

SOLFERINO AND IVORY

APRIL FOOL ISSUE

THE MILNE SCHOOL, ALBANY, N. Y.

APRIL 31, 1958

behind him, told him his the was cooked and opened the door. Everything went as usual that night; supper was good and his wife said the usual things, except for one. "Dear, you forgot to put your shoes on!" "Oh, no!" said Osgood. —Nathan Fim

Good Grief!

The 12-P psychology class celebrated the anniversary of Stigmund Freud's birth by giving a party in honor of Mr. Linus, Mr. Schroeder and Lucy. Mr. Linus, Mr. Schroeder and Snoopy, who were psychoanalyzed. The public was invited to the affair, which took place at the Madison theater last Friday night.

Lucy set a new all-time fuss-budging record of 14 minutes, 43 seconds and used up 17,430 calories in doing so. A riot resulted, and the Sixth precinct police were called in to quell the uproar and to summon ambulances for all middle-aged patrons.

Lucy, exultant in her triumph, proceeded to bombard the honorable Charles Brown with remarks so belittling that he shrank to a 2 3/4" stature (a mere shadow of his former self!)

Schroeder entertained the assemblage with his arrangement of Beethoven's Fifth symphony, for Madison avenue landmark to perish in recent weeks).

Pigpen, an unwavering spectator, was rolling in the aisles with laughter. In fact, he was rolling in every available patch of dust, gum or candy wrappers.

Suddenly he jumped up and ran out of the theater, shouting, "The rump! The rump! They're after me!" (He suffers from anti-rumpophobia.)

The noted psychologist, Dr. Frank Blank, Ph.D. (Phobia Doctor), demonstrated psychoanalysis on the stage with the help of Mr. Linus.

Such basic concepts as neuroses, compulsions and complexes were graphically illustrated when Dr. Frank Blank, Ph.D. (Phobia Doctor), took Mr. Linus' blanket away. Mr. Linus displayed a terrible temper and a great proficiency for screaming.

Presently he calmed down and sidled up next to one of the stage curtains, which an unmerciful stage-hand, wishing to exert his power over someone, quickly raised. He raised it too late, however, to keep Mr. Linus from clutching and being raised along with it. There Mr. Linus hung securely until the end of the program, calmly sucking his thumb.

A completely maladjusted time was had by all.

Osgood W. Blublignutz

When one first encounters Osgood, one feels that he is meeting a rather stereotyped middle-class, balding executive.

Mr. Blublignutz leaves for the office every morning at seven-thirty. He takes the B-Belt, the Crosstown, and walks the remaining three blocks to his office.

He is forty-nine years old and senior partner in the firm of Wimbsby, Waldsinc, Hatoolen and Blublignutz. Being an unobtrusive man, he placed his name last.

Everything went fine this morning until he opened the door to the office. Then all fury broke loose.

Four secretaries were standing nonchalantly behind the door and calmly clubbed him with typewriter erasers as he walked in.

The water fountain gave a low rumble and relieved itself of an enormous amount of water which was deposited in Mr. Blublignutz's vest pocket.

A small but deadly stapler was hurled at him with lightning-like speed and accidentally stapled him to the counter top.

Upon freeing himself, he was greeted by his dear old friend, his underpaid, emaciated clerk. With a sweep of his petite hand he managed to successfully damage Osgood's purple pencil holder.

Osgood was thoroughly amazed at the antics of his "well-trained" staff and proceeded to call on the other partners.

He opened the door and found the three of them suspended in rather ridiculous positions. One was hanging from a coat hook, hands extended. Another was pinned between two enormous filing cabinets. And the third one was crushed between the duplicator and the air-conditioner. All three were breathing, yet in suspended animation.

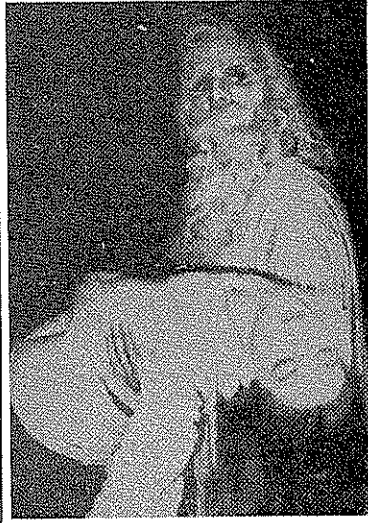
The moment he entered, a chandelier came crashing down, taking with it an odddy colored painting of Heinrich Henrich Dubbsen William Smolderpuss.

Osgood then walked to the next room, the library. The three thousand dollars worth of books were stuck to the ceiling, page by page. The secretaries were peeling them off to use as spitballs against Osgood.

He then ran to the filing cabinet, pulled out one enormous red sour ball, sucked it for ten minutes, and then carefully wrapped it up for future use.

A clerk from next door walked in, sat on the floor and then drilled a hole, seeking water. A fountain burst out with a supply, and the clerk left.

Osgood sensed that something was wrong, so he boarded the elevator and walked the three blocks to the subway. He took the Crosstown, the B-Belt and rang the buzzer to his apartment. His wife walked up



Duck! It's Coming

April 12

National Collegiate Ketchup-bottle Squeezing contest semi-finals, Brubacher hall.

April 19

Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey circus—Page gym, 6:00 a.m.

April 23

Physics department to launch interplanetary rocket (manned by Elvis Presley, per Dick McEwan's request).

April 25

Tommy Manville to speak to home economics classes on "The Secret of a Successful Marriage."

April 28

Student Teacher Recognition day. Thumbtack—rubber band—paper clip sale—Co-op.

April 29

Rummage sale—girls' locker room.

April 30

Student-faculty banister-sliding race—students will use "down" stairs, faculty will use "up" stairs.

May 6-13

National Lawn-Mowing association's annual competition—Ridgefield park.

Did You Know?

Guncotton was discovered in 1846 by a German?

A Czechoslovakian had blue eyelashes?

Anacreon lived between 572 and 488 B.C.?

The largest family was that of a German who died in 1679?

Amersfoort is in the Netherlands?

The word "personality" contains other words?

Monteverdi's *Amor Che Deggii Far; Bello* has been recorded?

In Nauru Island it costs \$.25 to send an airmail letter?

Elvis Presley was born?

The mayor of Champaign, Illinois, is a non-partisan?

1 Col. 18 Pt. Hd.

In the public interest, the Solferino and Ivory is publishing the following correspondence, dated recently, between Mr. Reginald Rubberstamp, chairman of the Milne Ways and Means committee, and Dr. Phi Betakappa, President of the University of the State of New York.

March 3

Dear Mr. Rubberstamp:

We have just received information from the Board of Directors concerning your request for two escalators to be installed in the Milne school.

This proposal met with unanimous approval, and we are happy to make available to you the sum of \$11,400 to be used for the above purpose.

We feel certain that this measure will aid in conserving the energy of our students for their scholastic endeavors.

Congratulations on your splendid idea!

Sincerely,
Dr. Phi Betakappa

March 10

Dear Mr. Rubberstamp:

The Board convened today to discuss your request for a \$15,000 fund to be used to purchase roller skates for all Milne students participating in the educational television experiment in Richardson hall, Albany State College for Teachers.

We heartily concur with your assumption that this plan would reduce tardiness in classes meeting in both Milne and Richardson. We hasten to add that the pupils involved are sure to receive valuable exercise as well as save precious minutes of higher learning.

Enclosed is a certificate of merit for your commendable approach to the many problems facing our modern educational system. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely yours,
Phi Betakappa

March 17

Dear Reggie,

I am at a loss for words to describe the magnitude, the possibilities of your latest concept. It is truly an achievement unparalleled in the annals of school history.

I can only say that \$24,000 has already been earmarked for the installation of ginger ale in all Milne fountains now containing (oh, narrow-mindedness) water.

Please feel free to visit me in the near future to discuss your advancement in our organization.

With fondest regards,
Phi

March 24

Mr. Rubberstamp:

YOU'RE FIRED! Never again will you corrupt young minds with your revolutionary tactics; you may consider all of our previous agreements void!

Of all the lame-brained notions—
(If still interested, see next page)

This space,
THE FIFTH COLUMN
 of the
SOLFERINO
AND IVORY
 wasted an hour
 of
MY TIME
 while
 I tried to think
 of what to put
IN
 because some

Editor's Diary

or
I Was a Teen-age Plagiarist

December 1. With a spring in my step, I bounded up to room 228 after school today, fought my way through the crowd of aspiring reporters awaiting my arrival, and presented them with the list of assignments they had been pestering me for all week. I stepped back to admire their young enthusiasm as they fought to be the first to initial the sheet.

December 7. I feel so gratified. Today the first assignment was presented to me, only three days late. I savored its literary merit again and again, although it was only six lines long including its title, "Look What's Coming."

December 10. Today the second assignment was handed in—the editorial.

Since there are sixteen articles still due, I called an emergency page editors' meeting to sound out more news. When it was learned that there was none, suggestions to burn the school or fire the student teachers to make news were raised, but were voted down by close margins.

December 17. All assignments are

Antidisestablishmentarianism

"Gimme a hit!"
 "Remember when calypso was the fad?"
 "Who's messin' up the net and the goal?"
 "Look at the face on that middle one!"
 "She looks like my Aunt Peggy who's only sixty-eight."
 "She's got a tongue like a cow's."
 "He walks like a monkey."
 "Wait'll I get a new cigar."
 "This is only tomato juice!"
 "I read the book; it was raunchy."
 "I'm in a nickel."
 "Are you smoking that or chewing it?"
 "That's the best part, chewing it!"
 "I concede the serve."
 "What're you doing here, you slob?"
 "You're kidding me!"
 Confused? These are comments collected at random by our roving reporters at a senior open house.

Oh, you say you don't know the meaning of antidisestablishmentarianism! Ha, ha, that's very funny. Next thing I know, you'll be telling me you don't know what cephalosthenia means, and every Milnite . . . What? Oh, come on!

Howdy, Podner!

By **FRED BASS**

When we left our hero, Lance Sterling, last week, he was riding hard after the outlaws. He had lost their trail at the crossroads, but Pecos Pete, the old gold miner, had informed Lance of their passing. "They went thataway," spat Pecos.

"Thanks, friend," Lance returned. He knew now that the only way to catch up with the hoodlums would be to cut them off at the pass. "I reckon I'll cut 'em off at the pass," muttered Lance, knowing full well that he would have to ride hard to cut them off at the pass.

After much hard riding, Lance reached the pass. He sat down to wait for the crooks, and he began thinking about his betrothed, Lucy-Mae Thompson. He had known and loved Lucy-Mae for five years, ever since her father, Judge Thompson, had moved west. "Tarnation," thought Lance, "I reckon that I aim to make Lucy-Mae my wife, if she'll have me, that is."

Suddenly Lance was stirred out of his dreams by the sound of hoofs. He cautiously peered over the edge of the boulder behind which he was hiding. There, directly under him, the outlaws were dismantling

The Zetetic Diaskeuast

- Question: Alfred E. Newman has been quoted as saying, "I have one grunch, but the eggplant is over there." Would you care to comment?
- Mary Beth Long: Russia always seems to get everything first.
- Jan Welt: Eggplants need sunlight, so you had better move it over there.
- Jean Verlaney: See that chandelier?
- George Houston: And a happy Valentine's day to you, too.
- Fred Bass: No soap, radio?
- Igor Magier: I agree with the first point.
- Clayton Knapp: In this case, D=RT.
- Bob Blabey: Did you know that the eggplant is a native of XTALIZOMBIALAND?
- Kip Grogan: I think it is a very confusing situation and should be brought up before the next meeting of the student council.
- Doug Margolis: My opinion is that the question is subversive, and I refuse to answer because it might incriminate me.
- Fred Taylor: More statements like this would help the economy of Yemen.
- Ann Quicken-ton: What, me worry?
- Miss Murray: I think he is absolutely right.
- Marylou Haworth: What a mixed-up world; no one knows what they're doing.
- Julie Florman: Gads, the bus is bumpty?
- Barbara Reynolds: What do I think of this? Absolutely nothing.
- Les Brody: Call the men with the white coats.
- Chuck Lewis: The chicken came first.
- Rich Lockwood: I go to Milne.
- Max Streibel: I'm glad I'm out of biology.
- Mike Ungerman: KWTICHUR-BELLAKEN.
- Chuck Sivaslian: Flattery will get you nowhere.
- Jed Allen: Tequilla?
- Ken Lockwood: It's stupid.
- Nikki Genden: Don't ask me, I'm only a sophomore.
- Pete Moran: Go back to "Mad."
- Bruce Daniels: Eggplants just don't go with grunches.
- Annabel Page: Due to the circumstances of this situation, I believe if a candle smokes, it ought to prove its age.

of you people
 did not hand in
 your assignments
ON TIME

Si, Señor

Vor nicht langer zeit kam ein kleiner sitbtklaessler sehr aufgeregt in das naturwissenschaftliche buero gelaufen und schrie, "Dr. Maus, ihr hirsch ist lose!"

Il n'y a pas trot longtemp, un tres excite petit gosse de la septieme courue dans l'office de science en orient, "Dr. Souris, votre elau d'Amerique a echappe."

(For the still interested parties) fixing Milne's clock system! Are we training young men and women to shoulder the responsibilities of this changing world or are we breeding clock-watchers?

Could you seriously contemplate expending \$13.25 of the taxpayers' money to fix clocks that will have to be adjusted when Daylight Saving time begins? Gross inefficiency is what I call it . . . (CENSORED).

in, and I only had to have fourteen written at sword's point. Things are looking up, the average column runs a scant 33 lines short.

Arriving home at 6:00 p.m. last night, I proceeded to put a few finishing touches on our paper before taking it to press. Thirteen hours, seven pots of coffee and five boxes of No-Doze pills later, I was ready to begin my homework.

I noticed that it had snowed rather hard during the night. One of those fool radio announcers even tried to say that Milne might close. (What they won't do for a laugh.)

Arriving at the printer's, I greeted the gang with a cheery "Hi, here's the pa . . ." But it wasn't.

I pondered my alternatives. I could either retrace my steps (now completely obliterated by snow) and search for the lost copy, or I could commit suicide. At the moment, the latter seemed more appealing.

I imagined myself dropping my radio (and that announcer) into a bathtub full of hot water, then diving in. My whole life would flash before me! But I had to admit that it wouldn't take as long as a Mr. Magoo cartoon. It was a clear-cut case; I was too young to die.

Five hours later, after sifting 14,738 snowdrifts, 1,372 puddles and

(Continued elsewhere)

(Continued from elsewhere)

2 snowballs, I placed one blue hand in my pocket, and what did I find but . . . the lining of my coat. (The paper was at home.)

December 20. I just finished reading my 500th copy of this C&W. Funny thing, but that announcer was right; there isn't any school.

April 1. It is so nice here in my room with the soft padded walls. I can see such a pretty view through the bars on the window. Every day I see all my old friends from the **Crimson and White** staff in basket-weaving class. I wonder how all the little people on the big newspaper are doing now? I expect to see them soon.

The End

of a perfect day.

out into the setting sun at the end Lucy-Mae were married and rode crooks to the jailhouse, he and

Then, after Lance delivered the my blessings go with you."

said the estimable aged sage," and

"Why, of course you kin wed her," daughter's hand," Lance said.

you, Judge Thompson, for yore

"Yes, it's me, and I'd like to ask "I do declare, it's Lance!"

"Land sakes," shouted Lucy-Mae.

Lance recognized them at once: Black Bart, Snake-eyes Smith, Two-gun Anderson and Slim Johnson.

"I reckon I'll rustle up some grub," said Slim.

"That's a right nice idea, Slim," yelled Black Bart. "I reckon we outran that Sterling character, but I aim to reach the border by tomorrow night."

Then Lance stepped from behind the rock and said to the rustlers, "Reach for the sky, gents. Now drop yore gunbelts."

This comment roused Snake-eyes, who immediately tried to draw his gun. Lance quickly disarmed him by shooting him through the wrist. Then Lance said, "Now, I'm takin' yuh in. Yer goin' to get full justice done to yuh."

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Lucy-Mae was speaking to her father and saying, "Paw, you know how much I love Lance. Will you let me wed him?"

"Why, shore, daughter," said the jovial old judge. "That is, if he asks me for yore hand."

"Oh Paw, I just know he will!" Lucy-Mae shrieked in delight.

Just then, who should ride into view but Lance, driving before him the four outlaws.