this column was explained in a previous issue, but if you've forgotten, it leads you on to things which have "gone before".

The Travel Hop:
"Whispering Willie" Pastille evidently was so engrossed in his conversation with Harriet Hiley, that he forgot to attend the Junior dance—the primary purpose of the date, too.

Ye olde shuffler, Bob Cooke, was one of the best advertisement makers, meaning that he travelled around considerably. Kay Newton, his partner, and an energetic one, too, came dressed as a petite Dutch gal, wooden shoes and all.

Nobody could possibly know who escorted Bette Tincher—Johnny Fink, whose ideal has been Miss Tincher for quite some time, was the fortunate homme. Dollars to doughnuts, a certain trio had a pretty good time; too bad one of them nearly fell down the stairs.

By the way, does anyone know how the fellows from Pratt gained entrance to the dance?

Al Hatz, one of our most fleet-footed Juniors, again disappointed several young lasses by refraining from dancing.

Stanley Edison, "the adorable one with the curly hair" (taken from a locker-room description) was a hit Tuesday night, that is, if nearly falling asleep expresses happiness.

Our swell next-door neighbor took me for a ride in the afternoon; we rode and rode, and after awhile, we came to a lake. Lotsa coolie water in swimming, and some were playing on grass. I watched them and thought it was all due to suburbia, I learned next morning in the local paper. That's all, but I trust they were all having a good time!

Judging from the queer-looking crowd that appeared in school the next day, these seniors weren't the only ones who took advantage of the beautiful day. Estelle Bilge, who really looked bad, attributed it all to her southern vacation and the glorious sailboats which the Staten Islanders possess. Says Estelle, "The sunburn was rather painful, until I used some of my own newly-formulated oil; it's so wonderful, I think I'll take out a patent on it."

The Sigma gals got up an extra lot of pep for their outing. If any of them looked a bit redder, it was all because of this. "Bris" Milbr, who really goes for horses, went for a pony ride in shorts; she's a bit bruised, but happy.

Ger, I don't seem to have done my job very well because I haven't covered all my points, but there isn't any more room on my observation sheet. That's all, but I shall be back next fall.

Have a swell vacation.

Dashe
As the Earth Turns, in Milne or
What's Happened This Year?

Summer-housecleaning has been taking place; rummaging through the files of the Crimson and White, a sly glance at the various issues brings forth a, "I had a wonderful time at that dance" or "Gee, I'd forgotten that!" If anyone is of the opinion that this has been a dull year, the following may possibly serve as a contradictory reminder.

Milne opened with a bang, or rather a chatter, one bright Monday morning in the last part of September. The best part of the morning was spent in making out schedules, three sets, no less, writing down the tricky titles of the new textbooks, and getting acquainted with the new supervisors. It was impossible to overlook the surging crowd of seventh graders (getting smaller every year) who innocently asked their way to homerooms, the co-op, the annex, and some, the way out of doors.

After a week of recalling the experiences of so-and-so, the Milne students lapsed into the routine of work, at least the work connected with the Fall Reception. Soon light-hearted sophomore girls could be seen waving small white letters--invitations to a society rush. Meanwhile, the boys, inclined to a more rapid procedure, had tapped, initiated and resuscitated the first few whom they took into their society.

Class rings, both Junior and Senior took a boy among the favored pieces of jewelry.

The Penguin Promenade, our first "big thing" of the year, was sponsored by the boys' societies. All of the lads put their hearts into the formal, and really made it something.

Drum! Open house was held just before vacation; the dramatics club contributed its bit to the seasonal entertainment by keeping everyone baffled with the mystery of the dead canary.

A delightedly long Christmas vacation offered lazy mornings in which to snooze and to lose the haggard looks which were beginning to show on some faces. Incidentally, no one had to worry about taking the shine off the new ski-boots or scratching prize skis, because the snow simply forgot to fall.

Excitement was great at the basketball games; our cute cheerleaders brought on enthusiastic cheers and yells, and nearly everyone went home with a voice unrecognizable by all except mother.

Announcements were posted concerning the ski club meets, but the weatherman continued to be stubborn.

(Continued from col. 1)

In view of the fact that money is usually useful, the Senior class decided to have a Winter Storm. Joe Milnite made an almost personal appearance at any move, he loaned his next-to-best clothes to the Seniors who displayed them in the center of the floor. The nickle-odden smashed all of its records--not musical ones, by not stopping once.

Plans were being formulated for the second Senior High dance, a rather "fishy" affair since the gym was decorated like an aquarium, full of fish.

The Semester Shudders and Shivers were suddenly upon us! Exams! Who knows what, anyway!? Not helping matters any, but the golf course was covered with inches of the most wonderful snow this side of the North Pole. The halls echoed with the dying clomp of ski boots as the early finishers rushed off the practice fancy turns and jumps.

Going definitely southern, the Hawaiian prom was a delight. The Commons was filled to capacity, too.

On the brink of another vacation, the two sports clubs arranged the HIT-GAC. A swell job was done on the decorations, and many a couple argued whether fir, spruce or hemlock made the woodsly background (it was pine).

Easter vacation was cold, but not too too bad. Plenty took advantage of the opportunity to sleep!!

The Senior girls began to appear with sparkling keys dangling around their necks. (Not only girls' but boys' societies keys, naturally!)

The gala Q.T.S.A. was the last big dance of the year to which all Senior High members were eligible. Jim Jansing was crowned as our lovely queen, a new thrill for a Milnite, but a procedure which this year's class hopes to establish as tradition.

The inexhaustible Juniors staged a successful Travel Hop. Again the nickle-odden was employed and it kept its good record.

Yet to come are outings, the excursion, Class Night, the Senior Ball, and last, but far from least, Commencement.

Who thought this was a dull year?
WHEN SENIORS LEAVE US

When Milne closes shop this year,
The latter part of June,
The class of '39 will leave,
Singing its Senior tune.

And when Milne opens up,
The early part of fall,
We'll miss the Seniors' friendly ways
Of chattering in the hall.

Oh school just won't seem right
Without little Ducky Dey,
Whose kindly sense of humor
The largest scale can't weigh.

Dick Paland will be going, too,
Our mighty basketeer,
Golly, we just wish he'd stay
With us another year.

And nothing can compare to Ben
Our mighty president,
Who did as well as any could
Our school to represent.

And there's more than Sigma-litetedismus,
Janet Jansing, our queen,
For on her downright friendly aid
We won a time did lean.

One of the finest on the team this year
Was poppy Willie French,
And if the others followed him
Our team would need no bench.

And Quin will miss its Millie,
The girl with the loving heart.
It makes us grieve so very much
To see her soon depart.

Then there is lovely Dottie,
The Shattuck's little girl,
Who for her sense of humor
Is fine as any pearl.

One of our kindly Seniors
Is jolly Joanie Best,
Whom we have noted through the years
To be "one of the best."

There's a girl named Betty Barden,
Who did so much for school,
Her diligence in everything
Denotes her as a jewel.

This year there leaves with the Seniors
A fellow we call "Don."
And we other than Theta-Mu
Will miss him when he's gone.

Another leaving us this year
Is one we hate to see depart,
For Ginny Nichols gave us much
Including her talent in art.

If only there were just one other
Of an Eclipsymer - like Liz,
Who always was the best one
Our hearts with sport to fill.

Among our friends at Milne
We find one Janet Clark,
Whose initiave as we have known
Will in our world make mark.

Though Helen Ehman is rather shy
She always did her bit,
With nimble fingers and skillfulness
To make our paper a hit.

It just won't seem like Milne
When there is no more Selm,
For Walt just rated tops with all,
And all the time.

Although we know there is no hope
Or having Posy "flunk,"
We wish Miss Fournier would stay with us,
Without her we'll be sunk.

When we had need of someone
Who would give for Milne his all,
We always found it true
"Fletch" would answer call.

Of all the dark-haired lassies
That for Milne repute have won
We'll always remember Una
For she was the leading one.

Next year we'll miss the red curls
Of charming Nancy Glass,
Who always could be depended on
To liven up the class.

And we have grown to know
That always cheerful Len,
Considerate, kindly Len Benjamin
Rides high among Milne's best men.

"Personality plus" is what
They say of Bette,
And for all that "Finch" has given
We'll always be in debt.

Althouch Ginny Mitchell is quiet
We've noticed when on a fence,
She's always the one to offer advice,
The essence of good common sense.

We always new Jean Layman's opinion
As firm as any rock.
For she always offered a willing hand
In bringing our social ship to dock.

Though next year there will still be
Tall people in our group,
We'll never find one half so nice
As friendly Ruthie Han.

Why must we lose George Scovill,
That carrot-headed lad?
For putting with this lanky man
Makes us feel downright bad.

(Continued on next page)
(Continued from preceding page)

A dart of gladness has come each day,
As though someone were shootin';
And now we've found those shots to be
By that genial sport, Eddy Newton.

We've always felt that one adjective
Described Milne's "Manie" Grace.
And we are sure you too agree
She's a lady of true grace.

Next year it won't seem right,
Without that Jordan sailin'.
And with twinkling toes,
Gee, can't she stay a while?

Although we never got to know
Dot Leonard very well,
Her loyalty to all Milne things
Is more than we can tell.

Joyce Murdock is the greatest fun,
And has a swell sense of humor.
That we will miss her very much
More than just good humor.

All within and without school
Love and admire "Ruthie."
For Salukis' activeness in all things
Has made Milne noted for youth.

And there's the man to us
Who's always known as "Dick,
It's Ed, you know, and it's the truth
Through thick and thin he'll stick.

Oh Gardner is a dandy guy
From all of us call "Skee".
And when we needed clever hands
He was always on the job.

Another of our lusty Seniors,
Nice as well as tall,
Is Ira Moore, whose face we'll miss
When passing through the hall.

Because of being a swell guy,
We'll always remember Joe.
But, goal, we certainly hate to see,
That Lodden music go.

He's loads of fun, and a good sport too,
Our little Walter Plummer.
And wouldn't it be just swell
If his absence were only for summer?

"Markey" Sherman, that cute little gal
Is epic of the Senior class;
And we'll miss her personality
When from our doors she will pass.

We'll always think of Esther
As the girl with the musical fingers;
And even though she will leave,
Her music ever lingers.

And now, to all you Seniors,
We bid a fond adieu
From all your fellow Minites
The best of luck to you.

(Continued from preceding page)

ON BOARD SHIP

Ship — sailors — ahoy! The End." River Day Line's fastest ship (we don't know which one yet) leaves anchor promptly between 9:00 and 9:30 A.M.

Do's and Don'ts on the Boat

First of all, do have your tickets when you get on the boat at Albany. It's also advisable to have a fragment of one when boarding the herculean bound vessel at Kingston Point. This is just in case the ticket-taker doesn't appreciate your tale of woe and threatens to make you walk home.

Once on the boat, try all the types of chairs and decide which one is best to leave your lunch on. Then, go down to the cafeteria and find out what the menu is; not that you intend to buy anything—just for the satisfaction of knowing what you could buy.

Walk up to the upper deck to see what the top of a ship looks like and wander over to the orchestra pit and decide whether the players are the same as last year's and if the drummer's mustache is as cute as it was last year.

Enroute to the boiler room, stop for a drink of water. By all means, resist the temptation to accidentally let any of it splash over the side of the cup and find its way to someone's lapel. This is very tricky and will keep your attention for all of two minutes.

After that, settle down to really enjoy yourself. Sample some of your sandwiches. It's always interesting to have a small debate with a few friends on whether it's best to eat all of your lunch on the boat or save it to nibble on at Kingston.

If you have been sitting still for about five minutes, leave your chair, and depart in search of some pals. It's very effective if about ten link arms and move from one deck to another. This tends to hold up traffic, but don't let a little thing like that bother you.

The cameras usually come into full action the second hour. Remind her to keep a sweet smile on all the time; the camera holds are always hoping to catch you in an unbecoming pose.

Nobody needs to be told that Kingston Point offers a wonderful place to play a vigorous game of ball or discover a new wildflower about which everybody else already knows.

The bridge looks pretty good to us again, and we guarantee that if you follow this simple program plus a few of your own ideas, you will be duly tired at night.
The following are short "biographies or personales in the lives of the seniors, which they wish were forgotten. The facts were compiled for the feature writers by the 'Past Bug Up or Replanted Defective Agency'.

Everyone knows Betty, they must, for she is the girl whose name sat atop the masthead of this paper this year. Betty is the same girl, who said "Good is not good enough if it is good, in order to be good it must be good not good." She was in a constant effort to steer the Crimson and White to Greater Heights and always had a helping hand for those who might need it. Miss Barden was a Countess out of Russia in the first revolution. She came to America on a cattle boat; it was there that she met that bug who writes about.

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The second senior on this goodly staff was the senior associate editor, Charles Sanderson, better known to his close friends as 'bonny'. Sanderson was born in the foot hills west of Loudonville—the only son of a full blooded 'Chippascan' Indian. In his early life he was referred to as Little Chief Long Muscle because of his great ambitions to become a great wrestler. If it was just a snap of his wrist, in fact he would jump anything from a wild door to the swiftest hou...
MILNE-38, 39

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REGENTS EXAMINATIONS

IN CASE OF CONFLICT, SEE BOTH SUPERVISORS INVOLVED AT ONCE

A.M. 9:15 - 12:15  
P.M. 1:15 - 4:15

Monday, June 19

History B - 28 Richardson  
History C - 23 Richardson  
Typewriting - 235 (and at other times as arranged by Dr. Kinsella)

Economics - 230  
French II - 224, 225, 227, 228, 233  
Latin II - 130, 135

Tuesday, June 20

Business Arithmetic - 230  
English IV - Little Theatre, 233  
Plane Geometry - 320, 321, 324, 329, 333

Chemistry - 227, 228  
Physics - 320, 321  
Shorthand II - 235

Wednesday, June 21

Bookkeeping II - 230  
Intermediate Algebra - 320, 321, 329

French III - Little Theatre  
Latin III - 333

Thursday, June 22

Business Law - 280  
History A - 26 Richardson  
Solid Geometry - 128  
Trigonometry - 128

English III - Little Theatre, 228  
Latin IV - 333

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

Monday, June 19

Elementary biology - 250 Husted  
General Science - 250 Husted

Home Economic courses - 836

Tuesday, June 20

Ninth grade mathematics - (all sections) - 127, 128, 129, 130, 135

Bookkeeping I - 230

Wednesday, June 21

French I - 128, 129, 130, 135  
Economic Geography II - 230  
Typewriting special - 235

Thursday, June 22

Introduction to business - 333  
Shorthand - 235

Friday, June 16 - Senior art class examination
TIME OUT FOR VACATION
WHERE THE SUPERVISORS WILL SPEND THE SUMMER

ON A FARM
MISS HANNAY?

A TRIP TO MEXICO CITY
DR. KINSELLA?

STUDY ALL SUMMER
EMMA BESDENBEY?

TEACHING SUMMER SCHOOLS
MR. SANDER?
MISS HAYE?
MISS WHEELING?

A VACATION TO MAINE
MISS JOHNSON?

ADIRONDACK MTS
DR. SAYLES?

CAPE COD
MR. SANDERS?

TENNESSEE
MRS. CLAYTON?

MEXICO CITY
GULF OF MEXICO
TEXAS
MEXICO
MISSOURI
AND THE WEST
EMMA FAYTON?

ENGLISH DEPT.
UNDECIDED
EMMA CONKLIN?

VACATION LAND
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VALENCIA

MUSIC CLUB
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CRIMSON AND WHITE ARE SUPPLEMENT
VOLUME IX, NUMBER 25 [15]
JUNE 9, 1939