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**CRIMSON  
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WHITE**

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### MILNE'S CO-OP

Now the time is nearing when friends are accustomed to exchange Christmas gifts with a tender, sympathetic feeling of mutual relationship. Among many gifts a person receives, a book is always warmly greeted and mostly appreciated because it contains something worthwhile. He who is choosing a book for a gift selects it from the viewpoint of a critic, severely judging it by its contents and general make-up. An attractive cover may catch the eye, but the material itself should appeal to the mind of the reader. Everyone realizes how unsparingly a book is criticized by authorities, but is he aware of the fact that our school is judged upon the same basis?

Milne High School is criticized more than many other schools for various reasons. Milne is comparatively a new school, since it occupies a new building and has had many additions in the past two years. People are curious to know just what type of pupil is graduated from Milne, for practice teachers are scarce in educational institutions.

Our new building with practically all modern improvements offers an inviting appearance to outsiders, our critics. Just as it is difficult for an author to state his opinion of his own works, so it is for a pupil to comment upon his own school from an onlooker's point of view. We may do our best in trying to be like the contents of a good book through cooperation. Deep down in every Milnite's heart there is a feeling of loyalty and respect for Milne. Cooperation is the keynote of perfection. I should not boast of our cooperation since there is always room for betterment, but lately a friendlier and more unbiased feeling towards our associates pervades.

A new year is approaching with many New Year's resolutions. There are a few outstanding ones to which Milnites may resolve regarding cooperation with the Athletic Association, the Student Council, and last but not least, the "*Crimson and White.*"

R. R.



### A COUNTRY STORE

This summer I spent quite a while in a small village where my grandfather owned a general store. Many humorous events happened while I was there, but the most interesting ones occurred in the store. I can't say that things were so exaggerated as some stories describe them, but they did seem very peculiar to me.

One afternoon I went down after the mail and then walked over to the store to read the paper. As it was about 4:30, many of the farmers were coming in for supplies—and to gossip. Then two neighboring women entered, and the afternoon session of the gossip circle began.

"Well, John, how's yer pertater crop comin' along?"

"Oh, not so well. The weather's too dry fer good crops. Speakin' of crops, did you hear how Elmer Hick's whole hay field burnt up? Yup! That no-good hired man dropped a match. I tell yuh, them city fellas like Bob don't make farmers."

Then one of the women had to have her say. "Well, that young Bob was a site better lookin' than any of yer sons."

"Oh! I reckon you're right, Mrs. Danby, but it ain't the looks as counts."

"Just the same, my gal Kate went around with that Bob, and yer own Alice was terrible jealous of her."

Here the second woman chimed in: "Oh! John, I did ferget. I told Aggie I'd sure ferget."

"Well, what'd ya ferget?"

Oh, Aggie wanted me to tell you and Bert that she wanted you to come right home and help set out them bulbs of her'n."

"Well, good-bye all of you; I'm glad to have seen you." Here John Gobber and his son left the store.

"Doesn't he beat——." At this point a little girl dashed into the store. The lady asked her, "Now what do you want, Annie?"

"Mrs. Danby an' Mrs. Smith, the ladies over at the church sent me over to tell you to hurry up with them lamp wicks." The child gasped the sentence and was soon running out of the store.

"Oh, lawsy me," the women muttered as they walked slowly out the door.

At last things were quiet and I could read my paper in peace.

## My First Speech in a School Auditorium

"James Richards, for the ninth time will you please speak more loudly, enunciate more clearly, and not squirm so?"

Those words were uttered in despair by my English teacher, Miss Rose, after a hectic half-hour had been spent by both teacher and pupil. She was bravely attempting the difficult task of preparing me to give a speech. It was to be given in chapel before the student body, and I had but two more days to rehearse. Miss Rose could not see why I had so much trouble in reciting this, but trouble I certainly did have. I didn't know what to do with my hands, and while endeavoring to correct their position, my voice would not behave properly. Hence, the teacher just trusted in Providence when she said that I would speak in chapel that Friday afternoon.

At last, the day arrived. All the previous evening had been spent in countless repetitions of my five minutes' talk. My father said that he could say the thing from beginning to end, having heard it so frequently. Mother wished me luck and must have privately added, "He'll need it."

During the regular periods that day, I felt rather proud and looked a little condescendingly upon the rest of mankind. I retained this attitude until about three o'clock. Chapel was held at three-thirty. By that time I was stricken with all types of apprehension and was morbidly thinking of breaking a few limbs as an excuse not to enter that dreaded place, the auditorium. At length, however, I was there and did not dare speak to my neighbors for fear my teeth would chatter. The kind teacher assured me that it was no crime to make a failure of your first public speech. My nearest neighbor and former friend, for I called him friend no longer, stated that he would not laugh much. When he, also, discovered that my knees were shaking, he offered to put down the nearest window.

All these little incidents, instead of angering me, reduced me to a pitiful state of fright. It seemed as though the hands of the clock did not move as the various formalities were performed. Even the sight of other students performing on the stage did not encourage me in the least. My lips were dry and my stomach was somewhere near my shoes, or, at least, it was not in its proper place. Finally, my name was called, and in some way or other, I managed to stumble up the steps to the platform. I opened my eyes, and upon seeing a vast sea of faces, closed them again. Having moved behind a small table, so that the audience could not see my knees shake, I feebly began my speech. Oh, but how lonely and insignificant my voice seemed in the huge silence confronting me. My talk finally drawing to a conclusion, I left the stage, and from my neighbor, who now became my friend again, learned that I had not done so very badly.

In this way, did I accomplish the task of giving my first public talk. From then on, my few appearances, though far from excellent, offer me not nearly the worry and trouble experienced on that Friday afternoon, not so long ago.



## PIERRE RENAULT, MAN AND ARTIST

*Scene*—Poorly furnished dining room of Renault's three-room apartment in the tenement district in New York. An atmosphere of poverty pervades in the squalid and dirty surroundings.

*Time*—Just before dinner.

*Characters*—Helene Renault—young girl of eighteen delicately pretty—having a plucky outlook on life; Pierre Renault, her brother—a young genius of twenty—handsome youth with a temperamental and impetuous nature; Madame Renault, the invalid mother—sorrow-stricken with the hardships of life.

*Setting*—When the scene opens, Helene is setting the small dining table in the middle of the stage. On the left of the stage is a window, a day bed, and a sewing machine. To the right is a small easel and artist's material. Canvasses clutter up the bare space near the easel. A few rickety chairs are scattered around the room. An entrance leading to the other rooms is on the right and the entrance from the hallway is in the middle back.

*Helene*—(humming a tune while setting the table. A noise is heard on the stairway.) Oh, that must be Pierre now. (Pierre enters and throws brief case on couch. Sits down with disgusted look.) You look tired, dear.

*Pierre*—More disgusted than tired.

*Helene*—Did you sell any of the sketches?

*Pierre*—(wearily) Yes, every one.

*Helene*—That's wonderful. Aren't you happy? It will be great news for mother. I must go and tell her immediately.

*Pierre*—No, wait. (Pause) There is something I must speak with you about.

*Helene*—(walking slowly toward him, realizing a critical moment approaches) You have not been discharged, Pierre? You know mother has been ill lately and your salary is our only source of income.

*Pierre*—(impatiently) Oh no, no, Helene. It is wonderful news for me. You see, the man who bought my sketches is a wealthy patron of art, and he has offered to send me to Italy to study for one year. Under those blue skies amidst the ruins of Rome! Oh, how I could paint there!

*Helene*—(clasping her hands) Oh, but mother! What will she do if you leave us?

*Pierre*—(rebellious against his present fate) Good heavens! What am I to do? Am I to live here all my life in these ugly, dirty squalid surroundings? Am I never to enjoy the beauties of life? Am I to die never realizing my ambition? Like my father am I also to forego my desire? Must I stay in this hovel all my life? Must I—?

*Helene*—Pierre! (Enter Madame Renault, limping in aided by a cane.)

*Madame*—My dear children, what is the trouble?

*Pierre*—(sullenly) Nothing, Mother, nothing.

*Helene*—But there is—

*Pierre*—(drawing sister aside) Please, Helene, don't say anything to mother. I must make my own decision tonight without worrying her.

*Madame*—(interrupting) Was there something you wished to tell me, son?

*Helene*—No, Mother, you had better rest before dinner.

*Madame*—No, dear, I'm not tired. Let me stay here. It is so good to have Pierre with us of an evening. You look tired, son, but there is excitement in your eye.

*Pierre*—(advancing toward Madame) There is something I must tell you (taking his mother's hands) I have had an offer to go to Italy to study, but it means leaving you and Helene.

*Madame*—Oh, how nice, my boy. What an opportunity (Clasps her hands and turns away her face to hide tears.)

*Pierre*—Mother, don't you realize?—

*Mother*—Italy is such a beautiful country and especially this time of the year. It will be such a relief after all this (pointing around the room). Helene, (beginning to cry) help me to my room.

*Helen*—Yes, Mother.

Exeunt

*Pierre*—(walking around the room) What a Spartan mother is!

*Helene*—(entering) Well, Pierre, we are sure you'll be happy (brushing away tears) Let's talk of something else now for I'm sure we can manage, and we do so want to see you famous and happy. Oh, I almost forgot about dinner.

(EXIT)

*Pierre*—(shadows of night fall—he walks toward window and gazes out) Life is not all beauty and blue skies. Real life consists of love and sacrifice. There is a give and take in love. Now it is my turn to give.

(CURTAIN)

L. D. '31

R. R. '31

D. S. '31



## SUSPENSE

It was a wild, stormy night. The hours passed, one by one, and still the big, coast to coast bus was far from its destination.

The rain beat against the windshield, freezing the minute it touched. The road was like glass, and it was all the driver could do to keep the bus on it. The passengers were silent. Everyone was too tense with fear to talk. A small child whimpered, "Mother, when can I see my daddy?"

"Hush, child, be still," commanded his mother in such a tone of voice that the child, as young as he was, sensed the nervous tension reigning throughout the bus.

The bus was within ten miles of the next city on the route when the driver

announced that, if they could reach this city, they would go no farther until morning.

Upon hearing this a gentleman (no doubt an Englishman) exclaimed, "I say, if I ever get off this bus alive, King George, himself, won't be able to get me on again."

The silence being, thus broken, the other passengers began talking, and their spirits were gradually revived.

However, their relief was short, for the bus suddenly gathered more speed, and the people found themselves being carried down a steep hill at an uncanny speed, with the bus entirely out of the driver's control. They had hardly become aware of their predicament, when the driver yelled in a terrified voice, "God, the bridge." He jammed the footbrake to the floor and grabbed the emergency brake—but to no avail. The great vehicle crashed through the side of the bridge and plunged into the frozen creek several feet below. It was ghastly.

The heavens seemed to have no mercy upon the black wreck, and the rain continued to beat down so steadily that even one passing over the bridge would fail to notice the helpless.

M. E. CROUSE, '32



## SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is that intangible something that welds us all close together, that puts our school on a plane with the better things in life, that makes us glad we are a part of an institution that we can in after years look back on with pride and thankfulness.

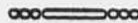
You don't get it all at once. It's something that grows upon you.

Those now in the Junior High will have an opportunity that many of us have missed. Those two extra years of association will do much to build in every student a familiarity with and a love for Milne, so that when he reaches the upper school he will be a true Milnite.

School spirit is a love for fair play, honesty, and truth in all things. In studies, sports, and all activities of our school a keener sense of such spirit can but be of great value to us all.

It's not so much what one does that counts, as it is the way it is done. The end never justifies the means. It's not the mere winning that counts but rather the knowledge that win or lose, the proper spirit has been shown.

FRANCES S. BATES, '33



Ezra M.—Run upstairs and get my watch.

Amos M.—Wait a while and it will run down.

Ezra M.—No, it won't; ours is a winding staircase.



## WHAT THE STUDY HALL CLOCK SEES

As I sit here on the wall, day in and day out, it would be very monotonous, indeed, were it not for the amusement I have in watching pupils studying. If the study hall teacher could see all I do, I fear Professor Sayles would have more callers than he now does.

In the first place, while the teacher is pleading with an unruly boy to "*please be quiet*, and occupy that corner seat," another culprit is catching the rays of old Man Sunshine on a pocket mirror, and reflecting them upon various countenances causing them to make queer faces.

Three or four pupils are diligently poring over their Ancient History, keeping time to their reading with the smacking of their chewing gum. A few girls are arranging their hair and powdering their noses behind a huge stack of books. One boy is working a revolving seat overtime, while another is busy with the point of his compass trying to arouse his classmate who is engaged in dreaming out of the window. Again, while the teacher is occupied with writing slips for the locker room, library and Mr. Sayles' office, notes of a different kind are being written and hurled across the room. At least two from the whole study hall are committing the unpardonable offense, namely that of studying.

There is a general hub-bub when the Junior High School students enter. For a few minutes there's a grand stampeding and slamming of books, but they soon calm down and from former experience, know that it's best to seek diligently after knowledge—when the teacher is looking.

At five minutes of the hour, books are stacked high, and at the sounding of the bell, there is a grand rush for the door.

So you see, it isn't half bad being a clock in study hall. At least, not when there's so much to amuse one.

SARAH A. SMITH, '32



## BRING UP THE REAR

This annual talk about business depression and general conditions may easily be offset by a little consideration on the part of the buyer. The average student finds many outlets for his money, but he seldom stops to consider from just what firm he is purchasing an article. The advertisers in the "*Crimson and White*" are reliable. They are the people of this city who look at student life and undertakings as a definite job. These enterprises have placed an advertisement in this book so that we may be reminded of the business firms of the city. They should be patronized. The members of the student body are not joining the annual parade of financial good-will. Each student should consider it an individual project to read the advertisements.

"Say you saw it in the "*Crimson and White*!"

E. H. C. '32

## Noel

Old Father Time has turned the glass  
That runs the sands of life,  
And closed with merry Christmas cheer  
A year of work and strife.

Dark mistletoe and holly bright  
Proclaim the season gay,  
The poinsetta's vivid flame  
Adds color to the day.

The sunlight on the frosty air  
Turns snow to crystals bright,  
And diamonds glisten on the ice—  
A brilliant path of light.

Now from the busy minds of men  
All sordid thoughts are cast,  
And peace and love have come again  
From out the sacred past.

And memory turns to simple scenes  
Where Faith and Hope were born,  
Beneath the star in Eastern skies,  
That holy natal morn.

All down the serried ranks of years  
Men traveled in His sight,  
And those who groped to grasp His hand  
Were lifted to the Light.

And now the love that gave us life,  
Then, made life worth the living,  
Impels us to rejoice in Him  
In loving and in giving.

Before us looms the stream of life,  
Its tide we fain would stem;  
And guide our course by One Bright Star—  
The Babe of Bethlehem!

CONSTANCE ANNE McCOY, '32

### Blime's Christmas Awakening

Within—old Blime counting his hoard  
Without—the storm spending its spite;  
To the whole wide world it was Christmas Eve.  
To him, but a stormy night.  
Years ago a sorrow had blighted his life  
And with grief and bitterness untold  
He'd turned from his church, his faith, his God  
To the worldly god of gold.

Suddenly, above the howling gale  
Strains of a carol reached his ears  
Proclaiming to him the worthlessness  
Of those lonely, gold-greedy years.  
Louder and sweeter the chorus swelled  
As nearer the carolers came  
Till at last outside Blime's very door  
Rang carols of praise to His name.

As he thought of that Babe who came to earth  
Thousands of years now past,  
A strange peace filled the miser's heart,  
He knew real joy at last.  
So he celebrated the Christmas day  
In his old and beautiful Christmas way  
Of praising God for his wonderful Gift  
And helping the burdens from others to lift.

LOIS E. POTTER



### Christmas Spirit

When Christmas is approaching,  
There's a stirring in my heart;  
I am moved by optimism;  
I've a longing to depart  
From all the crowded ways of men  
Where cheek and jowl must rub,  
And draw out all the money  
From my friendly Christmas Club.

E. G. WEBB

# SCHOOL NOTES

Now that the last vestiges of turkey have disappeared, basketball is well under way. We haven't played our first game as yet, but as this is written, it is only a few hours away. If our opponents are good, they have a fighting chance. How about it, Team?

The Christmas holidays in the near future are lightening hearts and bank accounts. We welcome them with out-stretched hands and grasping fingers. We take this opportunity to proffer extensive wishes for your welfare and well-being at Christmas and New Years.

So far, we haven't received any news tips. May we gently inquire what's the matter?



Under the leadership of Emma Grace Webb, with the help of the rest of the officers, S. S. Quinn with full speed ahead, has launched into what seems to be, and will be, unless all signs fail, the ending of a most successful year.

Our rush party, which was held not so long ago was claimed to be enjoyed by all who attended.

Our acceptances from new members are increasing and soon we hope to surpass all other years by our record.

With best wishes to Zeta Sigma and Adelphoi for a very Merry Christmas and best luck in the bright New Year, we watch the S. S. Quinn sail on to another and better year.

D. B.



Already launched on a highly successful year, Sigma topped her good start by a peppy rush. The invitations have been sent to the sophomores and the initiation plans are under way with Lola Barbour, mistress of ceremonies, directing. Here's for an initiation to measure up to the rush!

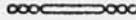
R. N.



Following the success of the outing which was held several weeks ago, members of Adelphoi are anticipating a theatre party which is to be held sometime during the Christmas vacation.

Preparations are now being made for an initiation, which is to take place sometime before the Christmas vacation.

R. FASOLDT



## Alumni Notes

Fred Hall, '29, is planning to enter West Point in July.  
 Edith Marx, '28, is now Mrs. Helman.  
 Edmund Mayberry, '30 and Oliver York, '29, are students at Colgate.  
 Helen Wiltsie, '30, is working for the Telephone company and Esther Hilton, '29, for the Times-Union.  
 Bob Wiley, '29 and Burgess Garrison, '30, are attending Union College.  
 Martha Stang, '30 and Virginia Smith, '30 are at Buffalo Teachers' College.  
 Carl Wirshing, '30 is at Carnegie Tech.  
 Harriet Jones, '29 is in training at the Memorial Hospital.  
 Bertram Atwood, '30 is studying ministry at Rutgers' University.  
 Grace Albright, '30 and Elva Hills, '30 are at Russell Sage.  
 Irene Gedney, '29 is studying music at the Eastman School in Boston.  
 Bill Sharpe, '30 is working with the Standard Oil Company.

The following are at State College:

Jane MacConnell, '30.  
 Esther Davies, '30.  
 Helen Cromie, '29.  
 Marie Judd, '29.  
 Helen Pauly, '29.  
 Francis McMahan, '29.  
 Laura Fletcher, '29.  
 Alverda Beik, '30.  
 Peggy Gotschalk, '28.  
 Netta Miller, '27 is teaching Senior English in Milne.  
 Ruth Hughes, '27 teaches Geometry in Milne.  
 Mrs. Van Laer (Irma Long) '27 teaches Junior High arithmetic.  
 Helen Otis, '27 is teaching Junior English.

L. B. and M. C.



Syracuse, New York

October 9, 1930

HELLO MILNITES:

Boy, I wish I could greet a few people on the campus that way! There's quite a difference between walking across a campus and not seeing anyone you know and strolling down a hall and speaking to ten or fifteen acquaintances.

College life, however, is a great life. I'm glad that I have the opportunity to be here, and I'm sure going to make the most of it.

At present it's my one ambition to become an upperclassman and say "Lid frosh," to a lowly freshman. You see, we freshmen have to wear dinky green lids perched on the backs of our heads. Whenever an upperclassman feels in the right mood, he calls out, "Lid, frosh," and we tip our caps. Among other things we must wear black ties and say "hello" to everyone on the campus, too.

There is no personal hazing at Syracuse, but there are a couple of rushes between the sophomores and the freshmen. The flour rush is October 25 and the salt rush is at a later date yet to be announced. In the flour rush, the sophomores get on the top of the hill, and the freshmen attack with paper bags filled with flour. The sophs have a fire hose which they use as they see fit. When everything is over, the sophs look like the Academy after the now-famous victory. Don't get me wrong—the frosh haven't lost a flour rush in years. I guess they out-number the sophs 3 to 1 at least.

You may be interested to know that Syracuse uses a form of student government which is essentially the same as the one at Milne. The system here, however, is more complex and higher developed.

Since it is practically an established tradition that alumni include a bit of advice in their letters, I shall give you some figures that my Economics professor told me. Harvard University has found that each day spent in college is worth \$125 to the individual. They arrive at the figure as follows:

There is a difference of \$100,000 between the life earnings of a college man and those of a high school graduate. Each person spends about 200 days a year in college, and for four years this amounts to 800 days. Dividing \$100,000 by 800 they arrive at the conclusion that each day is worth \$125—which is pretty good pay. Just now I wouldn't mind receiving a few down payments!

Best wishes for a happy and successful year—scholastically and athleticly,

Sincerely,

RALPH GARRISON, '30



Teacher—Let me hear you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides of the triangle.

Rhea U.—Let's not waste time, teacher. Let's admit it.

Teacher—Are there any more questions?

Harding—Yes, how do you determine the horse power of a donkey engine?



Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, Milnites! The Exchange Department takes this opportunity to wish you holiday greetings and to remind you not to forget the little space in the library reserved for magazines and papers from other schools. There are always some new ones there to interest you, so don't forget to look them over.

Our Exchange Department acknowledges:

- "*The Mirror*"—Huntington High School, Huntington, N. Y.
- "*Shucis*"—Schenectady High School, Schenectady, N. Y.
- "*The Tiger*"—Northport High School, Northport, N. Y.
- "*Volcano*"—Hornell High School, Hornell, N. Y.
- "*The Hermonite*"—Mt. Hermon, Mt. Hermon, Mass.
- "*The Tiger Club*"—Hastings High School, Hastings, Nebraska.
- "*The Oracle*"—Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y.
- "*The Vincentian*"—Vincentian High School, Albany, N. Y.
- "*The Torch*"—Troy Catholic Central High, Troy, N. Y.
- "*The Ulsterette*"—Saugerties High School, Saugerties, N. Y.
- "*Y-Tech Courier*"—Cleveland Y. M. C. A. School of Technology, 2200 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
- "*The Cue*"—Albany Boys' Academy, Albany, N. Y.
- "*M. H. S. News*"—Mechanicville High School, Mechanicville, N. Y.
- "*Sir Bill's Bugle*"—Johnstown High School, Johnstown, N. Y.
- "*Enterprise*"—Keene High School, Keene, N. H.
- "*Red and Black*"—Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, N. Y.
- "*Maroon and White*"—Bay Ridge High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- "*The Forum*"—Lockport High School, Lockport, N. Y.
- "*Chand Bagh Chronicle*"—Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India.
- "*The Spotlight*"—Mineola High School, Mineola, N. Y.
- "*The Clarion*"—Lynbrook High School, Lynbrook, Long Island.

## OVER THE FENCE

"*The Oracle*"—Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y.

We have always enjoyed "*The Oracle*" and we were not at all disappointed in your October issue. Your Literary Department was very well done and showed a great deal of writing talent in your school.

"*The Mirror*"—Huntington High School, Huntington, N. Y.

A peppy magazine filled with school news. The jokes are very good. Come again!

"*The Vincentian*"—Vincentian High School, Albany, N. Y.

In this issue, the "*Crimson and White*" Exchange Editors take off their hats to the "*Vincentian*" as the magazine which has shown the most improvement since last year. Every department shows marked progress.

"*Shucis*"—Schenectady High School, Schenectady, N. Y.

Your "*Book-Case*" is very well written and shows off the talent in your school. Thanks for the Exchange!

"*The Torch*"—Troy Catholic Central High School, Troy, N. Y.

We liked this issue of "*The Torch*" very much. Though a small one, it was very complete and well made up.

"*Volcano*"—Hornell High School, Hornell, N. Y.

Your paper shows extensive work and is very "newsy." Your cuts add greatly to the professional touch of the "*Volcano*."

"*The Tiger Cub*"—Hastings High School, Hastings, Neb.

A truly enjoyable newspaper. We like your "Sport Chats."—Lots of fun!

## —AND BACK

"*The Oracle*"—Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y.

"*Crimson and White*"—Your devoting a department to each class is a good idea. Most school papers are written mostly by seniors.

"*The Torch*"—Troy Catholic Central High School, Troy, N. Y.

"*Crimson and White*"—Your year book is excellent. The photography was unusually good and history and prophecy were original.

Central City High School, Central City, Kentucky.

"*Crimson and White*"—A copy of the "*Crimson and White*" has been received and met with much praise from our school. We think it is one of the best school papers we have ever seen.



### BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS!

The basketball season at Milne was officially opened on December the fifth. At the time of writing, the game was being looked forward to as being a huge success. Everyone was planning to come out and give his utmost support to the team in helping them gain a victory. The game wasn't to be played with a regular high school team, as this was made impossible owing to a cancellation of a game with Canajoharie.

The team was in high spirits on the day before the game, and every member was looking forward to an opening victory, although he realized that he would have to play his hardest through every minute of the game.

Coach Rutherford Baker said, "I know that my team this year is very young and inexperienced; therefore, I can not expect a great deal from them at the beginning of the year, but I can see that they are learning the fine points of the sport, and I will expect much from them during the latter part of the season. The assistant director, Charlie Lyons, was much more confident, however, as he expects the team to go through the season with flying colors. He has worked hard with the team all year long, putting them through hard practice sessions and getting them into the best condition possible prior to the first game. The team realizes what his efforts have meant to them, and they appreciate what he has done very much.

Some of our games will be played away from home this year, and a bus or busses will be obtained for each trip. The team would like to have as many accompany them on these trips as possible. The cost will be very small to anyone wishing to go, and a good time can always be had. When a large crowd makes a trip of this nature it always serves in putting fight and moral into the team. It makes them want to win for their own cause, and for the school that they are representing.

The following schedule has been arranged by Manager Snowden for the 1930-31 season:

DATE	TEAM	PLACE
Friday, Dec. 5	Paramounts	Home
Saturday, Dec. 13	Watervliet	Home
Friday, Dec. 20	Open	
Friday, Jan. 16	Cobleskill	Away
Friday, Jan. 23	Troy Country Day	Away
Thursday, Jan. 29	Industrial High	Away
Saturday, Feb. 7	Open	
Friday, Feb. 13	Delmar	Away
Friday, Feb. 20	Open	
Saturday, Feb. 28	Delmar	Home
Friday, March 6	Industrial High	Home

Games are pending with Waterford and Rensselaer High School. The State College freshmen are also likely opponents for one or more games.

R. F. P.







Cook—I saw a big rat in my cook stove, but he got out when I went for my gun.

Thomas—Did you shoot him?

Cook—No, he was out of my range.

Kuhn—What kind of a car have you got?

Fasoldt—A wreck.

Kuhn—A wreck?

Fasoldt—Yes, every time I park it a dozen people ask me if I reported the accident.

Country Girl—Mr. Dribbel, I'd like you to meet my fiance, Mr. Brown.

Country Postmaster—Pleased to meet you, Mr. Brown. You sure do write a mean love letter, by heck.

Spelman—I'd like to see something cheap in a felt hat.

Clerk—Try this one on. The mirror is on your left.

If it weren't for the thousands of wads of gum under the movie seats, about half the chairs would fall to pieces.

Lady—Are those eggs fresh?

Clerk—Boy, see if those eggs are cool yet.

Judge—You are accused of stealing a chicken. Anything to say?

Prisoner—I just took it for a lark, sir.

Judge—No resemblance whatever. Ten days.

Phelps—Your suit looks rusty.

Herbie—Well, the tailor said it would wear like iron.

Father—I liked that young fellow you were with the other night, so I asked him to drop around to dinner in his business clothes.

Buckley—Oh, father! He's a swimming instructor.

Paffy—When Mr. Brown arrived home from his tour he fell on his face and kissed the pavement of his native city.

Towne—Emotion?

Paffy—No, banana skin.

Donnelly—Do you think there's music in the stars?

Emma Grace—I don't know about that, but I know of the sun causing a belle to peel.

Teacher—(sternly)—This essay on "Our Dog" is word for word like your brother's essay.

Freihofer—Yes, it's the same dog.

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Frosh—(at basketball game)—I don't see how that referee keeps so cool.  
 Soph—That's easy. Look at all the fans around him.

"Rough on Smitty, wasn't it?"

"Oh, what happened?"

"Well, he slipped on a banana peel and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license.

Carvel—Why were you so careful to see that there were no worms in that apple?

Gepford—I'm a strict vegetarian.

Byron—Does the man next door to you play his trombone by ear or note?

Ruth Reiner—Neither, he plays by brute force.

Lorna—There's a fly in my soup.

Bobbie Hall—Don't worry, he won't drink much.

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He was a boy who weighed but a scant 280 pounds. He skidded on a banana skin and subsided very gently into a crate of eggs. The polite storekeeper came out to assist him to arise from the crate of hen fruit.

"Oh, I do hope I have not broken them," said the boy.

"Not at all, sir," said the polite storekeeper, "they're only bent a little."

Hubby—(viewing shirt just home from laundry)—Well, I always knew that we needed a new lace curtain.

English Teacher—What is a metaphor?

Mayberry—For cows, of course.

Snowden says:

"I eat my peas with honey,  
I've done it all my life,  
It makes the peas taste funny,  
But it keeps them on the knife."

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SOPHOMORE

Fred Dearstyne—What's the matter, can't you skate?

Redmond—(trying for first time)—I don't know yet, I can't stand up long enough to find out.

Rosbrook—How far is it downtown from here?

Little Blatner—About five miles, but a big fellow like you should do it in three.

Cuckoo—This cold weather chills me to the bone.

Watkins—You should wear a heavier hat.

Bill McCord—(In the Math. Exam.)—How far were you from the correct answer?

Alberts—Two seats.

Then there is that long, long story about the girls who go to work in the button department in the shirt factory and sew on and sew on.

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Teacher—What would the interest be on \$500 for one year at 3 per cent?  
Abie, pay attention!

Abie—At 3 per cent I would not be interested.

Fat men are always good-natured because it takes them so long to get mad clear through.

Wilson—Somebody ought to invent more labor-saving devices. We still have to lift our feet to the desk by main strength.

Taussig—Who's that funny fellow at the end of the hall?

Wilson—Cuckoo.

Taussig—I know it, but what is his name?

Biology Teacher—We should eat foods that will develop our brains. Can anyone suggest some foods?

Bright Frosh—Noodle soup, head cheese and cocoanut pie.

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QUIN

Phelps—Can you use the word “obsolete” in a sentence?

Reynolds—I’ll bite. Let’s have it.

Phelps—I was *obsolete* last night, I couldn’t get up early.

Coach to Spelman—Have you ever been to the zoo?

Spelman—No. why?

Coach—You ought to go, you’d enjoy seeing the turtles whiz by you.

Reynolds—I know every language but Greek.

Teacher—Let me hear you speak French.

Reynolds—Oh, that’s all Greek to me.

“I haven’t noticed any mosquito netting around,” remarked the visitor who was making his first trip to Swampsville.

“No,” answered the native son, “we use mouse traps.”

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Soph—That was terrible grammar Julius Caesar used when he met Brutus in front of the hot-dog stand.

Frosh—How come?

*Soph—Et, Tu Brute?*

Getman—Let's go on an endurance contest.

Cuckoo—All right. You fly the plane and I'll tear the sheets of the calendar.



SIGMA



ADELPHOI



