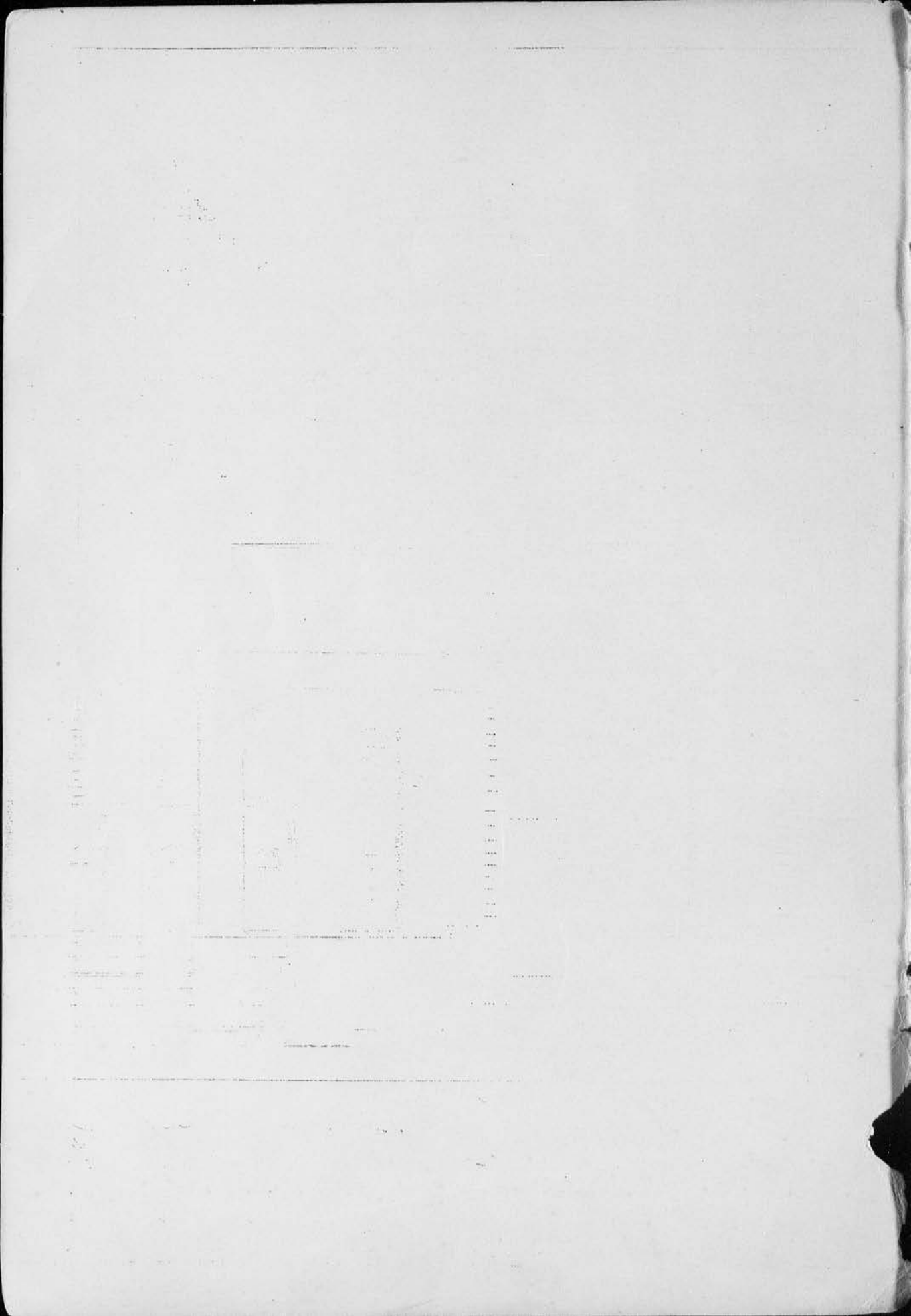


HENRY BLATHER
229

C r i m s o n
a n d W h i t e



THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXV

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CONTENTS

Editorial	3
Literature	5
School Notes	14
Athletics	16
Varsity Club	19
Exchanges	20
Alumni Notes	21
Humor	23

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OUR ATHLETICS

As we enter a new era in the history of Milne High School, with promise of facilities and equipment for sports and athletics, let us stress this phase of our student activities, and ask for the wholehearted interest, cooperation, and support of the student body. Already we have two organizations that are striving for the furtherance of athletics, the Varsity Club, and the recently formed Athletic Council. In time, boys' basketball and baseball will become a vital part of our curriculum. But why cannot girls' sports be advanced at the same time? Basketball teams could be formed, and tennis and hockey tournaments held. Wholesome recreation and exercise could be afforded every girl in gymnasium classes. There would result good health and better sportsmanship. Consider this proposition seriously, students. Do you not think that girls, as well as boys, if given opportunity, can prove athletic prowess? At least they can be given a chance.

CONGRATULATIONS

The board of editors and the students of Milne congratulate Dorothy Birchenough for her recent winning of the scholarship to Vassar College. We are proud of you, Dorothy. Remember that the joys of our Student Council president are the joys of the whole student body.

I. G.

CONCERNING PERIOD BELLS

We have heard much of our new building, and the obligations and advantages it brings us, but one rule in particular seems to need emphasis, our period bells. When the bell rings to signify the end of the period, the pupil should go straight to his next class or study.

He is not to be detained by his teacher, and the next bell should find him in his next assigned place. This rule must be observed and obeyed by all, as it does much to keep order and preserve school dignity.

E. G. W. '31.

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL

What Is It?

The state has made a generous contribution, amounting to nearly 900,000 and has erected therewith a beautiful addition to the State College for Teachers consisting of three buildings. One of them bears the name Milne High School. This building has been planned with great care; the rooms are adapted to the purposes for which they were designed; the lighting is excellent; the color scheme is restful to the eyes; students have contributed to the decorating scheme of one of its choicest rooms; the heating and ventilating system is the result of the best engineering knowledge; the architecture is pleasing and harmonizes with the existing group; one of the city's largest parks contributes its beauty to the setting and passersby speak approvingly of the new Milne High School. But that is not Milne High School.

Three hundred or more boys and girls of varying ages, early each day—from remote rural home or nearby house—assemble in classes, recite lessons, meet friends, exchange greetings and go about their way; and some call that Milne High School. But it is not.

Seniors from the college, in changing groups, come each year and put into practice the theory which they have acquired in various ways. They bring their youthful enthusiasm to this first actual step in their chosen profession; they work with unlimited energy for the accomplishment of their dream, form lasting friendships, and derive new notions of procedure. But this is not Milne High School. Then what is Milne High School? I will try to tell you: boys and girls of many ages, some filled with energy and fire, some growing grey in service, hundreds of us through the years to come, free and joyous and happy, working together through the days. For Youth says—"I am of things as they are. I am the fighter for things that ought to be. I was the beginning of human progress and I am the progress of the world. I drive the world on. I invent, I achieve, I reform. About me is the glory of mounting. I have no fear of falling, of slipping. I have no fear of being lost. I am truth." So hand in hand with friendship and intelligence, with virility and devotion, undertaking to accomplish an ideal of a better state, we say with our Athenian youth of old, "I shall not leave my country less, but more and better than I found her."

JOHN M. SAYLES, Principal



LITERATURE



AN UNEXPECTED CALLER

I have a middle-aged aunt who is very, very deaf. About once a year she comes to visit my father and mother. We children had always happened to be away when she came, so of course we didn't know what she looked like. Mother told us that she was coming Tuesday to spend the afternoon. Monday morning a distant cousin died, so mother and father had to go to the funeral. That left us children to entertain Aunt Sarah.

Tuesday afternoon, about a quarter of two, a stout, middle-aged woman walked up the steps. We said, hello, very loudly, and asked her to come in. Ted and I kept talking softly behind her back, saying that we hoped she wouldn't stay long. My sister was afraid that she would understand us, but Ted said of course she couldn't.

We got out the photograph book. Ted explained the different pictures as well as he could and got so hoarse yelling that he had to stop. Aunt Sarah kept turning the pages, and finally she came to a picture of Senator Jones. I remarked loudly enough for Aunt Sarah to hear that the Senator wasn't half as good looking as his picture. I also said that he and his wife went on so many trips that he neglected his work.

About six o'clock she started for her home in Morrisville. Mother and Father came about seven. Ted started right in telling Mother about Aunt Sarah and how we had entertained her. "Aunt Sarah!" exclaimed Mother, "why your Father and I met her at Morrisville. She decided at the last minute that she couldn't come."

The next morning we received a letter from Senator Jones' wife thanking us for our hospitality. In her letter she said that she hoped Mother and Father would be home the next time she came. We children hoped so, too!

E. D. '30.

A SCENE

The day before Easter I sat in the station, waiting for the train to take me to the farm for the holiday. It was mid-afternoon and the station was rather crowded. Everywhere was a spirit of excitement and expectation. The people milled restlessly about or ran for their trains.

One large business man, carrying numerous bundles, lumbered past me with elephantine grace. A prosperous business man was going to his home in the suburbs, I thought.

Some young girls laughing, talking and occasionally repairing enameled faces, caught my attention. Obviously college girls, going home for the vacation, I mentally cataloged them.

Next to me sat three heavily rouged, overdressed women. The air was heavy with a cheap perfume they used. Of course, they talked incessantly, and it seemed their favorite exclamation was "Migawd." Truly, they are vaudeville actresses, I thought.

Just then an elderly man and a small child came in and sat opposite me. Both were shabbily, yet meticulously dressed. The little girl was very much excited, and kept asking the old man questions. He answered these queries patiently and kindly. I imagined them to be farm people who had come to the city to do some shopping.

Analyzing people is one of my pet hobbies, and I wonder how often I am right in my analysis.

KATHERINE ROBINSON, '30.

CAT SCRAPS

"Who's afraid of you?" meowed "Pudgy" Josephine Martin, a young tabby, as she faced her opponent on the fence in a back yard, "you can't fight."

"Oh!" Felix Horton, a handsome Angora, hissed, "when you go home the worse for our meeting, you'll have found out if I can or not. Why, only the other night, I scratched up your brother.

"You won't do it again," said Pudgy. "I heard my mistress tell her husband that she would throw a shoe at the next cat she caught fighting my brother. So there!" At this statement, "Pudgy" arched her back and began to resemble a porcupine. The fight was on.

"Meow-w-w," screeched Felix.

"Psst," spat his opponent, striking her enemy on the nose.

Felix screamed and made a fierce attack upon Pudgy. He succeeded in closing her left eye, but she was not daunted. She yowled a war cry and rushed into battle. For a moment the two cats clashed, each bent on murder, and meowing more fiercely than before.

Suddenly the war ended. An old shoe was hurled from a nearby window, colliding with Pudgy's ribs. Another followed, knocking the unfortunate Felix off the fence.

"Reow-w," they both moaned, and scampered off to their homes.

That evening "Pudgy" related the afternoon's event. "Buddy," she told her brother, "people are getting to be merciless. Cats will soon have to wear armor, if they want to fight in peace."

LORNA DROWNE '31

ESCAPADE

J. Lansing Arden was superstitious and the thought did not overcome that weakening feeling whenever a black cat crossed his path, or a solitary dog howled his sign of death on a nearby hill. Tonight he was returning from the University Club, where he idled away his spare hours. Arden was a man of moderate means, many friends, and an irresistible sense of humor. He had read in the "Times" the accounts of many holdups, and this muse did not help him to shake off a ghastly feeling as he walked along the dimly lighted street to his home.

Then suddenly the weird sound of a dog, howling mournfully, broke the silence. Arden stood still with fright, and cold shivers ran up and down his spine. He shook himself as a dog shakes water from his coat, after a swim. "Pshaw," he thought, "there is nothing to be afraid of. It is probably a mutt, lonely and forgotten, howling at the sound of a radio." But as he hurried on, he cast fearful glances over his shoulder, into the penetrating darkness behind. Constantly he fingered the "good luck" ring he had foolishly purchased a few days ago. He thought of the rigid medical examination he had undergone a few weeks ago, in order to obtain a pilot's license to operate an airplane. There was still a part of the test, unfinished. That part was "nerve." The "nerve" portion of the test, the doctor had told him, would be given unexpectedly in the near future.

Then came the harsh command, "stick 'em up!" Two men emerged from a nearby doorway and poked an automatic into his back. J. Lansing stood dazed and unnerved. Perhaps these men would kill him, thought he, but then he would be rid of that horrible handicap—superstition. So he stood up and calmly offered the two men his belongings, fifty-two dollars, an Elgin watch, gold ring and silver cigarette case. The two men whisked off their masks and a strange sight met J. Lansing Arden's eyes. There stood the doctor, with the secretary of the air board surveying his puzzled look. "You've completed the air test," Mr. Arden, said the secretary. "You'll do," added the doctor!

BETTY CHAPMAN '32.

MILNE

Milne High with its ups and downs,
Its carefree ways and girlish gowns,
Is just the kind of a school for me,
Where we all can join with hilarity.

The basketball games, with our crack team,
Could beat any other one, it would seem,
But the boys couldn't win, if it weren't for us girls,
For we jump and we hop, like a lot of grey squirrels.

A group of young freshmen have entered the school,
And "where there's a will, there's a way," is our rule;
So we hope that together, we will all do our part,
To make dear old Milne the pride of our heart.

Our teachers we love, with their smiling faces,
And we remember with pride, on taking our places,
That all honor is due them, who strive not in vain,
To make us and keep us, "the heart of the grain."

So let us all strive to aim for the goal,
And make the school spirit onward to roll,
Keep looking forward, and never say die,
And give three cheers for our Milne High.

JANET MALLORY, English III

THE CITIZENS MILITARY TRAINING CAMPS

As the midsummer sun lifts his rim over the horizon, the crash of the morning gun and a blare of bugles opens a fresh day of new experiences for the embryo reserve soldiers of the training camps. Five o'clock and first call! Yawns, thumps, protests, and laughter resound. A swishing of blankets, a rush a feet, a rustle of clothing begins. Splashing noises and a babel of voices drift from the bathhouses. Then the whisk of brooms and brushes and a clicking of belts. Assembly blows! A squint through the rifle, a pass at the bayonet—

"Stand to for reveille!"—and heaven help the hindermost. After the terse reports of the officers there is an interval of standing at attention till the last notes of "Reveille" and "Colors" fade across the tense stillness. Then the rattle of rifles, belts, and bayonets in the racks, and columns of eager young men cheerfully attack the mess halls.

Six o'clock—now for business. Assembly sounds. Companies prepare for inspection. Tents are swept and put in order; company streets are policed. The majors inspect the four companies of their battalions, and award the "Best Company" pennants for the day. Immediately the companies form for drill. At seven o'clock they are well on their way to the parade ground. There, the basics, first year men, take drill, combat practice, rifle instruction and morale lectures. Second year men, Reds, receive machine gun and field gun training. Third and fourth year men, acting as "student" corporals and sergeants, receive automatic rifle and pistol instruction. At eleven o'clock comes noon parade, and awe-inspiring and magnificent ceremony. The best drilled companies in the review receive streamers for their guidons. Each summer one spends in such a camp is a "course." Each succeeding course carries harder work and more responsibility, which may lead to a reserve commission for those who acquit themselves well during their training.

Now, we may play. Mail, mess, and siesta come swiftly in succession. During the afternoon the boys play baseball, volley ball, tennis, go swimming, box, in fact, indulge in any and all out-of-door sports. Prizes and medals are awarded in athletic meets, for marksmanship, and for essays. From noon till taps groups of boys enjoy the Hostess House with its cool writing room, battered piano, library, and motherly management. At five o'clock comes "stand to for colors." The evenings are free. One may go

to the city, but must return before taps, at ten. Movies, dances, lectures, excursions and prize fights are managed by the post administration. Something is found to suit every taste and temperament.

And now, as darkness creeps over the babel, and sentries stalk through the gloom, let us leave, with the hope that next year and in years to come many Milne fellows will go and see for themselves how abbreviated this sketch was necessarily made, and to taste army life, and return home with a deeper appreciation of preparedness and the meaning of a citizenship in the United States of America.

JOHN CASTOR, 7th.

Keeping Our Building Immaculate

Our new school should be a matter of great pride to us all, and not the least of our duties is keeping it clean. This is more easily done by eating lunches in the cafeteria and not leaving lunch papers scattered promiscuously about the building.

BRIDGET McLAUGHLIN

A dear little miss
 With a blue Irish eye,
 And a smile that was sunshine
 To those passin' by.
 Her laugh was so merry
 'Twas music to hear
 For it lightened our sorrows
 And brightened the drear.

Long years have passed,
 Our Bridget is grey,
 But her smile is still sunny,
 Her laugh is still gay.
 And her brave, kindly eyes
 Have not dulled their sweet hue.
 For they're always a-shinin'
 With true Irish blue.

LORNA DROWNE '31

THE DREAM PEDDLER

Purple shadows fell—
The willow branches swayed;
Beneath the dying crimson clouds
Trimmed in a suit of jade,
Came a dream peddler!

Cautiously he stole around
With a twinkle of mirth in his face,
He laid his sand colored bags on the ground,
Tip-toed at a wobbly pace.

Then he opened his bag of fragrance,
Full of love and jasmies and dew,
Then a bag of gypsy vagrance
With homey odors of pie and stew.

And he opened his bags of mischief,
His bags of romance and play,
And out floated purple shadows,
And laughing fairies gay.

And he filled the air with perfume—
The perfume of the night,
Out sailed ships of silver
And flowers pink and white.

But some other jealous power
Sent a dawn about the earth,
And he vanished with his shadows
And his dreams of love and mirth.

His bags he left behind him
As he humbly stole away—
Just a dream peddler!

KATHRYN E. HAPP '31

SCHOOL NOTES

ISSUED BY THE STATE COLLEGE AUDITORIUM, APRIL 12, 1921

The boys of Milne met in the Sophomore study hall February 21, and were addressed by Coach Baker, Prof. Sayles, and Mr. Moose on the subject of an athletic council for Milne, to be founded with a view towards the more efficient management of our athletics. Coach Baker nominated Mr. Moose for chairman of the Council. Coach Baker and William Sharpe automatically became members, four others, Harding, G. Rosbrook, Sherman and Wiley, being elected. It is the intention of this new addition to Milne's executive boards, having received the sanction of Prof. Sayles, to give a dance in the near future, the proceeds of which are to buy new suits for this spring's baseball team. We consider this project a worthy one and one which, in its evolution, should receive the support of the entire school.

At this same meeting, Mr. Moose broached the subject of a new orchestra for Milne. He very kindly agreed to take over the management of it. At present, a survey of the school is being made, in an attempt to bring to the surface all musical talent that there may be. This new orchestra would play at basketball games, a fact which would make it unnecessary to call in outsiders—who, incidentally, play what and when they please. May this orchestra meet with much better success than last year's. With support and cooperation, it will.

The annual prize speaking contest will be held on April 12 in the State College auditorium. The girls who have been chosen to speak are Helen Cromie, Lorna Drowne, Virginia Garrison and Betty Jane Green; the boys, Oliver York, Harriman Sherman, Frederick Hall and Robert Wiley.

York—"What's this?"

Blatner—"A 'Portrait of a Lady'."

York—"My God! And you call yourself an artist?"

Blatner—"Oh, no! I'm a woman hater."



Adelphoi is enjoying a successful year under the leadership of Mr. York. Our literary programs have been interesting, and each member has shown an interest which we hope will continue. Our outing and theatre party were successful, and well attended by all.

Do you know who the boys are who put up and take down the bleachers at the basketball games? They are our new members taken in some time ago who are fulfilling part of their initiation. Adelphoi plans to have another initiation in the near future. We have formed a debating team and will debate with Quin soon. We would like to take this opportunity to pledge our hearty support to Q. T. S. A.

E. B. G.



Although Sigma has started a new life in a new building, she still retains that old Sigma spirit and has started her work with a bang.

Sigma has done her best to support the basketball team even to the extent of hiring a bus to attend out-of-town games. During the last few weeks Quin and Sigma have held joint social meetings. These are the first meetings which Quin and Sigma have recently held together, and they have met with huge success. Our mistress of ceremonies has completed plans for the initiation of new members. We have been informed that all the traditional instruments of torture have been prepared and are lying in wait for the unsuspecting Freshmen.

Sigma, with her former corps of officers, is planning many interesting programs for the future.

R. E. R.



BASKETBALL

The basketball season this year, although not entirely victorious, has been one of the most successful in some time. Milne has had a quintet of second string players for the first time in her history, as well as one of the largest squads in high school basketball, for a school of her size, in this part of the country. Twenty-eight per cent of the boys have uniforms and are on the squad.

Coach Kuczynski, as well as Supervising Coach Rutherford R. Baker, although not entirely satisfied with the results of the team, sees a bright future for our "five" in coming seasons. The support of the student body has been perfect, and their enthusiasm has helped as nothing else could. Many thanks are due to Snowden, Cole and Toleman for their excellent cheer leading.

The captain and manager for the team of 1930 have not been elected as yet. Candidate managers are: Boyce, Parkman, Cole, Toleman and Snowden. The management, through the help of the Varsity Club and Athletic Council, has been able to put basketball on its feet financially, and in future years, we hope that it will be self-supporting.

December 8, 1928—Milne opened the season by defeating the Castleton High School on our home court. After the first quarter, when we had gained a big lead, Tony put the reserves on the floor. They did so well that the "regulars" did not reenter the game until the last two minutes. At the half, the score was 35 to 4. Rosbrook and Wirshing featured, each accounting for 12 points. The final score was 39 to 9.

December 15—We met the General Electric Apprentice School in our own gym. The "Electricians" outclassed our quintet, the final score being 19 to 37. Wirshing featured, chalking up 10 points. The score at mid-point was 13 to 18.

December 22—The Milne High Alumni went down before Tony's meteors in one of the closets games of the season. We held a 9 point lead at the end of the second quarter, but the ex-Milnites fought hard in the last half and ended with but one point short. York and Wirshing were the high scorers, each tabulating 6 points. The final score was 24 to 23.

January 5, 1929—The school "five" suffered a defeat on the Ballston High court on a trip after the Christmas holidays. In the first half, they took the lead on 7 foul shots. We were handicapped by the extremely short court. The lights were poor and the floor uneven. In the second half, the opponent's lead increased again, the score at the end being 10 to 34.

January 11—In a hard battle, the Milne team went down before the Ravena "five" on our home court. In the first half we were ahead by a 9 to 1 score. After half time Ravena seemed to toss the ball for points at will. The final score was 16 to 19.

February 8—In the sixth game of the season, the Milne "five" lost to the Burnt Hills team on the latter's court. From the beginning of the game, the opponents were the aggressors. Our team could not seem to find itself on the small floor. After repeated stabs failed, we resorted to a defensive game. The final score was 10 to 25.

February 22—Milne clashed against Delmar on our own floor in one of the fastest games of the year. We took the lead in a "one-two" play on the first tip-off. We were the aggressors throughout the contest which ended with a score of 30 to 23. Wirshing led the attack, having 14 points. The score at the end of the second quarter was 19 to 11.

In a preliminary game, the Orioles from the Academy defeated our third team by 8 points. Van Loan featured for the Orioles, accounting for 6 points, while Smith was our high scorer, scoring 4 points. The final score was 5 to 13.

March 1—In a return game, Milne suffered a defeat from the Delmar quintet in another hard scrimmage on the Delmar court.

Captain Sharpe featured, tossing up 7 points. The score at half time was 10 to 19, while the final score was 23 to 34.

March 2—In our second game for the week-end, the "Burnt Hillers" were turned back by the home "five" on our floor. The game was very fast and the ball changed hands continually. The score at half time was 23 to 16. Wirshing chalked up 12 points. The score was 38 to 26.

The Celtics from Vincentian Institute nosed out our second "five" in a preliminary contest with a score of 9 to 12.

		Milne Opponent	
Milne vs. Castleton	H	39 ✓	9
Milne vs. G. E. Apprentice School.....	H	19	37
Milne vs. Alumni	H	24 ✓	23
Milne vs. Ballston Spa.....	A	10	34
Milne vs. Ravenna	H	16	19
Milne vs. Burnt Hills.....	A	10	25
Milne vs. Delmar	H	30 ✓	23
Milne vs. Delmar	A	23	34
Milne vs. Burnt Hills.....	H	38 ✓	26

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Through the efforts of the Varsity Club, an Athletic Council has been inaugurated. This Council will take charge of athletic finance and general management. There is a representative from each class, the faculty, and the coaching staff. The class representatives are to be elected each year by the boys.

This year's Council is: Bob Harding, Freshman; George Rosbrook, Sophomore; Harriman Sherman, Junior; Bob Wiley, Senior; Bill Sharpe, Manager; Mr. Moose (chairman). Faculty: Coach Baker.

Landlady—"I think you had better board elsewhere."

Collegian—"Yes, I often had."

Landlady—"Often had what?"

Collegian—"Better board elsewhere."



It may be of some interest to the student body to note that one of the greatest steps in years towards the organization of athletics in Milne has recently been taken. A Varsity Club has been organized for all boys who have won their "letter." This plan was by no means new. It had been under the surface for some time. Practically all colleges and preparatory schools have varsity clubs for athletic interests.

In Milne, we propose to develop an interest in athletics and to promote a feeling of good sportsmanship. The awarding of "letters" will be qualified. Advertising and management of games will be supervised. The elections of captains and appointments of managers will be controlled by the Club.

The Varsity Club's main interest is to promote athletics and this we are trying to do. Recently we have arranged for discounts in three of the larger sporting goods stores in the city: Albany Hardware and Iron Co., Alling Rubber Co., and Spaulding's. Discounts range from 15 percent to 33 1-3 per cent. This privilege is for our students only and should not be abused. You may enjoy these concessions on all athletic goods, sweaters, coats, slickers, footwear and camping equipment. Simply obtain an order from Mr. Moose or see any member of the Varsity Club. If at any time you have any suggestions or questions—that is our purpose.

Judge: "You are charged with breaking a stool over this man's head. What have you to say for yourself?"

Prisoner: "Your Honor, I didn't mean to break the stool."



Since the last issue of the "Crimson and White" many magazines and papers have been received and greatly enjoyed. It is very interesting to learn what is taking place in other schools.

Acropolis—Scotia High School.

Your literary department contains some of the best short stories of any of our exchanges. A few more cuts would make your magazine more attractive.

Irvonian—Irving School.

We envy you the number of your ads, but don't think that they should take up over half of your magazine. An enlargement of the Literary department and comments on your Exchanges would make the "Irvonian" more interesting.

High School Recorder—Saratoga Springs High School.

Again we say that the outstanding material of the "Recorder" is the class notes. They surely are out-of-the-ordinary. The stories in the "Winter Number" were interesting.

Red and White—Saranac Lake High School.

School notes and jokes seemed to be the main feature in the "Red and White." We liked the poem "Home Port." We were amused by the two columns, entitled "If I Were a Boy," and "If I Were a Girl."

M. H. S. News—Mechanicville High School.

Welcome "M. H. S. News." Your paper is newsy and the humor is well done. "Who Is It?" is a very clever idea.

Oracle—Rensselaer High School.

A larger literary department would improve the "Oracle." Your "Poet's Nook" is most enjoyable.

The Aloenim—Mineola High School.

More cuts, we say, would improve the appearance of the "Aloenim." The editor of "Jest Fer Fun" surely produced some good material.

The Vincentian—Vincentian High School.

The personal touches in all departments add greatly to your magazine. Why not enlarge the exchange department?

The Cadet—La Salle Institute.

Two things especially appealed to us in the January "Cadet," namely, the clever cuts and the jolly informality of the class notes.

Moheganite—Mohegan Lake School.

We enjoyed your jokes and cartoons but may we suggest that you improve and enlarge your Literary and Exchange departments.

The Chand Bagh Chronicle—Isabella Thoburn College.

The article, entitled "A Pageant of India," held our interest from the beginning to the very last, "Into the heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake."

The Exoman—Phillips Exeter Academy.

The athletic writeups are done in an informal and pleasing style. Your paper radiates school news, but may we suggest that the addition of a bit of humor would help.

The Red and Black—Friends Academy.

The special attractions of the February issue were the pictures of winter scenes. The story "The Black Pearls" completely held our interest.

Cue—Albany Academy for Boys.

The only well done departments in the February issue were the Alumni, Joke, and Ad. All the others could be greatly improved, especially the Literary Department.

"A fine stenographer you are! Call yourself a typist and don't even know how to change a ribbon."

"Can Paderewski tune a piano?"

ALUMNI NOTES

Albany, New York, February 28, 1929.

Dear Milnites:-

Congratulations! I am proud of you and your new school!

When I went through the building before it was occupied, I was so enthused that I incessantly writhed within with disappointment at not being one year behind myself. I could just imagine you, strolling down the long halls, sitting in the classrooms, and finding all kinds of new things to do—for reprimand, perhaps! And I was glowing with the thought of the “shocks” you would receive!

Probably the novelty of newness has worn off for you, but really you are at the middle of a path of comparative newness, that leads straight upwards to success—scholastically, athletically, and socially!

Keep up your spirit and win!

Good luck.

EVELYN F. PITTS '28.

For this issue of the “Crimson and White” the Alumni Department has been organized in a different way. We have requested a few members of our Alumni to write to us something about Milne High as each one of them remembers it best. This may be a personal incident or a criticism.

“One day in study hall we decided to be very funny so we collected all the jewelry that the girls in the study hall had on, and one girl put it on. Everyone thought it was very funny until we turned around and saw Mr. Sayles who apparently didn't think it was at all funny—Conference followed.

EDITH TEN BROECK, '24.

“Having been President of the Senior Class, I feel that one thing which Milne High School lacks the most is a Faculty Advisor for the Senior Class. I found it very difficult to carry on the functions of the class with practically no advice or help from the Faculty.”

WILLIAM P. KINGSLEY, '28.

“If Room 302 had feelings, I'm sure it would miss the initiation parties, in which it no longer may have a part.”

MARGARET GOTTSCHALK, '28.

"I remember when Milne gave a historical pageant of Old Albany and Nelson Coley used a huge pillow strapped around his waist to acquire the necessary girth to portray Father Knickerbocker."

MILLARD NEHEMIAH, '26.

"I'll never forget being practiced upon by practice teachers, and next year I expect to come over to the new Milne High School to practice upon some of you. I hope you'll behave better in my class than I did in some of my teachers' classes!"

BETH ROOT, '26.

Best of luck Milnites, in your new school! Give your Student Council more responsibilities, but cooperate with your leaders.

AN ALUMNA, '28.

Jane Mac—"Say, Cy, did you hear of the Scotchman who committed suicide before breakfast?"

Cy Mac—"That's nothing, how about the Scotch tourist who stopped off at the Black Sea to fill his fountain pen."

Byron Snowden says he wonders why water always freezes with the slippery side up.

Burgess—"Name three ways of conveying messages."

Ralph—"Telephone, telegraph and tell Esther Davies."

Bob Wiley says there's no use trying to pass a Ford on the road. There's always another one ahead.

Cooper—"I hear Boyce isn't playing his accordion any more."
Gray—"No, he took it to the tailors to have the wrinkles ironed out."



Father—"When George Washington was your age, he was a surveyor."

Son—"That's nothing. When he was your age he was president of the United States."

Barber—"Is there any special way you'd like your hair cut?"

Gray—"Yeah, off."

Modern Grief

Poor John. He was such a dear. And so prompt with his alimony.

Farmer—"What are you doing in my apple tree?"

Small Boy—"Believe it or not, mister, I just fell out of an airplane."

A Him to a Her Flea: Marry me or Ill go to the dogs.

Professor: There's a student in this room making a jackass of himself. When he's finished-I'll begin.

Well, the war cost Sandy an arm. He couldn't bring himself to throw away a hand grenade.

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Wiley—"A toasted cheese sandwich."

Waiter—"On toast, sir?"

Wiley—"Naw, bring it in on horseback."

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"What do they call him?"

"Otto."

Sharpe—"Have you heard the new Charley Horse song?"

Hank—"No—What is it?"

Sharpe—"Kink for a Day."

Dot—"You remind me of the Woolworth building."

Alden—"Why? Because I'm so strong?"

Dot—"And tall and windy around the top."

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M. J.—“You say your boy friend is a cavalryman?”

H. C.—“Yes, he collects tickets on a merry-go-round.”

First Wife—“What makes you think your husband was out with a woman?”

Second Ditto—“I smelled tobacco on his breath.”

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History Teacher—“In which of his battles was Alexander the Great killed?”

Wiley—“I'm not sure, but I think it was his last.”

Kind Lady: “How did you lose your teeth, son?”

Son: “Shifting gears on a lollypop.”

He: “Didn't I see you taking a tramp thru the woods yesterday?”

She: “The idea! That was my father.”

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Oscar—"I'm an egotist."

Herbie—"Oh, you're always thinking about nothing, is that it?"

Rozzie I—"Do you believe in fortunes?"

She—"Yes, have you got one?"

Boyce is going to Davenport to take sofa lessons.

Helen Wiltsie says that she wants a non-transferable engagement ring.



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Tommy (after much thought)—"Singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

"Who is the tighest man in the world?"

"The Scotchman who fell in front of a steam roller and turned sideways so it wouldn't take the crease out of his pants."

Watson—"But my dear Holmes—what case are we on now?"

Sherlock—"Sh-h! we are trying to find the opera singer who doesn't smoke Lucky Strikes."

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Boyce—"How did you ever learn to fly?"

Sherman—"Oh, I just began at the bottom and worked up."

One of the freshmen girls said the other day that she was going to be a flesh reducing specialist and live off the fat of the land.

Sam—"Las' night ah done steal a fat chicken an' ah found three aigs in it."

Bo.—"Hot damn, poached aigs."

Professor—"How many seasons are there in the year?"

Frosh—"Three. Football, basketball and baseball."

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Rosbrook—"Whadda you mean bad news?"

Did you hear about the Scotch athlete who hated to loosen up his muscles?

She—"I don't like your moustache."

He—"Well, you don't have to use it for a tooth brush."

He was only an elevator boy but he told many a girl where to get off.

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The freshman who called the plumber to fix his windpipe.

Have you heard of the Scotchman who dipped his pennies in camphor to keep the moths out of Lincoln's beard?

Prof.—“How could Adam tell when Eve was coming home?”

Frosh—“By the rustling of the leaves.”

“Niggah, whah you gwine without no shoes on?”

“Ah'se gwine huntin' possum. Dese here is mah stalkin' feet.”

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Seeing his mother nod pleasantly to the minister who went by, Archie inquired: "Who's that, mamma?"

"That's the man who married me, dear," she replied.

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