Bricks And Ivy 1971
And cannot pleasures, while they last,  
Be actual unless, when past,  
They leave us shuddering and aghast,  
   With anguish smarting?  
And cannot friends be firm and fast,  
   And yet bear parting?  

Farewell, dear friend, and whenever meet,  
In desert waste or crowded street,  
Perhaps before this week shall fleet,  
   Perhaps tomorrow,  
   I trust to find your heart the seat  
Of wasting sorrow.  
   
Lewis Carroll

For your unselfish assistance and guidance, we, the class of 1971, would like to dedicate this year's Bricks and Ivy to you... Mr. Richard Lewis.
Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting in her Math class, so when the rabbit went by room 126, to her teacher's amazement, she got up and ran after it. "Wait," cried her teacher, "you can't leave this room without a pass!" But Alice, who had not heard her, started off on a merry chase of the long-eared hare (who had, at this point, stopped to check the time on his watch, for the school clocks did not happen to work at the moment). Alice heard him mutter, "Oh dear, how late it's getting!" Now if you were Alice, and I assure you that you are not, but if you were, what would you do if you heard a rabbit say that, or for that matter anything? You'd take a good, long vacation like any normal person, right? Wrong! You'd take off after that bunny so fast that your track shoes would smoke! After all, there haven't been many talking rabbits on T.V. lately have there? So off ran Alice through the halls of Milne.

Suddenly, Alice found herself in a dark, dingy, dirty room facing a large, blue caterpillar that was lounging on the sofa observing the world. The caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence.

He addressed her in a sleepy voice, "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

Alice replied shyly, "At present I hardly know—I knew who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have changed several times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" said the caterpillar sternly. If you don't know who you are, don't come to me with your problems. Ask the Hatter. You'll find him over there, sitting at the end of the hall."
I do not know if you smiled when you were dying
or cursed your friends
for the little attention we paid you of late
or how you spent your last full hour alive.
I do know that I was saddened when I heard the news.

Mostly
because you gave yourself to (us) once
without invention or restraint,
for that (we) still remember you
and love you.

Rod McKuen

James E. Olsiewski

In Memory of . . .

“I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter;
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life’s hereafter”.
Lewis Carroll

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Ouellette:

I have the honor to inform you that your son has been awarded posthumously the Bronze Star Medal for heroism and the Purple Heart.

Prior to death, Lewis had been awarded the National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, and the Sharpshooter Badge with rifle and automatic rifle bars . . .

KENNETH G. WICKHAM
The Adjutant General

Lewis C. Ouellette
“Thank you,” returned Sweet Little Alice. She set out, and after having proceeded quite cautiously, she discovered herself to be at the end of a very long hall. However, no one was there. (This was not unusual, for it was lunch time.) She was wondering to herself whether the Caterpillar’s directions were right, when she was startled to hear a sound come from behind her.

“Must be a lost methods student,” she thought. She was surprised to see a Cheshire Cat grinning at her.

“It looked good natured,” she thought. Still it had very long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt it ought to be treated with some respect.”

“Would you tell me please, which way I ought to go from here?”

“That depends a good deal on where you want to go and whom you want to see,” said the Cat.

“The Caterpillar said that I should see the Hatter,” said Alice.

“In that case, you would probably want to go to the tea party. He might be there. If I recall correctly, he is usually there at this time of day.”
"Where's the fire?"

"In that direction," the Cat said, waving its left paw 'round, "Follow the rabbit."

"What rabbit?" Alice inquired.

"Are you blind? That rabbit! The one that just went out into the courtyard."

"Oh," said Alice, for she had already forgotten about the white rabbit. Off she went into the courtyard in search of the mysterious hare.
Guidance

Dr. Nelson Armlin

Miss Lydia Murray
"Dear me," said Alice. "I'm here in the courtyard and I don't see any rabbit. But that must be the party that the Cheshire Cat spoke of." To Alice's left was a long, wooden table at which sat the Hatter and his friends. (The Hatter and his friends were having one of their regular get-togethers but, of course, Alice couldn't have known that.)

"This gathering reminds me of the faculty meetings that were held at my school. Only there they drank coffee. But of course this isn't school. Hmm . . . There are certainly a lot of people here. Let's see. There's one . . . two . . ."
"Curiouser and Curiouser!" cried Alice. She was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English."
"You've all flunked!"

"I can explain all the poems that ever were invented — and a good many that haven't been invented just yet."

Dr. James Cochrane
Historians, Inc.

"London is the capital of Paris and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no that's all wrong."
Those Mad Inventors of the Science Department

Mr. Donald Pruden

Mr. Cecil Johnson

Mrs. Barbara Schermerhorn

"What is the cause of lightning?"
"The cause of lightning," Alice said very decidedly, for she felt not quite certain about this, "is the thunder..."

"That would be telling!"
Mr. Thomas Atkinson

"By the way, what are you doing after class?

Dr. Thomas Boehm

"Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee, "if it was so, it might be, and if it were so, it would be: but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic."

"I just washed that floor!"

"I'm a great hand at inventing things."
"Let me see . . .

Four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is — Oh, dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate!"
"Excuse me, my sweet child. Would you like a cup of tea?" interrupted the apparent host of the party, the Hatter.

"Yes, if you please," replied Alice. She took the tea and sat down in an empty chair. "Are you the Hatter?"

"Yes, indeed. I am the Hatter," he answered. "I am the only Hatter here. And what do you want? Not that it really matters what you're here for but would you like some cream in your tea?"
French

Mrs. Susan Losee

Mr. Richard Smith

Spanish

Dr. William Short

Miss Geraldine O'Connor

Miss Mary Ann Ferrari
Latin

"You want me to fix this door?"

"I went to the Classical Master, though. He was an old crab, he was. He taught Laughing and Grief. ."
The Educations

Mr. Douglas Phillips
Physical Education

Our Friends

Mrs. Marie Sample

"Very interesting," murmured the Hatter. "It's too bad that I can't help you, but you seem to have a special problem."

Miss Barbara Brown
Physical Education

Mrs. Madah MacDowell
Health Education

Mr. William Ridner

MBAA

Athletics

Organized

MGAA

Soccer

Bruised shins, ripped shin guards, aching backs and broken rubber bands were some of the results of the fine efforts put forth by this year’s soccer team. The girls socked back at their opponents with more strength, skill and effort than ever before. The over-all season record this year was, two wins, one tie, and two losses.

Bowling

“I’m awfully tired of this running around,” complained Alice. “If you can’t help me, who can?”

“Her Majesty the Queen. Who else?” replied the Hatter.

Alice set out to find the Queen. She went through a creaky door and down some stairs. At the end of the stairs was another door, which upon opening revealed the Queen’s playing field. People were wandering all over the grounds. Some were practicing soccer on the field. Others were making last minute arrangements for the Queen’s and her courtier’s arrival.
"Excuse me, but you're in the way," said a voice. Alice jumped to the side to let a card (yes, a playing card, oblong and flat with hands and feet at the corners) pass by carrying a dufflebag filled with hockeyballs, hockeysticks, and other odds and ends which had been chittering up the field.

Field Hockey

Basketball


While Alice was getting used to the hustle and bustle, she was knocked down by a monstrous basketball player.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I was concentrating so hard that I did not see where I was going. You see—everyone must get off the field so that the Queen's games may begin. But here, let me help you up."

Volleyball

There was great enthusiasm shown for volleyball this year, and as in each year, participation was greater than any other sport. The program included intramurals, playdays, and inter-scholastic games. The girls showed determination and ability, promising a strong team in the future.

"Could you tell me where the Queen is?" Alice asked. But before she could get an answer, people cried out, "The Queen! The Queen! Make way for the Queen!" There was the sound of footsteps and Alice looked around, eager to see the Queen.
Softball

Ann

"Just call me Casey!"

Debbie

"Who's been using that greasy kid's stuff?"

Merle

"I've got it! I've got it!"

Peg

"Don't they have three outs yet?"

"Just call me Casey!"

"I thought I signaled a curve ball!"

This year Miss Brown's all stars struck out at the opponent, and sometimes managed to score a few runs at the same time. The team, which played six games, came up with a final average of two better than Charlie Brown, and almost went batty doing it. Besides becoming proficient in infield and outfield chatter, the girls did advance their softball skills, and had a great time doing it.
First came ten soldiers carrying clubs; next came ten courtiers walking slowly two by two. After these, came the royal cheerleaders, jumping merrily along.

Leaders
Varsity


Next came the guests and among them Alice recognized the White Rabbit who went by without noticing her. The Knave of Hearts followed, carrying the Queen’s crown on a velvet cushion, and last of all came the King and Queen.

When the procession came opposite to Alice, they stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely, “Who is this?”

Sue

Lynda
Cross Country 1970

Chris Barker beats Berne’s Jim Swint to the line.

The hands of the master at work.

Left: Dean paces through half mile mark at the sectionals. Right: Steve beats out opponent to finish chutes.
The 1970 harriers are pictured above with some accumulated gold from the ten years of cross-country’s existence at Milne. Of the ten years, the Red Raiders have capped the N.Y.S.P.H.S.A.A. Section II, Class D-E, Championship for the last 9 years, and the C-D-E title for 5 years. This is a fantastic record, and lets hope that the 1971 team will add to the legacy.
"My name is Alice, your Majesty."

"What do you want?" said the Queen. "On second thought, see me after the games are over. Silence!"

The first event was the half mile run. The runners assembled on the field and bowed to the Queen.

"Let the race commence!" shrieked the Queen. A whistle blew and off they ran. Several runners managed to break loose from the rest of the group. One by one, they began to tire out until one runner was left in front. When he crossed the finish line, the Queen rewarded him with a gold trophy. Races were held all afternoon.

Left: Wayne fights it out with the pack in sectional mile. Above: Pete runs 440 at Middleburgh Track Meet. Below: Frosh Paul Farmer sprints to high finish in Grout Run.

Milne's Runners Spring and Fall
Track and Field

Gary leaps in long jump.

Coach eating a whistle?

George clears bar in high jump.

Below: center—“A new sport this year?”

Gary leaps in long jump.

Steve snoozes at end of 880 run.
Above: Gary Balshan puts the shot; Distance Dandies, Tim Barker and Dave Slawsky, upper and lower right respectively; Co-fiends, D. Phillips and F. Lyon, bottom; lower left, Dean Karlaftis cuts up the race track; upper left, Larry Abrams anchors a relay to victory.
Tennis

Our answer to Wimbledon was the motley crew known as the tennis team. Led by spry coach Charley Graber, this collection of Milmites netted its fair share of victories. Graduating seniors and returning vets look back to a bright spring of "whumps".

Pete VandeKerkhove sends his smashing serve to an unwitting Rod Laver, and . . .

"Laver, you fool!"

Right: Bob Schere is fascinated by a tennis ball.

Pete Green slices a mosquito to smithereens with his brutal forehand.

Below: Gary Silverman

Left, Chap Hanley scores one point in OT victory over Maple Hill. Above left, Dino takes a short jumper. Above right, "Rock" Iselin thumps a dribble. Right, Abe sinks a technical against Catskill.
Above: Eric gets off jump-shot over an outstretched defender's hand.

Varsity Hoop

Top extreme left: George Khachadourian and Howie Levine cover the boards, but ball is elusive. Top center: Pete DeLong drives in for a banking layup. Top right: Denny Edwards bounce-passes ball into high post. Immediate right: Lou Iselin throws up driving shot while Abe Dorsman waits for rebound with Catskill's John O'Neal.

The Varsity basketball team, coached by Doug Phillips, had an erratic season, although finishing with a good 6-6 CHVL record, and an 8-10 overall tally. The Red Raiders had a strong offense all season long, spurring over the century mark three times. The Milnites were only five points down to league powerhouse Catskill at the half at home. A good, solid-shooting, Milne offense was present at nearly all the games, but the defense was sometimes lacking. The Varsity rode the scoring of Eric Schlamowitz, George Khachadurian, and Lou Iselin, and the rebounding of Abe Dorsman into the first round of the sectionals with a hopeful eye.
Left: Larry Abrams concentrates at the charity stripe. Above: Pete "Sam" Dorsman sinks a one on one against Catskill JVs.

The JV Basketball team, under the auspices of Fred Ackerman, did surprisingly well considering the sickness and injury that plagued it. Early in the season, starter Steve Sumner was put out of commission due to a back problem. Two other first-stringers, Dave Edwards and Roger Delong, missed middle and late season games because of severe illnesses.

The consistent late season play of Larry Abrams and Pete Bulger helped the team to a fair finish. The JV’ers ended their 7-11 season with an avenging victory over the Academy Junior Varsity squad.
The court retired to a splendid dinner before getting ready for the basketball game to be held that night. The queen’s own team was to play against a formidable team from one of the neighboring kingdoms. At the starting time, the basketball players and their opponents shook hands and got into their positions. The buzzer blew to start the beginning of the first quarter. Both teams played very well and at the end of the first quarter, the queen’s team was winning. During the next three quarters, the queen’s team increased their lead and went on to win the game. After a victory celebration, the queen’s team and the court retired for the evening.

LEFT: Junior Steve Abrookin scores two. RIGHT: Juniors Denny Edwards and Bill Bronstein, varsity forwards. BELOW: Frosh Danny Pickar, consistent JV player.
The golf team looked forward to another banner year after copping the 1970 N.Y.S.P.H.S.A.A. Section 2, Class D-E Championship. With five members of the team back this year, Milne's chances look fine.

Rog out-swaggers Nicklaus.

Brent booms a drive.

Below: Bryan lines up a toughie.

Steve gives Ron some pointers.
Above: Jon Drew, Dean Karlaftis, (spectator), Abe Dorsman and Pete Bulger rest between innings. Above right: Jon Drew fires a peg to first.

The baseball team, led by seniors Jon Drew and Abe Dorsman, slugged their way to a respectable league finish, and a good overall record. The team overcame such early season technical difficulties as no coach and a small turnout at tryouts to finish strongly.

The next day, the queen, her court and Alice went back to the field to watch the last event, the baseball game. The game started, but no-one seemed to be paying any attention to the game, except for Alice.

"Strange," thought Alice, "There should be more people paying attention to the game. Maybe they're tired from last night's celebration. Anyway, they all play at once, if you can call it playing. They even trip each other with their baseball bats. There appears to be no object of the game unless the object of the game is to confuse the spectators and the opposing team." "What a horrible game this is," remarked Alice out loud.

Left: Paul Hart scoops up a hard grounder which Dave Bulger snares for an easy out.
Bowling

The varsity keglers, coached by the irrepressible Cecil Johnson, rolled their way through a successful season. They took a match point from tough Hudson, which no other team had been able to do for three years previously. The Raiders were impressive on their home lanes, losing only one match. Consistent high men for the varsity were: Gary Cole, Dean Karlaftis, "Willis" Rood, Paul Hart, and Scott Gordon.

Above, L to R: Dean Karlaftis, Paul Hart, Willis Rood relax after winning a big match. Left, L to R: Scott Gordon, Willis Rood, Bob Schere, partly obscured, Jon Drew and Dean Karlaftis studying the opposition before a match.
People
Student Government Coming Through

This year, Student Council has compiled a long list of important accomplishments. An efficient committee, comprised of students and faculty, vastly improved relations at Milne. A system of "student privileges" was instituted and council handled the fund-raising activity schedule for the entire year. No longer is student council a silent body.
—Dave Neifeld
Unfortunately, several people sitting around Alice overheard her. “Where’s your spirit of adventure?” they cried. They began calling Alice all sorts of names, blaming her for her general lack of enthusiasm for the game. The crowd began to create quite a commotion.
The Elves of the Drama Workshop

Alice did not know what to do. She thought first that she could put on an act and pretend that she was somebody else. But she realized that that plan would not work. Too many people had overheard her nasty remark.

"hmmm ... I think that’s a bit too risqué for me."
Several People from the newspaper staff, the Charterstone and the Wine, rushed over to Alice and started to ask her all sorts of questions. One of the reporters rushed back to the Queen to inform her of Alice’s insult. The Queen rushed over to Alice. “What?” fumed the Queen. “How dare you insult my games. Somebody seize her; off with her head!”
Perhaps she could sing to the Queen to calm her down. She remembered 110 the old adage, “Music hath charms to calm the savage beast.” But, nothing would calm down the Queen right now.
Learning Through Experience

"That's funny, the hill was there a minute ago."


She was in such a state. The Queen had already ordered Alice's execution. She shouted for her soldiers to cart Alice off to jail. The Queen demanded her royal coach.
One of her chief advisors, the white rabbit, spoke to the Queen, urging her to change her mind.

"Madam, this execution will not do."

"Why not?" the Queen retorted.

"One cannot go around executing everyone!"

"What is the answer then?"

"Why not pardon her? Start a fad. Besides, a recent poll has shown you to be losing your popularity with the people. This could improve relations."

"Of course! That's the answer. Now why didn't I think of that?" The Queen shouted to the soldiers to release Alice.

---

Those Undefeated Scholars

Answers Please

"The alternuts for Answers Please"

Pete and Jules
Celia and John
FHA

Although FHA had a diminutive membership this year, several members participated in many important and interesting activities. Among them were service projects, the fall rally, and the state meeting. And for the first time since running water was introduced in Milne, an invitation to join was extended to the male population. Next year, an anticipated increase in size would broaden the scope of activities.


“Don’t tell me she’s doing that dance of the seven veils again!”

“I don’t want to say anything, but I think you put too much hot pepper in the chili.”

Latin Club

A group of photographers rushed over to snap pictures of Alice. No one had ever been pardoned before by the Queen. She was surrounded by radio men, T.V. men, cards and many others, all asking questions and congratulating her.
The Alumni Ball

A Last Glance at the Action

What are we waiting for?

I don't care what's in the punch!
It's great!

Leon

I oughta' kill 'em.

Catching up on news back in civilization?
Alice jerked awake and looked around. No longer was she surrounded by cards or the Queen or croquet players or white rabbits or Mad Hatters.

But instead, her Math teacher stood over her, waving a yellow remedial slip near her nose.

"Oh dear," sighed Alice, "not again. If only I were a Seventh Grader again, or maybe I could say I have another remedial."


“Miss O’Hare wouldn’t believe me. What am I going to do? I know, I’ll use the ‘I’ve got an appointment with the dentist’ trick. That was a popular excuse back in eighth grade. Come to think of it, eighth graders aren’t the only ones who use that gimmick.”


"What would I have done in ninth grade to escape remedials? I remember now. I used to tell the teacher that I had another remedial with another student-teacher. Those were my dishonest days. I must have forged a good many remedial slips."


In tenth grade, I wouldn't have shown up for any remedials. I was too busy with clubs in school or with some group in the community. I hardly had any time to myself. But I had fun working in the groups. It also gave me a good excuse for not doing my homework. I probably could have made up other excuses for not doing my homework, but saying that my many activities took so much of my time, provided me with a convenient excuse. Besides, it impressed the student teachers.
But in eleventh grade, I turned over a new leaf. I didn't show up for any remedials because I never got any. I guess I was lucky. Why don't I tell Miss O'Hare the truth? I can tell her all about my dream.

Then she'll send me to Guidance, so that they can arrange a psychiatric appointment for me. She won't do that! She can't do that! I'M A SENIOR!
"In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:
Ever drifting down the stream-
Lingering in the golden gleam—
Life, what is it but a dream?"

Lewis Carroll
Milne has meant something different to all of us. To me it's been good friends, good times, hard work, fun and memories I'll never forget. Now that it is almost over, I'm excited but scared when I think of what's ahead. I'm happy but sad to think it's really over, and I'm not quite sure if I'm ready for the world or if the world's ready for me!

Peggy Schmidt
"Oh dear! I'd nearly forgotten that I've got to grow up again!"

Lewis Carroll
Jules Damian Silberberg

Catherine Lynn Benedict

Margaret Mary Schmidt
Jean Hahn

David Aronson

growing together
sharing dreams, good times and ourselves
holding each other to cry
or laughing at a funny joke.
needing and loving our friends
parts of them go with us
to start over somewhere else.

Gary Alan Cole
I want my own parade.  
rows and rows of feet in perfect rhythm  
with pitched voices raised  
strongly above the multitude  
of the drummer's beat  
beating  
to drown our uncertainty  
and fear  
from disrupting all the marchers.  

Susan Boochever
Sara Jane Lapidus

Abraham Dorsman

"So you think you've changed, do you?"
Lewis Carroll

Celia Delano Moore
That in life on its way to death there is beauty, joy and love is a statement infinitely trite and true. "What is truth?" said Pilate. Each man must answer that question for himself in his life and death. God is.

Celia Moore
Louis David Iselin

Ellen Freeman Leue

Charles Rasay Moore
Love is quickly kindled and quickly extinguished. Friendship is slowly built on mutual trust and feelings and can last a lifetime. Love can also be in friendship. Thank God I have more friends than lovers!
Somehow the time flew
And with it we all grew
Six years—
A mere interlude
(one may conclude)
has ended.
So quickly it went!
Did we know that
time would go by so fast?
Fortunately memories do last.

Kitty Benedict
The beginning is like an overcast sky; black and empty. Then the stars come out slowly one by one, each a friend. Slowly the sky grays and lightens. Suddenly in a cloak of brilliant rays, the sun appears and the darkness is forever gone.

Chris Barker
Brent Ralph Solomon

Marjorie Jill Jacobs

To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know... that is true knowledge.

Confucius
as appreciated by
Chris Barker

Gary Robert Elsworth
I'm going to squeeze you until you drop!

Tweedlejules and Tweedlepete.
I bet you say that to all the boys.

How about it honey?

Don't you dare...

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BEST WISHES

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