AWARDING THE OSCAR

TO CHARLES J. HAUGHEY —

Whose sympathetic understanding, continuous good humor, discerning counsel, and impartial judgment have won the love and respect of the Class of 1947.
FOREWORD

LEST WE FORGET . . .

The little things . . . class meetings . . . parties for all . . . favorite hangouts . . . basketball games . . . work, work, work . . . spirited election campaigns . . . assemblies . . . society fun . . . big and little dances . . . Senior Room . . . these are Milne to us.

Literary editor A. Silverman; executive editor D. Angier; editor-in-chief L. Prescott; art editor E. Fletcher.

First Row — Secretary A. Cohen; Junior High art editor J. Roberts; associate editor J. Rabineau; Junior High literary editor E. Jacobs.
Second Row — Junior High editor D. Bates; assistant art editor J. Henkes

First Row — R. Saunders; M. Schmidt; F. Keller; B. Leete.
Second Row — P. Wolfgang; D. Siegal; N. Simmons; P. Costello; N. B. Singer; E. Peters; J. Milton.
Third Row — D. Christie; E. Jacobs; L. Walker; A. Blum; S. Tainter; C. Harrick; H. Pigors; D. A. Wise.
Fourth Row — M. Fiske; R. Randles; L. Dennis; L. Coffin.
THE SHADOW AT THE DOOR

Dr. Pah — our principal

Secretary — Miss Clancy and Guidance Supervisor — Dr. Keesey

Mathematics Supervisors — Miss Potter and Mr. Humphrey

Librarian — Miss Jackman
Assistant Librarian — Miss Moore

English Supervisors — Dr. Reed, Mrs. Carter and Miss Widtsoe

Language Supervisors — Miss Roome and Miss Washer

Supervisors in special studies — Dr. Ives, Miss Holmes and Mr. Ford

Instructors in art and industrial arts — Mrs. Thomas and Mr. Raymond

Science supervisors — Dr. Logan, Mr. Harwood and Mr. Tilton

Instructors in music and home economics — Mr. York and Mrs. Brusan
Dr. John M. Sayles

With guiding hand and willing heart, Dr. John M. Sayles, as a past principal of The Milne School and as president of the New York State College for Teachers, has been a loyal friend to every Milne student. With the class of 1947 he retires from our halls, but never from our hearts.
ANN ADAMS

Annie rolled in as a junior and has been bouncing ever since . . . Crimson and White . . . her jokes . . . hockey varsity in senior year . . . played cupid and instructor in archery . . . Chemistry Club . . . beautiful sweaters . . . friendly . . . cooperative . . . Sigma.

RUTH C. AMBLER


DERWENT B. ANGIER


GLADA J. APPLETON


GATES W. BARNET

Gatesie was a member of Phi Sigma . . . that flash camera at the oddest moments . . . senior open houses . . . Crimson and White . . . wavy hair . . . developed some pretty good shots . . . anchored in and senior room . . . Bricks and Ivy.

JESSE R. BARNET

Jess president of Adelphoi . . . "Night and Day" . . . vice-president of Hi-Y . . . torrid editorials . . . Syracuse; he got lost again . . . head manager of M.B.A.A. . . . bigger and better open houses . . . editor of Crimson and White.
NANCY M. BEARUP


MARJORIE A. BOOKSTEIN

Booky was associate editor of Crimson and White . . . Quiz Kid . . . G.A.A. . . . athletic blazer . . . senior homeroom president . . . Sigma's treasurer . . . hockey J. V. and varsity . . . basketball varsity in junior year . . . beautiful eyelashes . . . secretary Student Council . . . rushing to the printer.

NANCY N. BREWSTER

Nancy was the senior's Christmas present . . . Choir . . . long, brown hair . . . her S-o-o-th Carolina drawl . . . Skidmore . . . sophisticated manner . . . weekend trips . . . skiing in the Adirondacks . . . Belle of Stonehenge . . . Sigma.

JOAN CLARK

Clarkie was the Crimson and White exchange editor . . . captain of hockey varsity . . . Latin vocabularies . . . slushy movies . . . "about that college application" . . . Quin treasurer . . . nice clothes . . . air of sophistication . . . Choir . . . magic fingers.

NANCY LEE CLARK

Nannie is beautiful but far from dumb . . . able president of Red Cross . . . Sigma . . . sophisticate . . . can't keep track of all her men . . . Choir . . . Student Council . . . graduation usher in junior year . . . lovely smile . . . Michigan . . . "our Siren".

1947
C. Tristram Coffin

Nag is continually searching for some book or other . . . loyal member of Theta Nu . . . Junior Student Council . . . sometimes tagged "Mal" or "Tris" . . . Hi-Y . . . good sport . . . poetry? . . . president of sophomore homeroom . . . Loudonville, magician — friend of all.

FRANK G. COBURN, JR.

Cobey the proud owner of "Gypsy Lee" — that's a horse, Son . . . lovely plaid shirts . . . frosh basketball team . . . hunting and fishing . . . the red car? . . . J. V. basketball . . . bubbling laugh . . . Hi-Y . . . classes with junior girl(s) . . . Theta Nu.

FRANCES E. DALLDORF


DORIS E. DERK


BARBARA J. DORAN

Bobby has marvelous sense of humor . . . knows how to make life fun . . . Crimson and White . . . witty and easy to know . . . the "look" . . . Quin . . . baby talk . . . . . the Marines have landed . . . Choir . . . that laugh is catching.

DAVID S. DUNCOMBE

Dunc first joined us in the junior year . . . played hot J. V. basketball . . . loves New Salem . . . spent first part of senior year at Voorheesville . . . Choir . . . very friendly . . . Oh! that wavy hair . . . 47's first mustache.
HARVEY A. DWIGHT

Harv was a permanent fixture in our little room . . . that '32 Ford . . . beaucoup . . . the Loudonville terror . . . works for Dwight Oil Heat and Supply Company . . . that's a plug, Son . . . well-liked . . . watch him throw that knife around.

JOHN W. EISENHUT

President of Phi Sigma . . . aimin' trigger in Rifle Club . . . Johnny was always around to help when needed . . . Red Cross . . . hails from Loudonville . . . those St. Agnes baboes . . . whatever is in his little black book? . . . the mystery man.

FREDERICK L. FETTIG

Fritz first parked his car in back of Milne as a junior . . . loves his car . . . loves to sleep . . . loves to eat . . . senior room.

BETTIE JANE FLANDERS

B. J., the girl with ambition . . . G.A.A.'s publicity and business manager . . . Quin . . . athletic blazer . . . hockey and basketball varsity, two years . . . remember those days in (?) the saddle? . . . Crimson and White . . . Student Council . . . everybody's pal . . . card party hostess.

ELLEN G. FLETCHER

Fletch, our athletic genius . . . varsity hockey, four years . . . G.A.A. Council . . . art room fixture . . . basketball and baseball varsity . . . Quin . . . wrote a sonata . . . Bricks and Ivy's art editor . . . French Club's president . . . Which shall it be, art, music, athletics?

D. RICHARD FRENCH

Red's gorgeous hair . . . basketball varsity, two years . . . also freshman and J. V. basketball . . . president of Theta Nu . . . played football varsity two years . . . works for Intersociety Council . . . star athlete.
ROY H. FRENCH
A charter member of Theseum . . . Red and his endless advice to the Faculty . . . Red Cross . . . "The trouble with women is—" . . . hitch-hiked to Mexico . . . good humor.

JOHN H. GADE, JR.
Zeke, our happy farmer . . . vice-president of Theta Nu . . . likes hunting, four-legged animals, that is . . . freshman basketball . . . J. V. two years . . . football varsity in senior year . . . that cozy barn . . . Hi-Y three years, chaplain as a senior.

SALLY GAUS
Sal has an "adhesive" personality—we always want her to stick around . . . Crimson and White three years,—associate editor as a senior . . . Sigma's president . . . Syracuse . . . junior class secretary . . . Student Council . . . "What's your story?" . . . loud haircut—bang!

HOLLIS W. GEORGE
Pat came to Milne in the freshman year . . . wore Navy Blues during the junior year . . . re-entered as a senior . . . his Navy stories . . . good times with Doris?

ELIZABETH J. GOEWEY
Betty likes to play hockey wing . . . came to us as a sophomore . . . Sigma . . . Dramatics . . . "Silence is golden" . . . does she get enthusiastic about Boston! . . . those history theories!

SALLY GRACE
ROGER GROSS

Rog joined the gang when a junior . . . J. V. basketball . . . that haircut! . . . Theseum . . . Chemistry Club . . . hard worker and friendly . . . word battles in the senior room . . . he actually met Doc Blanchard.

RUSSELL E. GULDEN

Russ was one of the pillars of our football varsity for two years . . . that eternal brush cut . . . quiet but fun . . . remember those cracks in history?

WINIFRED E. HAUF


ELIZABETH J. JAROS

Our quiet and gullible Betty will always be remembered for being the only girl with the natural pageboy . . . Quin . . . French Club . . . nice complexion . . . Yeah! Army! . . . those rides on the Loudonville bus.

DONALD E. JARRETT

Don . . . Hi-Y three years, president senior year . . . Adelphoi . . . football varsity, two years . . . class president, two years . . . baseball varsity, two years . . . Bunk's cracked shoulder . . . J. V. basketball, two years . . . graduation marshall . . . Student Council, three years, vice-president senior year.

ROBERT B. KELLY

Bob "spence" his time . . . freshman basketball squad . . . Hi-Y sergeant-at-arms . . . J. V. basketball for two years . . . "Swing your partner" . . . Kel is our outdoor man . . . fooling around in class . . . class ring committee . . . funny man.
NADINE M. KENNGOTT

Our Delmar gal entered as a senior . . . Dean was vice-president of the French Club . . . rugged initiations in Quin . . . smiley . . . "Now about history?" . . . friendly . . . those beautiful blazers.

NANCY KNAPP

Known as Nan or Nanny . . . Will we ever forget those marvelous annual Hallowe'en parties in the barn? . . . Junior Choir . . . quite an artist . . . makes scrapbooks and model airplanes . . . Bricks and Ivy stuff . . . soccer, hockey and baseball . . . well-liked.

JOAN W. LEHNER

The girl with those flying feet is Jo . . . good entertainer, tap and ballet . . . Quin . . . Choir . . . member of J. V. basketball in junior year . . . great lover of cats . . . Joanie roller skates every week-end.

BARBARA E. LESLIE

The name is Barb or Les . . . Crimson and White's advertising manager . . . Choir . . . that loud shirt . . . senior class treasurer . . . modern dance . . . long curls — lovely brown eyes . . . Quin's secretary . . . E.S.S.P.A. convention . . . those clever ideas.

JUNE L. LINTON

Our Newtonville pal . . . Sigma . . . history class puns . . . that comfortable school bus . . . dramatics . . . the Playdium . . . "I love that man" . . . French Club . . . cute pins and pretty necklaces . . . our lively locker room lass.

JACQUELYN A. MANN

MABEL G. MARTIN
Versatile Mibs was vice-president and president of G.A.A. . . . Choir . . . Sigma's vice-president . . . Varsity teams in hockey, three years; softball two years; basketball . . . sophomore class secretary . . . vice-president of junior class . . . always happy.

NEIL K. McNEILL

ALAN MESKIL

PAULINE J. MILLER
Tiny entered our class in the junior year . . . Sigma . . . dramatics . . . known as Kitten . . . Choir . . . Crimson and White . . . those New York weekends . . . don't forget that trip to Texas . . . Red Cross worker.

JOAN E. MINNOCK

FRANZL MOHLING
Einstein's chief competitor . . . Flapper was a member of Phi Sigma . . . friend of everyone . . . Hi-Y . . . Choir . . . sometimes a cut-up, always a swell guy . . . Rifle Club . . . Oh, those trips on the Loudonville bus! . . . Track team . . . Male Ensemble.
WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN

We were blessed with Obie our sophomore year... Adelphi... president of M.B.A.A. ... football varsity two years ... track two years ... neat sense of humor ... Hi-Y secretary ... wrote "Senior Spotlight" ... that black eye ... basketball manager, three years.

PAUL OPPENHEIM

Oppie managed the frosh basketball team ... likeable guy and quiet ... typing club ... Choir ... manager of J. V. basketball in sophomore year ... those Father and Son banquets ... Theseum.

DIANA W. OSTRANDER

Our unpredictable Ozzie ... a cheerleader in her senior year ... Choir ... vivacious ... Crimson and White ... Sigma ... Syracuse freshman ... Bubbles was a member of the hockey varsity in senior year ... E.S.S.P.A. convention.

ADELE D. PORTH

The field of music claims her talents ... Quin ... J. V. hockey in senior year ... always smiling ... handles the money for Choir ... Dell has special interest in the class of '45 ... beautiful eyes ... Milnettes.

LOIS L. PRESCOTT

Loie was on basketball varsity ... Riding Club ... horse shows ... Bricks and Ivy secretary — finally editor-in-chief ... carny jokes ... junior class treasurer ... archery ... Red Cross president ... her "dying swan" dance in Sigma ... D.A.R. essay ... capable worker ... personality plus.

LEONA B. RICHTER

Ponie was on the hockey varsity senior year ... "I'm so happy" ... Sigma ... "California or bust" ... Lee starts homework at eleven ... philosopher ... curly hair ... J. V. hockey in junior year ... "I've got the car" ... that infectious giggle.
MARIE A. SCHMIDT

Marie — secretary of senior homeroom and Dramatics Club . . . tops with a paint brush . . . Sigma Circus signs . . . active in many sports: archery, basketball, badminton . . . hockey varsity as a senior . . . Crimson and White . . . Bricks and Ivy . . . subtle humor.

KENNETH SEIFERT

Penguin was on Student Council three years — president senior year . . . West Albany's gift to Milne . . . Club Council's president . . . that campaign speech? . . . Adelphi . . . "Somewhere In the Night" . . . Hi-Y . . . that walrus laugh . . . football varsity, two years.

ANNE E. SILVERMAN


JANE L. SIMMONS


NORMA BELLE SINGER

Moo-Belle was a member of Riding Club . . . a sharp archery instructor . . . Sigma . . . "Why can't the Navy send the fleet home?" . . . Bricks and Ivy . . . knitted a sweater, Paul Bunyan's size . . . uncontrollable laughter with real tears . . . Red Cross.

H. DONALD SMITH

Don has always displayed his Southern humor . . . a Rifle Club enthusiast . . . great interest in the manufacture and use of explosives . . . Science Club member . . . the necessary element in chemistry.

1947
PATRICIA SNYDER
Pat spends her time looking for a familiar face for her "Alumnews" column... Crimson and White... personality gal... Quin... Flah's (and beautiful clothes)... shimmering hair... E.S.S.P.A. convention... Choir... "Bless you, child"... Charm, Glamour, our Mademoiselle.

CAROL B. SPENCE
Spence joined our class as a junior and became homeroom treasurer... that long red fingernail... Rusty likes horses, tennis, orchids and Kelly green... Quin... hockey varsity... gold ballet slippers... Choir... "Merry-go-Round"... "Bless your little heart".

RICHARD H. STOCK
We will remember Dick for his diplomatic and convincing manner... Theseum... Rifle and Science Clubs... Movie squad, "Can anyone run that machine?"... Crimson and White... the sly, dry humor of his class remarks... Cafeteria Council.

GRANT E. TALBOT
Mark or Muff was basketball manager four years... Adelphi's business manager senior year... that handsome man!... Choir... Male Ensemble... likes hunting and dancing... a football mainstay... Crimson and White's Boys' Sport editor.

JOHN C. TAYLOR, JR.
Johnny entered as a freshman... played basketball that year... Hi-Y... our Casanova... Phi Sigma... active on baseball and football... senior play committee... senior room committee... the atomic bomb of the Chemistry Club.

JOHN T. THOMPSON
Able senior class president, known as Johnny or Tuck... Crimson and White's associate editor... neat maps and charts... Theseum's founder and president... band, four years... oh!, that licorice stick... Music Council... good organizer... E.S.S.P.A. convention.
JOAN S. TRAVER
Joanie is smiling, friendly and always willing to lend a hand... gorgeous long brown tresses... Red Cross... "Mark my Words"... beautiful rider... "It says here"... her parking place—the back of auditorium.

EDWARD A. VAN ACKER
Ed became attached to our happy class when a junior... a friendly smile... a member of Theseum... a country gentleman... What would our Van talk about if he didn't have that car?

RUTH S. WEIL
Ruthie has been one of our peppy cheerleaders for two years... Quin... spike heels... J. V. hockey then hockey varsity her senior year... long fingernails... sneezing?... that open house... Bridge Club... "truck on down and Suzy-Q."

JOAN M. WHITCRAFT
Witchcraft flew in on her broom in our junior year... worked hard for '47 as the senior class secretary... smooth dancer... Sigma... "love-ly"... Choir... parties at Sally's... Red Cross... senior homeroom president... Crimson and White.

THANKS TO
OUR
Faculty advisers—Mrs. Grace Martin Thomas
Miss Florence Potter
Miss Mary Elizabeth Conklin.

OUR
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OUR
Printer—Mr. Van Nuis of Progress Publishing Associates, Inc.

FROM
1947 Bricks and Ivy Staff

1947
From scattered corners of Albany, Loudonville and Delmar, we were admitted to the inner sanctums of Milne. After being dismissed early from the first assembly, we fell into the routine of schedule cards and twenty minute lunches (remember that year?).

We wanted to show the whole world we weren't so small as they would like us to think, and that is when Bee Bee and Fred Denton first got together. Standing one on top of the other, you could almost see them coming. Another novelty to us was Milne's brand new music department under Mr. York.

Everyone greeted basketball with enthusiasm, and the fellows of the team became the idols of many of us seventh graders. After the games that year, we all trooped over to Wager's and usually missed the dead; lines set by our parents.

One eventful May fifth, we made our contribution to the history of Saratoga. One catastrophe was the sampling of the "egg-water" which made us wonder why we hadn't caught on to some of the sly winks that accompanied invitations to "Have some!"

With May came the formal, and the poor bashful boys finally got the courage to ask the girls, thus leaving the female half in a swoony state. Most of the girls wore their first evening dresses that night, and we did the T-step around the gym about four thousand times.

Exams came the first week in June, and we actually left school with some regrets—not many though!

Our politicians this year were headed by Don Jarrett as class president. There were lots of newcomers: Marie, our artist; Fletch, the athlete, and Gates, our photographer. Mrs. Teiszen joined the faculty and that was one reason that our girls were outstanding for never (well, hardly ever) skipping gym. This was the last year of cooking classes under Miss Fillingham, and B. J., Mibs, Bearup and Anne kept the boys well fed when (they hoped) no one was looking.

One of the English classes put on a play, and just for variety D. A. was Gay's father. This year we read some best-sellers in English classes, and when "Guadalcanal Diary" came to town, we couldn't miss it. That was the last time we sat in the balcony under school sponsorship!

Jess and J. T. received prizes for their poems at our poem party in the library. Lois, who was in charge of the party, threw us into a panic by succumbing to the measles epidemic at the last moment.

At gym night we tumbled and built human pyramids. The "squash" pyramid got its signals mixed and one-half squashed while the other half stood firm as a rock. Well, it was unusual at least.

Nancy Knapp had a Hallowe'en party which was supposed to be strictly hag, but when a couple of boys slipped in, nobody minded.

We showed the school what little geniuses we were by having the largest number of people on the honor roll. We've kept it up ever since.

With the Sophomore year came Mr. Haughey as one of the class advisors! And we wonder now what we ever did without him.
Along in November came the thrill and questionable enjoyment of the Quin and Sigma initiations. The fellows stood around in the cafeteria and smirked at the gals' awful antics — but in February it was the girls' turn to laugh.

Many of us thrilled daily in biology to the exciting tales of Miss Herrick's relatives, while a few more of us, drowning in drudgery, decided that geometry definitely was not a proper course for sophs.

Winnie helped cheer for Allie, Zeke, Kelly, Bunk and Red who made Jay Vee. "Big George" Erwin bade us farewell and went off to "see" with the Navy.

With the Quin-Sigma came the mad rush to invite a fellow; some poor guys were asked two or three times.

Johnny Gade had his first barn party, and though we won't mention any names, several girls had their first (but not last) cigarettes.

Bun became our athlete of the season when he made varsity, first base.

In the spring our young men's fancies turned not to love but to quick dips out at the Six Mile in fur-lined bathing suits.

After a year full of parties, laughter and fun, we settled down to the night before Regents' to see if we couldn't cram a little knowledge. For a few of us the eventual result was a well-worn path to summer school; for most of us a well-earned vacation.

JUNIOR YEAR

We knew a good thing when we saw it, or maybe it was just habit, but we elected Bunky class president. The fame of the junior class meeting spread through the school after we staggered out, raving and ranting about plays, picnics or a two-thirds vote.

At the "how-de-do-dee", we put our square dancing knowledge to work very effectively — so effectively, in fact that the janitors didn't even have to clean up after us. This was a hangover from the gay days when the girls and boys had gym together.

The "Battle of Beverwyck" took its toll of Angier, Jarrett, McNeill and O'Brien, who made the football team. Later on, Dick French and Allie Meskil made the basketball squad.

That year something new was added in the form of a junior essay. It took us weeks to decide on a topic, and by that time the essay was almost due. We all spent the last night writing madly, and had writer's cramp for days.

Margie, B. J., and Mabel received their honor blazers from GAA. They were white — the first time.

The junior picnic was a big hit. The fellows played football — until the pigskin just collapsed, and gals explored a very dark and narrow cave, by themselves, no less.

At commencement we took some prizes and were a little surprised when we realized that we were the "grand old seniors". But bravely we determined to try to live out the summer without mourning the fact too much.

SENIOR YEAR

Our Senior Year — the best of our lives! We tried to make it successful, and here's what happened.

The senior room came to be our second home (this was the year of the housing shortage). Although he was ably assisted by Allie as vice-president, "Witchcraft" as secretary and Les as treasurer, "JT" soon found out why class presidents get gray.

Sally Grace had a slumber party which crashed Jess's stag party of the same night. Ruth Weil started a long line of open houses where we really got together as a class.

Around the middle of the year, the Bricks and Ivy began urging its committees to work a little, for deadlines appeared from nowhere. The Crimson and White editors spent some twilight hours beating deadlines, and Jess's pleas for assignments will haunt the halls forever.

The Senior play — exams — the Senior Ball — commencement — and now we've completed our "Past Perfect". It's time to take our formal leave, but we'll be seeing you at the basketball games.
“Two Silhouettes” — Nancy Lee Clark, Grant Talbot.

... Tops with everyone — Winifred Haut, Don Jarrett.

Dressed to kill! — Gladys Appleton, Frank Coburn.

... Smart as a whip! — Marjorie Bookstein, John Thompson.

... Friendly Souls — Bettie Jane Flanders, Grant Talbot.

To do so many things so well! — Jackie Mann, Derwent Angier.

Smart as a whip! — Anne Silverman, Franz Mohling.

To do so many things so well! — Ellen Fletcher, Jess Barret.
Venus and Apollo—Nancy Lee Clark and
Grant Talbot.

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Venus and Apollo—Glada Appleton, Frank Coburn
Salt of the Earth—Bettie Jane Flanders, Derwent Angier
Sports Royal—Mabel Martin, Don Jarrett
...Dances like a dream—Sally Grace, Allie Meskil
Busy as a bee...doing for Milne—Marjorie Backstein,
Allie Meskil
Personality plus, plus—Mabel Martin, Allie Meskil
They're screams...ha, ha—Dick Stock, Jackie Mann

LIMELIGHT

Sports Royal—Ellen Fletcher and
Dick French.

Dances Like a Dream—Joan Whitcraft
and Jess Barnet.

Personality Plus...Plus—Bettie Jane
Flanders and Derwent Angier.

They're Screams...ha, ha—Diana
Ostrander and Allie Meskil.

Busy as a Bee...Doing for Milne—
Lois Prescott and Jess Barnet.
Found: Joan Whitcraft's wim, wigor and witality.
Found: By Don Jarrett, a book "How to Drive Successfully." The inscription on the cover reads "to dearest Bill" (DeProsse, that is.)
Found: Ellen Fletcher's ability to swing a hockey stick, probably in the neighborhood of Shirley Tainter.
Found: By Dick French — the junior class.
Found: By Franz Mohling, the beauty of red hair.
Found: One sailboat, believed to be the last entry to return from the 1942 races—the one when the boys made their boats in shop and then sailed them on Washington Park Lake. Whose could this be?
Found: A valuable prism from the historic Grand Union Hotel. Call any member of the class of '47's excursion to Saratoga, for information.
Found: A bright new knocker for the Senior Room door — for the benefit of the school (seniors excepted).
Found: A bottle of Red Rinse For Grey Hair — under the locker of John Thompson, the president of the senior class.
Found: Harvey Dwight's car (?). We can't return it, Harvey. You will have to come and coax it away from Milne.
Found: The entertaining wit of Jackie Mann. Those interested may inquire at Sigma rushes and initiations.
Found: By the junior gal who finally learned to drive — Winnie Hauf's car.

Found: Jess Barnet's ability to socialize and mingle with the crowd. To claim, call Lloyd Schonbrun.
Found: By Pat George — the path (straight and narrow) to the high school.
Found: Executive ability — anywhere Sally Gaus and Ruth Ambler were conducting Sigma and Quin meetings.
Found: One substantial lunch believed to be owned by Lois Prescott. To claim, call a puny seventh grader who thought he needed it more than Loie.
Found: B. J. Flanders some "jewelry". And who lost THAT?
Found: By Pauline Miller, the glamour of Texas — and those cowboys.
Found: By Nancy Knapp, a new barn for parties.
Found: A good use for roguish eyes, by Sally Grace.
Lost: One bean bag — last seen going down the funnel of the Hendrick Hudson on our ninth grade excursion down the Hudson.
Lost: Miss Fillingham's familiar, "Come?" It is believed to have been replaced by, "Open the door, Richard."
Lost: By Pony Richter, about five pounds. Could it be those rhumba lessons in the Senior Room?
Lost: Some flash bulbs by Gates Barnet. Please help him find them because if the B. and I. finds them first Gates will never see them again!
Lost: One of Cupid Adams' arrows which was aimed at Joan Traver. (It hit its Mark, too).
LOST AND FOUND

Lost: By Johnny Eisenhut, one temper while he was trying to collect contributions for the Red Cross.
Lost: By Bill O'Brien — one huge pair of ski boots. He discovered they were gone when he found out he could walk.
Lost: By Joan Lehner — one pair of dancing shoes. She must have left them when she changed into her roller skates.
Lost: By Roy French, an argument. Finder may keep it. Roy has already forgotten it thinking about another one.
Lost: By Bob Blum, his seat in the Senior Room. Never mind, he'll sit on the table!
Lost: A gorgeous giggle once belonging to Nancy Bearup. If you find it, give it to an occupant of next year's senior room.
Lost: By Rus Gulden, a nap in history class. We had a movie with a loud sound track.
Lost: By Neil McNeil, a senior driver's license. If found please return to owner (not that he'll have much use for it.)
Lost: A cast for Carol Spence's knee. Please don't return it. Carol certainly doesn't want it any more.
Lost: In the vicinity of next year's health classes, Hap Gade's startling talent for biological terms.
Lost: Lovely lapel pins. Return to June Linton, owner.
Lost: The cry of Ken Seifert, happily yelling through the halls, "Has anyone seen that new girl?"
Lost: Joan Minnock's red dress with the accordion pleated skirt. Please return it because she might be in a French assembly again sometime.
Lost: Super good looks by Nancy Lee Clark to any one who needs them. (No trampling, please.)
Lost: One beautifully tailored suit. If found, you can be sure it belongs to Pat Snyder.
Lost: One set of brains, by Tris Coffin. Tris won't need them in college and Larry wants them so much.
Lost: One pair of beautiful eyes. If found, return to Betty Goewey. They look best on her.
Lost: By the class of '47 to Deanie Bearup, Frank Coburn.
Lost: Joan Clark's record of "There'll be a Hot time in the Old Town of Berlin". Last seen on the chair Jim Clark and Don Talbot were sitting in.
Lost: At least one boy's picture. If found, return to Frannie Dalldorf — without looking, please.
Lost: One of George's pups. This was the one that shocked us all by making D. A. an uncle right in the middle of history.
Lost: Ruth Weil's youth, trying to get the "Lost and Found" written one way or another.

Lost: One southern accent by Nancy Brewster. We hope "that man" doesn't miss it.
Lost: By Ed Van Acker, forty dollars worth of class rings and society pins — we wonder who found them.
Lost: The words to several songs. Please return to Ozzie Ostrander because they're part of her repertoire.
Lost: One remark — in chemistry class — by Don Smith — if found, bury it!
Lost: Blonde hair that turns under. If found return to Betty Jaros. How would we recognize her without it?
Lost: By Dick Stock, a philosophy. Finder may keep it — Dick will get a new one.
Lost: By Marie Schmidt, one book about cats — or did she wear it out looking at the pictures. (Please return it, anyway, because it's over due at the library).
Lost: By David Duncombe, a gorgeous mop of brunette hair. Did he leave it at New Salem?
Lost: By Anne Silverman several strands of long brown hair. May be found imbedded in the yearbook.
Lost: By Beebee Betham, one pair of blue and cream striped sox, or did she give them to someone?
Lost: A six-year commutation ticket from Menands to Milne by Mabel Martin.
Lost: By Dean Kennett the mantel of dignity she wore so often in the Senior Room.
Lost: One good loud scream. If found, please return to Doris Derk. It's a rarity.
Lost: By Jane Simmons, some rhymes and jingles. Finders may keep same; they'll cheer 'em up.
Lost: De Kelly's gym clothes. This is the seventh time the laundry has failed to return them.
Lost: Norma Belle Singer's seventh grade pigtails.
Lost: Barb Leslie's voice. It was last heard moaning, "You owe some dues to the senior class."
Lost: Allie Meskil's red tie. Believed to have been left behind in the Senior Room moving. It was useful in brightening the old Room.
Lost: Adele Porth's soprano voice, in singing the descants for the French Assembly.
Lost: John Taylor's ability to argue. Being a senior just wore him out.
Lost: A beautiful bunch of muscles — if found give to Dave Bates. Grant Talbot's through with them and Dave needs them.
Lost: The glory of Paris as a fashion center. Mlle. Clementine (Barbara, that is) Doran has earned wide fame ever since her "creations" were introduced at the French Assembly.
Lost: Paul Oppenheim's, "Holy bananas". Please look hard because leading fruit growers are complaining.
Found: By the senior room — Fettig's match jokes.
Found: Margie Bookstein's ability to do a hundred things at once.
Found: By Don Mapes, the ability to get around. Loser's initials are R. G.? but don't bother to claim it, Roger; he can use it.
Found: A renewed lease on life as the school recovers from the Class of '47!
September found us again in the halls of dear ol' Milne... Mary and Betsey entered our "jolly junior class" and later Carol joined the throng... "The Salt" was welcomed back with open arms... Betsey's open-house was our first chance to really get together... Shirley's "Little Girl Party" was a wow!... Shark and Ed are still trying to see who can grow the longest head of hair... Nancy's great interest in the white mice... Our Youth Reporter; de Prosse's taxi service... Arnie's weekly parties... Trips to Hudson... The many fur coats our gals have... Class meetings (?)... Frenchie trying to take down the minutes... Clarke made the all star team... Bev is sure taking chances by driving the Franklin... "Jan, let's have a panel discussion"... (AAC) — Auto Accident Club — Norm, president and Smithy, vice president... Betty's trip to the land of sunshine... Miller, you'll ruin your pitching arm if you keep on playing basketball... Mary-Jane's still in that Buick... Timpy's terrific hen party... Physics classes — fun or a big headache?... Randles is learning the trade... Queenie is still looking for ideas for a C&W dance... Some of our boys worked at the projector... Mac took to the air waves... We missed Greg when he was laid up... Carolyn — how she flies through the air... in the gym, that is... Nat's party!... Deanie and the senior she dresses like... A lot of us wrote to English and French kids... Now, we leave to return as smart (?) seniors... By Now...
It’s but once in a lifetime that you can be a Milne sophomore—with geometry, biology, and all the other easy subjects... oh me!... After a very exhausting day with our beloved studies, we were set for something different—anything from a back seat in the Auditorium to the Playdium... lots of us found our way over to Ed... those few who adore peace and quiet or who don’t mind a few extra

The bread line

Door men?

What size?

The Irium Sisters

Three little girls in Milne

These lights aren't on.

Learnin' their three "r's"

So-o Big
Back to the old auditorium after a summer of fun... so started our early morning gab sessions... Ronnie, Verry, and Ernie joined our merry throng... Freshman class officers were elected... Johnny, president; Alec, vice-president; Stu, secretary; Bobby, treasurer.

Monday mornings with so much to talk over... The first Junior Hi dance... June's before the dancing and Jeff's after... Were we proud of our football players!... Our class dance... Hallowe'en—Nancy's house full to the brim... Didn't the sophomore girls look cute with flour in their faces?... Our sleigh turned into a hayride... The chaperone almost missed the boat—ooh!... Wolfgang's unsuspected camera knew all and told all.

Four-thirty in the locker room... what a choir rehearsal... Maestro Lotwin's choir in section three—Roll Out the Barrel... Those mid-years and finals were talked about for days after... Leaving our well-worn seats in the back of the auditorium... returning next year to begin anew as members of the senior high... oh, to be sophomores at last!

Hockey... oh! our aching backs!... Doesn't anyone want to play goalie?... We witnessed sophomore initiations—seen and heard and feared by us... were we glad we were freshmen!... Stoney doesn't live here anymore—Milne's Valentine to Indianapolis... Mona's scavenger hunt... The first basketball game... T-E-A-M... Yeah, Team... The frosh certainly have school spirit... Our J.V. Cheerleaders: June, Bobby and Larry cheered Allie on—the only freshman on J. V. weren't they swell?...
Have you seen the kids who look just like "Margie"? . . . It's the eighth graders . . . banging around the math room . . . running for a bus with an Eskimo pie in their hands. . . .

What a Hallowe'en party—including refreshments . . . Then it was our turn to have a reception for the seventh grade . . .

Section I tramped off to Schuyler Mansion . . . couldn't go all at once—girls first, then boys—what a shame! . . . Section III seems to cause the explosions in all the classes . . . They claim to have fun . . .

Some of the girls tried their hands at archery . . . "Just call me Diana" . . . Barbara's fall in the mud on the soccer field . . .

Couldn't decide whether or not we liked being promoted to second period gym or not—at least the field was warmer . . . you know us—grin, and bear it!—mostly grin . . .

PIECES OF EIGHT

Would you like to become a Zebra? . . . You now have one stripe—the password is uga-uga-boo-uga-boo-boo-uga.

Gym . . . Watch the he-man boys run around State . . . puff, puff . . . Soccer after school . . . Next time we'll beat you.


Meanwhile more and more dances and basketball games . . . Wager's after those hot games . . . And remember those shindigs at classmates' houses?

Don't forget that tour to Saratoga . . . Yow, the water . . . ugh! Ceramics . . . What blew up now? . . . My bee-u-tee-ful ash tray . . . Ooh! . . . Mr. Tibbits in the lunch room . . . Watch those bags . . . The formal . . . dainty dresses . . . Boys with their slicked-back hair.

We won't ever forget the spring concert . . . What cherubic voices . . . Those little white rats in the science office . . . They're big boys now . . . Aren't we all.

Passing end-of-year exams . . . Not so hard? . . . Next year we return as eighth graders—with the advantage of knowing the rules.
SENIOR COUNCIL


JUNIOR COUNCIL

STUDENT COUNCIL

D. Bates, Junior Council President; K. Seifert, Senior Council President.
The thinkers — Thesium

“We don’t really treat our men that way” — Sigma

“We’re losing” — Theta Nu

Mess hall — Adelphi

Madame est servie — Quin

Round and round they go

Phi Sigma keeping the pin boys busy

MAKIN’ WHOOPEE
"Well, here we are—"... Hectic meetings... "Please pay your dues"... Entertaining sophs at the Sigma Circus... The hot dogs that wouldn't cook... "Get your peanuts and popcorn here"... Lois "Pavlova" and her dying swan dance... "Pu-leeze come to the meeting—it's very important"... The fateful initiations... Nightgowns and Black Stockings... Those luscious cat's eyes... "Poor sophs"... Choking on Slippery Elm... Our inimitable Mistress of Ceremonies... Our sensational installation... Ladies dining out... Flowers... Shaky candles... Sigma on Intersociety Council... Our first year at the Intersociety dance... Our new advisor... "Yipe, there's no money in the treasury"... "Oh, those beautiful keys"... Basketball with Quin... "You still owe your QTSA money"... Sigma's wonderful talent... ZETA SIGMA here's to you!!!

"Gooey"

SIGMA

"S. Gaus led the gals; S. Tainter helped her; M. Bookstein pleaded for dues; J. Mann used the dues as Mistress of Ceremonies and N. McAllaster puts everything down in black and white.

MILNE'S

The new Quin officers came back to school determined to make this the best year ever... Will the juniors ever get their pins?... Oh, those rehearsals for the rush!... The Club Quin opened October 30... "I never knew Adele was such a good magician!... Do the juniors still look like "Dry Bones"?... Next came the initiation... What a waste of eggs!... I can still hear the screams... Clarke's immortal plea: "PLEASE pay your dues!... In December we joined the Inter-Society Council... By January 31, the sophomores were full-fledged members... "They just want our money!"... The Inter-Society Council Dance... The Quin-Sigma... "I don't know who to ask!"... The dreamy QTSA... The end of a wonderful year.

QUIN

SOCIETY GALS


Becoming a member
ADELPHOI

We tried to have orderly meetings . . . tried to sell coke . . . tried to collect dues . . . tried to plan parties . . . and we made it! . . . Our page of pics in Albany newspaper . . . "Bachelors Enterbath" . . . parties at the president's home . . . balancing the coke concession . . . getting our pins . . . welcoming the sophs . . . that eventful banquet . . . Adelphoi, 1947 — a rollicking good time.

THESEUM

The year opened with Don Smith, marshall, slamming the door in 135 — Activities — Basketball — Football — Debates — Baseball — Open houses — the adventurous trip to New York — Addresses by the noted R. Gross at our fraternity meetings — Mrs. Thompson's cake — Mr. Fink's guidance — The membership drive that doubled our gang —.

THETA NU

Another swell year as proud members of Theta Nu . . . Our annual movie — "Submarine Base" — basketball — bowling — Initiations — no initiations — and then burial of initiations forever . . . the Banquet.

PHI SIGMA

Phi Sigma started the year in dire financial straits . . . the treasury was completely ruined by our trip to Thatcher Park last spring . . . We started our basketball program with other societies . . . bowling matches and other outings followed . . . The inter-society Council dance and the Q. T. S. A. were well attended by Phi Sigma boys . . . New members were quietly admitted . . . they helped us finish a successful year!
1. Coffee or tea — Junior High Science Club
2. Me no savy — Junior High French Club
3. Learning the ropes — Junior High Cheerleading Club
4. Post Office? — Junior High Philatelist's Club
5. Acting up — Junior High Dramatics Club
6. Mademoiselles francaises — Senior High French Club
7. C/\text{H}_2\text{O}_4 — Senior High Chemistry Club
8. Junior Auto Mechanic — Junior High Auto Mechanics Club
9. What's her type — Junior High Typing Club
10. Go up young man — Junior High Model Airplane Club
11. Knit two, purl one — Junior High Knitting Club
12. You villain! — Senior High Dramatics Club
13. Watch your step — Junior High Dancing Club
14. Don't Shoot — Rifle Club
Left to Right—First Row: M. Bookstein, Associate Editor; J. Thompson, Associate Editor; S. Gaus, Associate Editor. Second Row: B. Betham, Girls' Sports Editor; N. McNeill, Business Manager; G. Talbot, Boys' Sports Editor; J. Clark, Exchange Editor; B. Leslie, Advertising Manager.


BRAWN AND BRAINS
THE DRIBBLERS

Milne Boys' Athletic Association's first move was to welcome Coach Harry Grogan back . . . The election returns came next—President Bill O'Brien; vice-president Dan Westbrook; treasurer Allie Meskil; . . . Next big move was drawing up the constitution . . . new system established—"head manager" in charge of all sports and intramural activities . . . Jess Barnett received the work on that spot.

Football trip to Hyde Park started the excursion ball rolling . . . In quick succession came basketball rallies . . . Had fun playing host to Manhasset . . . bus rides to Rensselaer, Watervliet or Bethlehem Central proved entertaining . . . M.B.A.A. sold and collected the tickets at the home games.

Our '47 was climaxed by the Father and Sons banquet . . . The usual outcome when "good Fellows" get together—a swell time . . . a perfect note on which to end a year.

Football Manager E. Segel; Head Manager J. Barnett; Basketball Manager N. McNeil; Baseball Manager G. Kilby.

First Row: E. Wilson, R. Bauer.
Third Row: H. Bonsall, S. Cooper, E. Segel.

Second Row: D. Mapes.
MINOR MEN OF MUSCLE

INDIAN ROPE-NICK?—ROPER

He's off at Mills High—back

Now boys, let's not resort to nicknicks!—boxing

M.B.A.A.—from left to right, Top row—W. Farnum; E. Mendel; A. Waller; J. Wicker; N. McNabb; D. Kilby. Middle row—A. Meiki, Treasurer; Wm. O'Brien, President; D. Westbrook, Vice President; J. Barnett, Secretary. Bottom row—E. Seigel; F. Corrie; W. Haver; B. Chisholm.

Spring training—baseball

How many legs does he have anyway?—football

Let's not sit down on the job, Meri ol' kid—trampoline

ALL THIS, AND... BASKETBALL... TOO!
YEA! FOR MILNE!


Nancy Simmons, Captain


Winnie Hauf, Captain
Miss Murray's cry of "happy Moron" was new to Milne, but it soon became a most pleasant one... We'll never get over the way she learned our names so fast... An all-time record—fifty-six people received credit in hockey... hockey playday at Emma Willard—We almost froze... St. Agnes invited us out and we managed to break a couple of sticks—oh muscles!... and by the way, where did Gay pick up that fast dribble?... Hay Clark, when do I play?... The troubles of a captain are many.

Ring stick hockey was introduced, and were those 7th graders fast... The Riding Club had a breakfast outside—must have tasted good after the ride... Archery was again under the leadership of Ann Adams... "Oh my achin' ankles!" was the cry of the classes that went skating.

Someone got hit with a murder ball—and if Dobbs threw it you felt it!... You have to be fast in that game... Those exciting cries from the field on Wednesdays came from the many soccer enthusiasts... Swimming in the winter is fun but it's hard work passing those tests... Basketball came and brought blisters and sore muscles... B.C.H.S. was our first playday, and it convinced us we needed practice... B. B., Red, and Mibs made the All-Star team—nice going kids... More playdays came along with Academy, Columbia and Lansing—The freshmen really did themselves proud when they made J. V. By the time they're seniors we should have quite a team.

In February we cooperated with the Home Ec. department and put on a tea for the new student teachers—our thanks to Taintor who really worked hard to put it over... We worked hard and played hard all year... It sure was fun!

First Row: M. Bookstein, President M. Martin... French, Vice President S. Tainter; N. Simmons, Publicity Manager S. Pelletier; E. Fletcher, Business Manager B. J. Flanders. Second Row: N. McAllaster, Secretary-treasurer J. Horton; Office Manager J. Kilby; Miss Murray.
GIRLS' SPORTS

Up, up and away
Snap it — quick!
Hi Hi Silver
That old, shin game
Shufflin' along

What's your aim in life?
The old shin game
Where's the birdie?
Up at bat
BRAINS AT WORK
WEARERS OF THE SMOCK

Come up and see our paintings!

Their art is on the square, t- heel!

1947 Bricks and Ivy Illustrators
Marjorie Norton, Marie Schmidt, Bob Kelly, Barbara Leete, Joyce Roberts, Lorraine Walker, Nancy Gotier, Joyce Hallett, Ted McNeil, Pat Lawrence, Marlene Cooper, Alan Schramm.
"Tool days, Tool days..."

What's the matter, Sonny, can't you read it?

One good turn deserves another

Furry Wuzzy was a guinea pig

I've been framed

The Tinkers

Weight for them

Explorers in Science
Under the baton of Mr. York—Junior and Senior choirs—the audience on the stage—Male Ensemble "Like Rare Old Wine"—Overture Milnette groups—senior and junior—Singing for assemblies—Encouraged by Mrs. York's smiles from the back of the auditorium—"Close the doors—the choir is practicing!—Milne's aim in music—increasingly more self expression.

**MILNETTES**


**BAND**


**MALE ENSEMBLE**

EINSTEIN'S CORNER

Solid 111

— the answer — 7 3/4

FUTURE SECRETARIES OF AMERICA

That's their type

Balancing the books

Commerce is the subject
LITTLE WOMEN AT WORK

"Mirror, mirror on the wall..."

Globe trotters

"If I had been Napoleon, would have...!"

WORLD PLANNERS
AS OTHERS SAY IT...

Spanish in three easy lessons

Caesar Worshipers ???

— or Hil

AS WE SAY IT...

Round table discussion

Double talk