Milne Begins...

The halls were silent for the summer... disturbed only by the far-off noises of alterations, for the walls must present a facade each year as new as the faces it will greet, the minds it will meet, and the ideas it will sire.

The building is stone. And the idea of education that it represents comes to be like the stone. For knowledge is as indestructible as the stone that houses it. It can be diluted; its organization can be shattered; its very strength can be ground into dust; yet it remains!
WELCOME STUDENTS

Dr. Theodore H. Fossieck

SCHOOL BLAZERS

The decision on the adoption of a Milne blazer will be made early next week, it was announced today by Dr. Theodore H. Fossieck, principal. Collection of student opinion on the desirability and possible colors of the proposed school jacket has been going on all week.

Samples of a possible blazer were shown in a senior class meeting on Wednesday, September 23. The three-button, crimson-colored coat carried the Milne seal in white on the breast pocket. Plans call for the delivery of a plain, extra pocket which can be easily substituted when a person wears the coat to college.

A survey of student opinion taken in homeroom last Friday indicated that thirty students were interested in securing the jacket. Thirty-five of the class said that they would like one color for all Milne blazers, and twenty-two voted for different colors, possibly a different color for each class. The majority said they liked the crimson color of the sample although twenty-two voted for different colors.

Blazers are custom tailored by the Eastwood Apparel Company of New York. The cost will range between $26.25 and $29.25, depending upon the number ordered. Delivery would be made shortly after Thanksgiving.

President Johnson

New York—"I believe the destiny of your generation is to lead the world to the day when war is a rendezvous with excellence."

In Seventeen Magazine's special message from the President (an excerpt from his recent remarks to the Presidential scholars), the Chief Executive tells young Americans that they "are destined to build the physical plant, personnel, and curriculum of the second America, just as you will also be partners in the building of the second America—just as you will also be partners in the building of the second America—just as you will also be partners in the building of the second America—just as you will also be partners in the building of the second America—just as you will also be partners in the building of the second America—just as you will also be partners in the building of the second America.

By the standards you set, by the services you render, you will show the world that when the doors of equal opportunity are kept open in our democracy young men and women will respond with an instinct for excellence such as history has never known."

POLITICS AND THE PUBLIC

Often the tragedies and meaningless acts of national and international idiocy around us become overbearing and we wish to turn off the world as we would a television set. Isolation is one way to escape the world, if we truly want to escape it. Others seem to have a different philosophy: they look for someone upon whom they can thrust their mature responsibility of being informed citizens. They look to the horizon, like so many desperate, outnumbered cowboys on a television melodrama, for the shining hero galloping toward them on his white horse.

Heroes are nothing new. But the white horse brand of heroes often have quick answers, fancy words, rash actions, and many appealing traits, the most common of which is that they can resolve the given plot and end the TV program happily in the allotted time. They are fast, dashing, and brilliant in appearance, but they have quick answers for our problems. They are tough and aggressive with our strength. They put on a show for our money. They are indeed fine for television. They are excellent and enjoyable viewing. But our nation, which is daily becoming warped in perspective by too much of their appearance, has awoken to the fact that many of these heroes are riding, with the dust fanning out at their tails, off the television screen and onto our political platforms.

—Joe Michelson
Cross Country Enters 4th Year

Results: Procter Invitational

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<tr>
<th>Varsity</th>
<th>McNally</th>
<th>68</th>
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<tr>
<td>Geletti</td>
<td>85</td>
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<td>Marshall</td>
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<td>Reynolds</td>
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<td>Elsworth</td>
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Team Total 514
Wachsmann 127
Oliphant 142
J.V. 101
O’Neill 187

Milne’s Varsity placed twenty-first out of twenty-three schools. Ossining took first place and Chenango Valley took second. Milne’s V.Y. did not place as five men are necessary for a team.

Gone, But Not Forgotten

This fall will find the members of last year’s graduating senior class attending many institutions of higher learning. That Milne will be widely represented is evident by the following list of seniors and their choices of colleges.

Cornell University: Marilyn Hesser, Marcia Hutchings, Martha Lowder, Susan Taffet, Sam Zimmermann, Harriet Brown, Linda Garibaldi, Toby Gellman, Dede Smith, Dick Algaze, Brian Lind, Judy Lehman, Stan Lockwood, Timothy Ettleson, 7th; and Lynda Bearup, treasurer.

American International College: Andy Zalay, president; Karen Gavryk, mistress of ceremonies; and Bonnie Losee, secretary; and Ginny Bearup, secretary-at-arms.

This year’s officers of the Quintilian Literary Society are Roberta Polen, president; Judy Graham, vice-president; Karyl Kermani, secretary; Sherry Press, treasurer; and Karen Gervyky, minster of ceremonies.

Activities Resume

As the 1964-65 school year begins at Milne, interest in clubs and student activities is resumed. Many clubs have already elected their new officers.

New officers of the Future Home-makers of America are Joan Proctor, president; Judy Montague, first vice-president; Barbara Boyd, second vice-president; Meri Rosenstock, secretary; Sandy Sheldon, treasurer; and Sue Polen, historian.

Zeta Sigma’s new officers are Cindy Newman, president; Selma Levitz, vice-president; Sue Polen, secretary; Marilyn Shulman, mistress of bookworms; Bonnie Losee, historian; and Ginny Bearup, secretary-at-arms.

This year’s officers of the Council of the Million Girls’ Athletic Association are Paul Schrödt, president; Jimmy Gewirtzman, vice-president; Andy Zalay, secretary; and Bob Langer, treasurer.

Tri Hi-Y’s new officers are Magie Hardmeyer, president; Karyl Kermani, vice-president; Fredyn Kleraflb, secretary; Louise Andrews, treasurer; and Nan Knox, chaplain.

The new Junior Student Council will be headed by Richard Etelson, president; Cathy Levitz, vice-president; Rachael Tompkins, secretary, and Barry Richter, treasurer.

The officers of the Riding Club are Barbara Boyd and Bob Spaner, co-president; Betty Kelsey, secretary; and Lynda Bearup, treasurer.

The officers of the Council of the Million Boys’ Athletic Association are Judy Montague, president; Judy Graham, vice-president; Karyl Kermani, treasurer; Marilyn Shulman, business manager; and Sandy Sheldon, office manager.

This year’s officers of the Million Boys’ Athletic Association are Paul Schrödt, president; Jimmy Gewirtzman, vice-president; Andy Zalay, secretary; and Bob Langer, treasurer.

NEW STUDENTS

Eighth Grade—Betsey Friedman, Paul Hardmeyer, Phyllis Jacobson, Alan Jupiter, Lawrence Alfred, Joan Carroll, Stephen Pula.

Ninth Grade—Robert Kraft, Mary Louise Braden, Robert Castellani, James Biecher, Bruce Willamson.

Tenth Grade—Katherine Breseler, Albert Holzinger, Ronald Olinsky, James Khachadourian.

Eleventh Grade—Robert Rowe, Daniel Martino.

Twelfth Grade—Melvin Ginsberg.
Senior Spotlight Focuses on . . .
CLASS OF '65

JO-ANN BRADSHAW
If you walk into the main office on a Friday morning and see a young lady frantically shoving papers into the mailboxes, do not be alarmed. Jo-Ann Bradshaw is merely doing her best to get these Student Council minutes to the homerooms on time.

The secretary of this year's Senior Student Council halls from Fairfax, Virginia. She moved to Albany when she was five, and then began an illustrious career in the Albany public school system. Jo-Ann attended P.S. 11, P.S. 24, and Hackett Junior High School before moving on to Milne in her sophomore year.

Jo-Ann's life at Milne has been an active one. She has been a class officer, an officer of Quin and F.I.A. and a Student Council representative from her home room's 235 and 335. After that glorious day in June, Jo-Ann would like to continue her studies in the field of nursing.

ANDY ZALAY
The word Buda means one of two things to most people. It is either a word which is still being used in the city of Budapest, a city in Eastern Europe, or someone who is worshipped in parts of Asia. To Andy it is actually part of the city of Budapest. Csend Utca (which is not a slip of the typewriter) is the street where Andy was born on October 15, 1948.

In 1956, following the unsuccessful revolution in Hungary, Andy left his homeland and journeyed to America. After arriving in Albany, he entered Milne's seventh grade. Since then, Andy has been active in many Milne organizations. He has distinguished himself scholarship-ally, having been chosen to the National Honor Society.

Andy is obsessed with physics and curricular activities (except the laboratory). He is a crude X-ray machine using radiotherapy. He is a native Albanian. Born in Rensselaer on May 4, 1947, he spent his grammar school years at Van Rensselaer School.

Ed first entered Milne's hallowed halls as a seventh grader, and he soon showed his proficiency in sports. He has played junior varsity and varsity basketball. In addition, Ed has been one of our top varsity tennis players for the past two years.

Ed's scholastic record is also one to be proud of, having maintained high grades while mastering physics problems and Advanced Placement Math.

Although as of this writing Ed has no college in mind, I'm sure the U. of Minot will offer him a big fat athletic scholarship.

THE WRATH OF A MAD SCIENTIST

Independence

By SALLY BURTON

I slithered my way to the front and waited expectantly. The gaunt, gray Republican candidate looked down disappointedly. The crowds were important, my thought whirled. The first line of gray-faced, gray-bearded dignitaries filed in, Corning, O'Brien took them off to myself. Wagner! This I wasn't expecting!

Few more minutes dragged by, with the craning necks peering to see the motorcade. Finally, he emerged from the darkness, beaming, the manly glare full of full-hearted surge of emotion rose in the cold, damp air. My disgust varied between people behind and those towering above. Still, it felt so strange to actually see him, and then to shake his hand. Then the mayor began . . . I could almost outline the speeches. The invariable tribute to our late beloved President; the infancy and death of all the "great Democrats" to "this great Democratic city," I chuckled. The crowd, I couldn't see it all. Scattered in smatterings were bobbing signs. "Money-bags, Get Gone" or "Pack All the Way" . . . and the ones that really made me wonder what entails greatness: "We Need You, Bobby." The band was playing, the young man was handsome, the people were happy—but the sky was gray.