Friday night the Milne girls presented the Annual Antics, which consisted of the Grand March, tumbling, and dances which were given to the tunes of the Skaters' Waltz, Goral Dance, Russian Dance, and the Loure.

The Senior High Championship Basketball game, between the Seniors and the Juniors, was the main event of the evening. It resulted in a victory for the Seniors by a 23-12 win.

The lineup for the Senior team was: forwards, V. Nichols, K. Newton, D. Welsh; guards, R. Rasp, J. Murdick, L. Eclorshayer; subs, V. Jordan, R. Selkirk, D. Shuttenk, D. Roy, and J. Graco.

The lineup for the Junior team was: forwards, A. Beik, A. Lazarus, J. Turches; guards, D. Mochrie, B. Thompson, J. Vodder; subs, B. Mann and N. Frytag.

There also was played the Junior Championship game, between the Freshmen and the Sophonores, the latter coming out on top.

**QUINT MAKES PLANS FOR SPRING BANQUET**

The Quintillian Literary Society will sponsor its annual banquet this evening at 6:30 o'clock at Jack's Restaurant.

Katherine Nevton, mistress of ceremonies, has planned a short program to follow the dinner. Florence Herber will entertain with a few readings. The society's officers will speak, and John Ickwe, vice-president, will present the senior girls with their keys.

**NEW GYM SCHEDULE**

Monday - tennis, 2:30; riding, 3:30
Tuesday - senior high baseball, 3:30
Wednesday - dancing, 3:30
Thursday - Junior high baseball, 3:30
Friday - varsity basketball, 3:30

This schedule will be used for the remainder of the year as soon as the weather permits.

**FATHERS SPONSOR BANQUET FOR FATHERS AND SONS**

Fathers and sons enjoyed one week ago Saturday night their annual basketball banquet at Jack's. Two speakers and moving pictures comprised the program. The moving pictures were of wild life, and included pictures of birds, beavers, and snakes.

The first speaker was Mathew Pattanelli, former All-American football star who played on the University of Michigan eleven. The other was Prof. Musley of the faculty of the New York State College for Teachers, and college football official.

All the players received basketball letters and Dick Faland, Wilbur French, John Galnac, and Ben Benjamin, with sweaters. The members of the basketball team elected John Pink captain of next year's varsity basketball team.

**THE PURPOSE OF THIS PROGRAM IS TO ANSWER THOSE QUESTIONS ABOUT MILNE THAT THE GENERAL PUBLIC WILL ASK.**

The purpose of this program is to answer those questions about Milne that the general public will ask. For example, some of the questions include the date the school was founded, the purpose of the activities, and the ambitions of the students and the alumni.

Dr. Robert Frederick, vice-principal, and Dr. J. Allan Hicks, guidance professor, have prepared the program, and it has been directed by Miss Eleanor Waterbury, supervisor of English.

The students have been chosen to represent different interests with which they are directly associated. These students are: John Poole, Esther Stulman, Bette Tincher, Bob Beckett, Jean Ledden, Joe Ledden, Virginia Nichols, Gerald Plunkett, Ada Snyder, Dick Faland, Betty Girlen, Bob Gardner, Jane Grace, Wilbur French, Walter Seil, Gordon Jones, and Ben Douglas.

Professor Sayles will describe the typical Milne student, and will name many graduates of Milne in positions of importance in this area.

This issue of the Crimson and White is written and edited by an All School staff with the kind and considerate help of many of the regular staff and several college students.
At 3:20 Wednesday afternoon, April 5, 1939, the students of Milne shall be released for their Easter vacation. There have been many rumors about what time we are to get out Wednesday, but the official time is 3:20. The vacation ends April 17, 1939, at 9:00 A.M.

We sincerely hope the students of Milne will take advantage of this opportunity and catch up on their schoolwork and much needed sleep. We also hope our teachers get thorough rest between only known they need it.

**Locker-room Warfare**

Crash! Thud! Who threw that? Look-out! That's what greeted our ears a couple of days last week as we walked into the lockers after lunch. We peered curiously about, then dove for cover as a deadly overshoe descended about our ears. Shaking in the comparative safety of our open locker, we cautiously gathered our books for the afternoon classes, then went over the top and out the door, through a maelstrom of flying rubbers. Thrilling, yes, but not particularly zestful when we, along with a dozen or so of our classmates, scavenged about the locker room for our rubbers at 3:20, and failed to find them.

As a matter of fact, the locker-room fights are a little deplorable. However, we'd like, instead of merely condemning the exuberance of youth, to suggest a means of halting the strife. Senatorial that's the answer. Without mumps, peace must prevail. And the logical way to reduce armaments is to put your rubbers or overshoes in your lockers, not under them. Hon. write for protection.

**Up With Decorations!**

It seems that the hardest and least thankful job about arranging a dance is the decorating. The people who have this job work hard trying to think of a different idea and work twice as hard carrying it out.

The decorations for the HI-Y GAC dance looked swell (and, a good point, weren't pulled down). The co-chairmen, Bob Cole and Virginia Nichols deserve a note of thanks. The chairman, the committee, and volunteers worked from 9:00 until 3:00. It was long and discouraging work, but they were encouraged when none of the decorations were torn down.

Let's take this idea and not pull down the decorations at any other dance.

**DISPUTED PASSAGE**

by Lloyd Douglas

The theme of the book, *Disputed Passage,* by Lloyd Douglas, is in the question of Walt Whitman: "Have you learned lessons only from those who stood aside for you? Have you not learned lessons, also, from those who invaded life's passage with you?"

It was on the opening day of the first year medical course for John Wesley Beaven that he first clashed with his brilliant professor, Tubby Forester. Jack bore all through his course and for some years to follow as best he could the biting sarcasm, the insults, the scathing denunciations of his professional superior, anatomist.

Tubby and Jack were both brilliant men. Was that why the men clashed? They respected and admired each other's ability, but their personalities irked each other.

Tubby was a great devotee to his profession, and in this respect Jack tried to copy him, thinking it was not professional to accept any social engagements or diversion. But one day Audrey Hilton came into Jack's life. Then life had a new meaning for Dr. Beaven. He added the human interest element to his life, and determined that Audrey Hilton should be his wife. Here the climax came, as Tubby Forester disputed the passage or wisdom of this "improvised alliance," and asked Audrey to leave the country. But everything turned out satisfactorily, and Tubby was brought to see his great mistake.

The book is full of thrills and interest, and the author creates in the reader the determination to stick to the course one has deliberately chosen for oneself, in spite of the obstacles with a course may present.
I Bet You Don't Know—

(Any similarity or resemblance to people living or dead "or going to Hilite" is purely coincidental)

1. What senior tried to make what junior sit on his lap?
2. Who tried to collect a fee for carrying several girls over Mud Creek?
3. What girl was trying to snip off pieces of people's hair when she was supposed to be decorating?
4. Who got engaged Saturday night? (We were all there but not engaged)
5. What handsome domineering soph. had a swell time dancing with what big senior?
6. What fellows got hungry while decorating and decided to "knock off" for lunch?
7. Who was the young soph. that was thrilled to death while being escorted "by a dashing junior?"
8. What two seniors troubles seem to be over now? (We're glad too Betty).
9. Who were the two juniors that left letters for the waiters at Childs?
10. What group of six gave a hearty reception to an entertainer who was very anxious to please them?

HILITHE AND YOU

If you see "Clinker" McGowan and his companion (we refer to the camera and not the glamorous blonde junior) rather disjointed (an occasional black eye) one of these spring storms, you may lay the blame on the rootin', tootin' gals who indulge in modern dancing. That particular group have decided that he can take the most unflattering pictures of any candid camera fand they have yet set up with.

How did you like those doggy team the juniors and seniors had the other night as basketball mascots, Did you hear the junior yelp when the seniors dumped the juniors so cruelly?

Tsk, tsk, Missardon. If you must whirl around with a C.B.A.M. do be careful of the decorations. We hear that last Saturday Betty was so dizzy after dancing with Billy P. that she didn't even see the crop paper.

"Garlic and Gardenias"

Well here we are again with our spirits high and bags under our eyes telling each other what a swell time we had over the weekend. But without further adieu let's give praise where praise is due, and garlic where that's due too.

Garlic to the decoration committee and the kids that helped them. You sure did a fine job, kids, it all looked swell.

Garlic to all the girls on the junior and senior teams. You all played such a grand game.

Garlic to the junior and senior boys on the so called "support" they gave us Friday night.

Garlic to the "little announcement made Saturday night. Whose idea was that, anyhow?

And last but not least, garlic to Miss Hitchcock for making Gym Night such a grand success.

EXCHANGES

We got sort of a kick out of the gags in the Roessler Post, and we would like to reprint a few of them with apologies for the changed names.

Scovill: Was that your best girl? Guinn: No, nokia best.

Boughton: You know, I got a lot of pleasure out of school. Had: Yeah, out of it.

Like father, like son; but like daughter, and the heck with the rest of the family.

From the Troy High Purple Parrot, we borrow these choice bits.

A widow is the luckiest woman in the world. She knows all about men, and all the men that know about her are dead.

"What kind of wood do they make matches out of?"
"The best kind of matches are made out of woold and she-wood."

In the Tattler, from Almont High we found this "joke":

LeRoy Smith: "A crack like that means fight where I come from!"

Guy Childs: "Well, why don't you fight?"

S mitty: "Because I'm not where I came from."