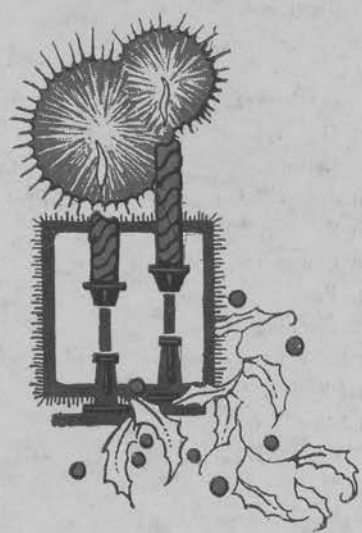


1929

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The Crimson and White

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL
ALBANY, NEW YORK



The Season's Greetings

Christmas Issue :: December Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Nine

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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXVI

CHRISTMAS, 1929

Number II

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LITERATURE



RELATIVES

There is one thing that we all have in common and that is relatives. We may not know anything about them and again we may know them too well for comfort. I am going to tell you of some of the specimens of my family relations and you may draw your own conclusions.

"I do believe that your feet are wet; my dear child, what will become of you? Go directly upstairs to bed. I will be up in a minute with hot water bottles and a mustard plaster. I'll take the two comforters off the spare room bed to add to yours. You look as though you had a fever already and your breathing is wheezy. What did you say? Oh, yes, I went to the doctor again today and he says I'm in a bad state—as if I didn't know that myself without his telling me. But dear me, this isn't getting us anywhere; you'll be down sick with pneumonia before I've raised a finger. Go upstairs right away and I'll send for the doctor; we'll hope it won't be the undertaker next." That's Cousin Helen; her chief occupation is worrying over her own ills and other people's. If she says you're going to have a cold you're almost sure to be persuaded into it! Aunt Pat is just the opposite, she's a Christian Scientist. It's well for both of them that they live far apart.

Aunt Adeline is the spirit of cleanliness. Her funniest "streak" is her perpetual habit of hanging her money out the window, "to air it, it's so dirty." The truth is that the the landlord found a ten dollar bill on the kitchen roof one day. It turned out to be one Aunt Adeline had "mislaid" last winter!

Uncle Pete has a "bug" on story telling. Anything that happens, "reminds me of when I was in college." I can stand it the first three days of my visit, and then I rebel. The rest of my visit consists of excuses made on the spur of the moment which sometimes do, and sometimes do not, save me from his clutches. You see his originality only lasts for three days.

We mustn't be too hard on them because we're their relatives, too. Remember that next time your aunt calls you "queer."

BETTY LAWRENCE, '30

A CHRISTMAS BILL

Jane Gilson stopped on her way to the market to look at a window of Christmas toys. She was thinking of the little boy and girl at home, who were waiting their mother's return with eagerness. She was to bring a tree. There was no doubt in their minds but that Santa Claus would come to visit them.

Jane's husband had died two years ago and she worked as a stenographer to earn a living for herself and the children. She managed this but there was not much left over for luxuries. She was wondering how she was to manage this Christmas.

As she started on her way again her foot kicked something green. Could it be? Yes! It was a crisp twenty dollar bill, carelessly dropped. Should she keep it? Jane was perfectly honest, you understand, but this was a great temptation. Finally she decided.

Three-quarters of an hour later she entered the small apartment with a boy following close behind. He deposited the tree, the decorations, the food and an armful of packages. Mrs. Gilson's conscience bothered her for a few minutes but the happy shouts of the children drove away bad thoughts.

In a different part of the town a millionaire and his beautiful young wife were dressing for dinner.

"By the way, John. I lost a bill this morning while I was shopping. Will you go down to Pine Street tomorrow and inquire? Some of the people there might have found it."

"I'll attend to it the first thing."

About nine o'clock the following morning John Bates arose early. There was important mail at the office which had to be looked over. As he walked past Pine Street he remembered his wife's request. A Christmas tree showed clearly on the ground floor of an old house. He stopped and looked in. The room was shabby. The young woman and the children were poorly dressed. The scene was not suited to their appearance. The mother sat before the brightly trimmed tree. The young boy was playing with a train and not slighting a pair of skates. The girl was absorbed in a beautiful doll.

Jane looked up and caught the stranger's eye. She started guiltily. Could he be the one who had lost the bill? At the terrified expression in her eyes, John, too, remembered that bill. He knocked and entered. She met him with fire in her eyes.

"Don't be frightened. I just want to satisfy my curiosity. Did you find it?"

"Yes. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing. Merry Christmas." He had gone.

At the dinner table Mrs. Bates remembered the conversation of the previous evening.

"Did you find any trace of my bill, John?" John Bates loved his wife, but he knew her and he realized that she would begrudge that bill.

"Not a trace, Mary," he replied.

ESTHER DAVIES, '30

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

People speak of the modern Christmas as being different from the Christmas of years gone by, but as for me I see no change. Let us wander back to Christmas Eve in the eighteenth century.

Ah! Here we have found a sheltered corner where we may watch the passersby. Groups, gaily dressed, laughingly pass filled with the spirit of good-will, good-cheer, and loving kindness toward all. All stores are greatly illuminated while Santa busies himself within each. Large boxes and small boxes, queer looking and brightly colored are carried by all from the shops. One distressed and forlorn looking child eagerly watching the throng pass wonders whether Saint Nick will be able to remember him from so many people. The street is becoming so crowded that we are forced to follow the crowd not knowing our destination. Finally we reach a poor residential section; the houses are severely simple and dilapidated looking, yet each is proud of the holly in the window. In one home we can see a couple decorating a Christmas tree. They appear to be far from prosperous, still the smile on the face of each tells us of their felicitousness. In the adjoining one room flat three small children hang up their stockings then rush to the arms of a weeping woman who is trying to conceal her tears of joy but in vain.

Today, if we go downtown on Christmas Eve, we see throngs with the same sentiment as people of the eighteenth century. We express their laughter and actions by the modern phrase, "making whoopee." Thus we find the old Christmas of happiness and revelry. The modern Christmas has not changed for the actions and spirit of the old still thrive, and so long as they exist we shall be joyous and thankful.

Merry Christmas to All!

RUTH REINER, '31

It takes sixty-five muscles to frown and thirteen to smile. Why work overtime?

MANAGING MOTHER

"Mother, how about my going to college when I graduate from Milne? Have you decided whether or not I may go?"

"Well, I don't exactly know. Taking all facts into consideration, I really think the best thing to do would be to wait until you graduate. Then decide!"

"Yes, I know all about that, mother, but at the same time, I am just trying to graduate. I want a college education as a goal."

"Knowing the condition of your father's health, how about going to the Albany Business College and getting prepared to earn your own living?"

"What, mother? Do you mean to say I can't go to college? Ah, gee, but you went! Just see what a college education does for a person! Scores of boys and girls graduate from high schools every June, but where do those who enter business school end up? I know—drumming away on a typewriter for eighteen per. Any person having at least a few years in college gets a great deal farther in life than the person who doesn't. I don't want a high school education if it isn't going to be a step to something higher. I can prove what that additional culture means right here at home. How many of the people you associate with every day had the advantages of attending college? None! How many in high school? Very few! It is very noticeable in speech and actions that you have the advantage; and why? Because you were trained by associating with college people. As you suggest, I can go to business college and eventually obtain a position in some office; or I can go to college, receive a degree, get a job and end ten steps higher up than the person who drops into the obscurity of an office. Just think of the people I would meet and mingle with."

"Have you taken into consideration the fact that college costs money and that after you have finished high school, college will mean four years more of that added expense?"

"I intend to work my way through college and knowing something of such expenses, I have planned how I can make ends meet."

"Are you sure this is the kind of work you care to do? If you should become physically incapacitated, what could you do? Remember there are many sides to every story!"

"Yes, I have. I like physical culture in all its branches. Then, too, I have a hankering for journalism and newspaper reporting obtained from actual experience, that I think, will be very useful. If I should tire of that work, I would still have a college education, a degree and a desire."

"Very well, you are the person who is making the decision. I can't live your life for you and if you don't know what you want to

do, no one else does. If you want to go to college, we will pay your tuition and it's up to you to provide the rest, and if you really and truly want a college education, you will find a way to earn that extra money. I had the advantage of living at home and thereby cutting my expenses. However, I had to think twice before buying any luxuries. You will have to make the same kind of decisions. I really think that if you earn that education that you are so crazy for, you will better appreciate it, and use it to a greater advantage than if it is handed to you on a silver platter."

"I am sure I shall. And, also, I'll try to make you never regret your decision."

NANCY C. HALLENBECK, '31

THE SPANISH DANCER

In the vast space left free between the crowd and the fire, a young girl was dancing.

She was not tall but seemed to be, so proudly erect did she hold her slender figure. She was brown, but it was evident that by daylight her skin must have that lovely golden gleam peculiar to Spanish and Roman beauties. Her tiny foot fitted both snugly and easily into its dainty shoe. She danced, she turned, she twirled upon an antique Persian carpet thrown carelessly beneath her feet, and every time her radiant figure passed, as she turned, her great black eyes sent forth lightning flashes.

Upon her every eye was riveted, every mouth gaped wide, and in very truth as she danced to the tune of the tambourine which her round and graceful arms held high above her head, slender, quick and active as any wasp, with smooth fitting golden bodice, her many colored full skirt, her bare shoulders, her shapely legs, from which her skirts now and then swung away, her black hair, her eyes of flame, she seemed more than a mortal creature.

BETH LARSON, '31

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

Soft, soft snow, falling with silent grace,
Caressing the cold, bare trees and fluttering against my face,
Covering the fields and roads with a delicate, downy white,
Blown by stormy winds it drifts through the clear, cold night.

RUTH MILAS, '32

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

The soft sweet music filters into the room brightening its farthest reaches. A rosy light seems to dwell over everything. The music increases to a passionate throbbing rhythm. The lines of the rainbow, blending and quavering, now bright now dull, change with every mood of the song.

Suddenly the waltz-like tune stops. The instruments clash in a discordant blare. The room terrifically bright for a moment, becomes once more lonely and dark. An impenetrable silence, settling, brings with it a chill, as of fear.

Then one color, fading and waning, paints everything. Blue—speaking of heart-aches and sorrow, blue melody sets the whole room to swaying in a slow, sad waltz.

WILLIAM McCORD, '31

BABY PICTURES

Whenever I have a visitor at my house, I am always in dread of his asking me one certain question: "Have you any pictures of yourself when you were young? If so, may I see them?" When these words come to my ears, I am in the height of embarrassment. To think that I could ever dress so awkwardly, to think that I should ever possess such mammoth auditory organs, and lastly to think that I could ever have placed myself in such uncouth positions seems to occupy my mind when I answer my friend (without the least bit of dogmatism) that I would be glad to show them to him.

I begin by showing him pictures of my grandfather and of my other absurd-looking relatives. We think they are very humorous. However, he soon asks me to show him some of my own. I turn to that awe-inspiring page, feeling like a man going to the gallows.

There I stand in the first. My hair is flattened to my forehead. There is a forced smile upon my lips. My eyes are not facing the camera (or the little bird the photographer so brilliantly displays) but instead are focused perhaps on a fly on a nearby window. My mind is blank as the picture shows. My visitor thinks this is great fun. I, in turn, contemplate upon what I think is a poor sense of humor.

He passes to the second. This is one taken when I was very young. I am forced to swear on my honor that the little imp in the picture is none other than myself. Again he displays poor humor. I have faced the gallows. I am now being hanged.

The third was taken when I was in a mischievous mood, no doubt crying. You can see my mother's hand holding me in the chair. I feel

that that sour look I have on my face cannot be compared with my disposition as I show my friend these pictures. I generally glance into a mirror and find my face as red as an apple. I laugh with him (such a laugh) and tell him in a sarcastic way that I am glad he is enjoying himself. I am now as good as hanged. What a day! I am sure I am going to burn them when he leaves.

After he has left my mind changes. "Baby pictures," I say in disgust. Still, that's what they are, just baby pictures, depicting us in our childish moods. They have to be taken; they have to be shown. Some day when I am old I will look back on my childhood through these pictures. Perhaps I will see humor in them then. I will think of the hard times I had in showing them to my friends. I will be proud of them then. I will say to my grandson:

"See Johnny! This is a picture of me. I was a boy like you once. Didn't I dress funny? See my hair. Look at this one! I was smaller than you. Treasure your baby pictures, Johnny. They will mean a lot to you later."

Time after time I have saved my baby pictures after I had threatened to throw them away. Will they really mean this much to me? I wonder!

WILLIAM KUHN, '31

AN UNUSUAL RADIO PROGRAM

It was Christmas Eve. The tree had been decorated and the presents brought from their hiding places. Dropping into a big, cozy arm-chair, I turned on the radio, meaning to listen to the Christmas program for a short time before I retired. After playing with the dial for a few minutes, I left it at a station where a large choir was singing Christmas carols and imparting Christmas cheer to the nation.

Suddenly, I sat up in surprise as I heard the announcer say, "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is station M. H. S. Albany, New York. A special Christmas program is being broadcast to you tonight by the Satire Dramatics Club of Milne High School. I will now turn the microphone over to their announcer, Mr. Tomer."

"Good evening and Merry Christmas, ladies and gentlemen. The Satire Club of Milne High School will first greet you with a song, 'Merry Christmas Everybody'," announced Mr. Tomer.

The whole club then sang a merry greeting, accompanied by their orchestra.

Then Mr. Tomer returned to the microphone. The next number on the program will be a very appropriate recitation, *The Night Before Christmas*, which will be given by Mr. William McCord.

I next heard William McCord's familiar voice reciting, "'Twas the night before Christmas, etc." When he had finished Mr. Tomer announced, "You have just heard a recitation, *The Night Before Christmas*, given by Mr. William McCord. Next you will hear a solo, *The Christmas Angel*, which will be sung by Miss Esther Davies. She will be accompanied by Miss Lola Barbour at the piano."

There then drifted forth a beautiful solo by that well-known soloist, after which Mr. Tomer announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the next number on the Satire Club program will be a one act play, entitled *A Gift for Little Annie*. The cast is as follows:

Little Annie Blum.....	Miss Dorothea Boom
Mother Blum.....	Miss Virginia Garrison
Daddy Blum.....	Mr. William May
Brother Blum.....	Mr. Arthur Brumaghim
Santa Claus.....	Mr. Byron Snowden
Dr. Blunder.....	Mr. Roger Towne

The scene is a cozy living room with an empty stocking hung under the mantelpiece, and a large Christmas tree standing in one corner.

Until this part of the program, I had thought that there was some mistake and that the program was being given by some strange club, but when I heard the familiar voices of the characters in the play, I knew that it really was the same Satire Club to which I belonged. The short play proved most entertaining. When it had ended Mr. Tomer announced that a male quartet would next sing several Christmas Carols. Those in the quartet were: Mr. Elliot Parkman, Mr. Carl Wirshing, Mr. Burgess Garrison and Mr. Oscar Tausig.

I was rather amused by this announcement. However, surprise and admiration over came my amusement as soon as they began their first carol, *The First Noel*. They were wonderful. They sang the carols as I had never heard them sung before.

Then Mr. Tomer announced: "The next number on the program of the Satire Club being broadcast from station M. H. S., Albany, New York, will be a xylophone solo, *Jingle Bells*, which will be played by Miss Janet Mallory."

It seemed impossible that this selection was being played by Janet Mallory. It was played so peppy and well that it made one long to be out in the open, riding to the tune of the bells.

After this number the orchestra played several appropriate selections and the whole club sang a few Christmas songs.

Mr. Tomer then, returning to the microphone again, announced: "Ladies and Genetlemen, you have been listening to a special Christ-

mas program, given by the Satire Dramatics Club of Milne High School, Albany, New York. Our concluding number will be——."

But I heard no more. I suddenly felt myself being shaken and saw my mother standing over me saying, "Come, sleepyhead, you've been sleeping for almost two hours."

Then I realized that my "Satire Club Radio Program" had been a dream, but it was a dream that I shall never forget.

M. CROUSE, '32

LATEST POPULAR SONGS

<i>Sonny Boy</i>	Roger Towne
<i>Just You—Just Me</i>	Janet Van Cott and Bud Tomer
<i>Don't Cry, Baby</i>	Bertram Atwood
<i>You Were Meant for Me</i>	Those Albany High Boys
<i>Honey</i>	Catherine Stott
<i>Happy Days and Lonely Nights</i>	William Gray
<i>Angela Mia</i>	Otilia McCarty
<i>Weary River</i>	Herbert Wilson
<i>I'm Flyin' High</i>	Warren Cooper
<i>Sleepy Valley</i>	George Rosbrook
<i>Tiptoe Through the Tulips With Me</i>	Pauline West
<i>Painting the Clouds With Sunshine</i>	Byron Snowden
<i>Little By Little</i>	William McCord
<i>If I had a Talking Picture of You</i>	Esther Davies
<i>Vagabond Lover</i>	Mason Tolman
<i>What Will I Do Without You</i>	Harriman Sherman
<i>In a Kitchenette</i>	Jane MacConnell
<i>The End of the Lonesome Trail</i>	The Seniors
<i>He's So Unusual</i>	Paul McCormack
<i>You're a Real Sweetheart</i>	Elliot Parkman
<i>Hang On to Me</i>	Katherine Robinson
<i>Blondy</i>	Lorna Drowne
<i>My Pet</i>	Jane Pugh
<i>Sweetie</i>	William May
<i>Say It With Songs</i>	Glee Club
<i>How Am I to Know?</i>	In Any Classroom
<i>Used to You</i>	The Faculty
<i>Rudy</i>	Carl Wirshing
<i>I'm a Dreamer</i>	Knowlton Boyce
<i>Pretty Little You</i>	Robert Harding

THE POET'S CORNER

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

Rank after rank of earnest men,
 Blood-stained, ghastly;
 Many, dismembered.
 Some (not men).
 Hunks of flesh
 Pressing by supernatural power
 Ever onward!
 One youth, his feet shot off,
 Runs on the stumps
 To gain a few steps more before his agony.
 Poor boy!
 His "buddy" kneels beside him
 For one precious minute.
 God forbid!
 A shell-hole, two bodies,
 A gasp, a gurgle,
 A bloody hand pressing a bloodier heart.
 A sudden, headlong fall.
 One more gone "west."
 Better still is oblivion for us all
 Than a need for hours, days, years
 Of blood, groans, bits of shattered flesh.
 Living targets!

JANE MacCONNELL, '30

THE OPTIMIST

To worry today
 Is the very best way
 To start tomorrow wrong.
 If you take all your jobs
 With their joys and heart throbs
 You'll greet each day with a song.

 For worrying now
 Will ne'er show you how
 To help other people along.
 Just smile on your way;
 Be cheerful each day,
 That's the very best way to get on.

D. L. HOTALING, '30

CHRISTMAS CHEER

The wind may shout as it will without,
It may rage but cannot harm us,
For a merry din shall resound within
And our Christmas cheer will warm us.

There is gladness to all at its ancient call,
While the ruddy fires are gleaming;
And from far o'er the landscape drear
The Christmas light is streaming.

All the frozen ground is in fetters bound
And the Yule-log we shall burn it,
For Christmas has come in every home
To summer our hearts will turn it.

Small and large families gather 'round the fire
To sing their sweet carols of cheer,
They all have the spirit of Christmas
For this time of year brings much cheer.

DONNA E. SICKLER, '32

JACK FROST

When the frosts begin to fall,
And come creeping o'er the wall
Of the garden, then the flowers
Wither there in all the bowers.

Not a rose nor aster safe
From Jack Frost's destructive face,
Each one dies as he slyly walks
Through all the garden. He never talks.

He merely comes—cold bitter and white;
He comes at eve and stays all night,
Killing the poor, dear flowers gay,
And they are dead at break of day.

DORTHY HOTALING, '30

CHOICE

The heaven's blue and the moon is new,
 Where shall we talk tonight?
 On a pounded beach by the ocean's reach
 Where the clouds are like a kite?

Shall we tell a tale of the Holy Grail,
 Or the devil's sullen fall?
 Shall we talk of stars or prison bars
 Or China's sturdy wall?

Shall we speak of when our lives will end
 And the life to be thereafter?
 Shall we shed a tear while we are there
 For a world that's full of laughter?

E. G. WEBB, '31

THE SCARECROW

Mr. Scarecrow—now I ask:
 Why do you stand in the sun and bask,
 Letting your arms and your coat tails fling,
 Like some wild, free untrammelled thing?

Mr. Scarecrow—now I know
 Why it is I love you so;
 You are in the sun and rain,
 You watch the stars so brightly shine.

I, too, should someday like to go
 Out to the fields and stand just so;
 Watching the birds, the woodchucks, and hares
 As they scamper about and run to their lairs.

I, too, want to know the secrets so free.
 Woudn't you please, please share them with me?
 The meadow lark's nest in the grass over there,
 The little, wee babes so featherless, bare.

This is worth knowing—this knowledge sans rule;
 It can never, never be learned in school.
 You listen all day to the sparkle of brooks;
 That sound can never be heard in books.

Mr. Scarecrow—now I know
Why it is I love you so;
For I some day with you shall come,
And stand just so then, in the sun.

D. L. HOTALING, '30

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Poverty, nature gave him,
Lacking both land and place,
But a wealth of winning humor
And a pen of flowing grace.

Little had he of beauty,
Common in face and form,
The rugged shell would never tell,
It harbored a heart so warm.

A life of contradictions,
Traits to love and despise;
His faltering word the people heard
But the written word was wise.

CONSTANCE A. McCOY, '32

THE STAR

The star moved on 'cross the dark blue sky
Proclaiming His birth from its place on high
While far below on the sandy plain
The Wise men wandered, seeking Bethlehem.

They came from far bringing gifts to Him
Who was born to save us all from sin,
Because He lived, we too may live
And learn to love, and learn to give.

And so on every Christmas night
The star will make the whole world bright,
And mortals from their place on earth
Will remember the star proclaims His birth.

RUTH MILAS, '32

JUNIOR HIGH SECTION

In the story *Treasure Island* the ghost of Black Dog tells of his doings—

THE OLD SEA CHART

I've been seeking far and wide,
I've followed many a tide
To find the old sea chart
To get the old sea chart
 Of Captain Flint's.

I've committed many a crime
When I was in my prime
To find the old sea chart
To get the old sea chart
 Of Captain Flint's.

At last I've found a cue
And I mean to follow it thru
To find the old sea chart
To get the old sea chart
 Of Captain Flint's.

I must find the buried treasure
To spend the rest of life in pleasure,
I must find the old sea chart
I must get the old sea chart
 Of Captain Flint's.

HELEN NAUMOFF, '33

THANKSGIVING TIME

Turkeys are a-gobblin',
Mammies are a-hobblin',
Pumpkins, gettin' ready for pie.
Grandmaws are a-hustlin',
Grandpaws are a-bustlin',
Once a year Thanksgiving comes, oh my!

MARIE BULSON, '33

PIRATE SONG

Cheerly-O and cheerly-O,
Right cheerly, I'll sing-O,
While at the mainyards, to and fro
We'll watch a dead man swing-O
With a rumbelow and to and fro
He by the neck doth swing-O.

One by the knife did part wi' life,
And three the bullet took-O,
But three times three died pluckily
A-wriggling on a hook-O,
A hook both strong and bright and long,
They died by gash of hook-O.

So cheerly-O and cheerly-O
Come shake a leg, lads all, O
Wi' a yo-ho-ho and a rumbelow
And main haul, ship mates, haul-O.

DAVID DEPORTE, '33

SONG OF THE JOLLY ROGER

Board her, you villains, bombard her, you men,
Or not a mother's son shall see light again,
Remember, after you finish, there's rum below
Tonight, you'll be drinking no matter if it blows.
 So what ho; Man the guns, reef the sails!
 And what ho! Board her rascals, and don't fail.
 Under Jolly Roger!

Fill them up! Fill them up and take yet another swig,
After we're filled, we'll all dance a sailor's jig,
We've all escaped the hangman for the twenty-second time,
Even the dead ones escaped the rope and meet some more of
 our kind.
 So what ho! Man the guns, reef the sails!
 And what ho! Board her rascals, and don't fail.
 Under the Jolly Roger!

CARLETON POWER, '33

SONG OF A PIRATE

I am a man of magnificent wealth,
 For I am a pirate bold.
 I drink to mine own and everyone's health,
 With rum brought up from the hold.

I love this life of thrills and gore
 And after the prize, my share
 Of priceless silks from India's store,
 Or shining gold from everywhere.

FENTON GAGE, '33

I AM AN AIRPLANE

I have the machinery that goes up in the air,
 I need gas and oil and water to make me go;
 When I am young I just go in the air for tryouts,
 But when I get older I go on long voyages;
 I am built of wood, metal, rubber, and many things;
 I die with a broken heart.

RUTH NELSON, Eighth Grade

OUR CAPITOL

At the head of the street among the elms
 The most stately building in our state's realm,
 Approached by steps both wide and high
 Stands like a sentinel against the sky.

CHARLES GROVER, Eighth Grade

THE AEROPLANE

I am an aeroplane;
 I have wings like a bird;
 I fly like a bird;
 My wings are of linen;
 My heart is of steel;
 My bones are of wood.
 I am larger than a bird
 And I carry people;
 I am used for transportation;
 I am an aeroplane!

TOM WATKINS, Eighth Grade

SCHOOL NOTES

Time and space are always valuable, so please consider yourselves wished a Merry Christmas and all that goes with it by ye scribe.

Le genre feminin always arrives at its destination. Adelphoi has formerly been considered impregnable, but the boys decided that if they accepted the bribe of food proffered by the invaders of their sacred precincts, they would be strengthened accordingly, and would thus facilitate the business of ousting intruders upon the next occasion. (Visitors lasted as long as the refreshments.)

A Junior High division of the *Crimson and White* is becoming quite official. A competition for Junior High Editor is taking place.

The Dramatics Club which now answers to the name of "Satire" has begun again and promises to be even better than last year. Mr. Wirshing and his staff have planned interesting programs for each meeting, and the members are responding with their cooperation. Parts have been assigned for the Christmas plays, and our local Jack Barrymores and Mrs. Fiskes may be roaming through the corridors mumbling their lines over. After the plays, we shall be able to say more concerning the evident and hidden talent in Milne.

Our Milne floors have acquired a shine from the obsequious bows of Adelphoi candidates.



Sigma has already started out on a successful path. The rush proved a splendid success. The new members too have entered into Sigma spirit with enthusiasm. Sigma is looking forward to the initiation and many other interesting events.

Sigma wishes everyone A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

A. D.

You owe it to yourself to have good posture. Stand erect, sit erect.



Adelphoi is enjoying a successful year under the leadership of Harriman Sherman. Our literary programs are improving at each meeting. We have been fortunate in securing Mr. Newcomb, a junior in State College, to train and help us in debating. Through his influence we hope to form a debating team.

Recently we took in six new members. I think most of you know who they are since you have seen them bowing to every Adelphonian for the past several weeks. As yet we have had no parties or outings, but we are planning a theatre party during the Christmas vacation.

Adelphoi extends to every Milnite her sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas!

E. B. G.

ALUMNI NOTES

Heath Cole and William Kingsley, '28, are sophomores in Syracuse University.

Esther Higby, Katherine Traver, Margaret Gottschalk, Evelyn Pitts, Eleanor Gage, Madeline Green and Kenneth Miller, all '28, are sophomores in New York State College for Teachers.

Millard Nehemiah, '25, after being graduated from R. P. I. last June, is now employed by the Western Union in East Orange, New Jersey.

Howard Eggleston, '26, is prominent in sports, especially basketball, at R. P. I. in Troy.

Miriam Snow, as you all know, is a critic in the English department of our own Milne High School.

Raymond Carr, '16, is a lawyer in Albany.

Frances Vosburgh, '14, is the medical adviser in the Hackett Junior High School, Albany.

Edward Brandow, '13, is a member of the Brandow Printing Company, Albany.

Edith Wallace, '13, is a member of the faculty of New York State College for Teachers. She is the critic for Latin IV in Milne.

Dorothy Williams, '22, is now a Girl Scout executive in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Edith Ten Broeck, '24, is a member of the faculty of Newcomb High School, Newcomb, New York.

Beth Root, '26, is teaching now in Milne High School, practicing on us, you know.

Alicia Andrews, '27, is attending Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts.

Anne Lerner, '28, is attending the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, Massachusetts.

Dorothy Birchenough, '29, of whom Milne is very proud, is attending Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, New York.

Henry Blatner, '29, is a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania.

Geraldine Griffin, '27, is attending Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.

Netta Miller, '27, is attending New York State College for Teachers.

Chester A. Blauvelt, '14, is an attorney in Albany.

Clarence Livingston, '29, is a freshman at R. P. I., Troy.

Oliver York, '29, is a freshman at Colgate College.

Ralph Brimmer, '28, is attending Cornell University.

Dorothy and Marjorie Elsworth, '28, are sophomores at the University of Michigan.

Virginia Kline, '28, is attending Fredonia Normal School, Fredonia, New York.

Alden Rosbrook, '28, a freshman at Cornell University, has made the freshman crew.

Edwin Sweetser, '28, is employed by the Bell Telephone Company in Albany.

Marjorie Taylor, '28, is studying at the Albany Hospital to become a nurse.

K. Boyce says if you give some drivers an inch, they'll take a fender.

If a Hottentot tot taught a Hottentot tot to talk e'er the tot could totter, ought the Hottentot tot be taught to say ought or naught or what ought to be taught her?

If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tutor, should the tutor get hot if the Hottentot tot hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?



WHAT WE THINK

Since this is the last issue of the *Crimson and White* for this year, the Exchange Editors want to wish everybody, faculty, pupils and exchange acquaintances a very Merry Christmas and successful New Year. We thank the exchange editors of all schools who have co-operated with us and have helped to make this interesting department possible. We hope you will continue to help us in the future and we promise to do our best for you.

"The Academe"—Albany Academy for Girls, Albany, N. Y.

The Thanksgiving number of the *Academe* must have required a great deal of time and thought, but you are well repaid for it. We enjoyed every word of your magazine and are not a little bit jealous of your literary department. The Academy certainly promises to have some coming authors. We wish to congratulate especially the author of "On a Small Stage." It was excellent work.

"Maroon and White"—Bay Ridge High School

We admire your literature and cuts very much, but you seem to have neglected exchanges. Can't you try to find a column for them? However, we look forward to hearing from you, so come often!

"The Cue"—Albany Boys' Academy, Albany, N. Y.

We, the Exchange Editors of the "*Crimson and White*," wish to congratulate "*The Cue*" on the excellency of the fall number. You may well be proud of all your departments as they are complete in all ways. May we mention your cuts, also. They surpass, by far, those of any magazine we have yet received. Your school notes are very complete and we especially enjoyed the literary department. So, once again, we congratulate the Academy and wish them every success throughout the new year.

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

Welcome, Vincentian! Although there are magazines that are better arranged, we found yours very interesting. Your artistic ability

seems to predominate over everything else. Some of your poems are very cleverly written and just maybe we didn't enjoy "Why Vincenzian Is Unique." Come again, we like you.

"*High School Recorder*"—Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Apparently the staff of the *Recorder* has been up and doing things since the last issue and the result is marvelous. Everything about you has improved. Your class notes are very original and we gather from the contents that your school life must be very interesting. We like, especially, on account of its truth, your editorial on cooperation. We are hoping everybody will read it and our school slogan will be "Let's have Cooperation!"

"*Tiger Cub*"—Hastings High School, Hastings, Nebraska.

We can always depend on the "*Tiger Cub*" for interesting news and a novel column. True to expectations, "we found one, "Do You Know?" We also wish to tell you that we have never found such completeness of athletic and school events as "*The Cub*" publishes.

"*The Spectator*"—Watervliet High School, Watervliet, N. Y.

Now, that we have finished laughing, "*Spectator*," we must say that your jokes are the funniest we have ever read. We also liked the completeness of your school notes. However, we failed to find your exchange department. Where is it? We ask you.

AN ESSAY ON RESPONSE

Jovial Mr. Johnson nudged his wife, wheezed noisily, and intimated, "Here it is December 10th! I must buy a nice warm robe for these cold mornings, eh?"

It was December 17th. Mr. Johnson patted his brother on the shoulder and made this pronouncement: "I've got to invest in a nice warm robe now that winter is here."

It was December 21st. For the next few days Mr. Johnson, still cold, still cheerful, was heard to mumble now and again words about cold days and warm robes.

The next day was Christmas and on December 26th Mr. Johnson went downtown and bought a nice warm robe.

Cy Mac, who is Scotch and proud of it, tells us a new Scotch story. He says he has a Scotch neighbor and one day the wife of this Scot became very ill. The Scot, according to Cy, went down to the corner fruit stand and bought an apple.



OUR BASKETBALL SEASON IS HERE!

We have played and won our first game by defeating Mount Upton by a score of 36-9. Wirshing was high scorer with 16 points. The squad is made up of the following players: Captain Wirshing, Sherman, Rosbrook, Sharpe, Garrison, Wilson, Pafunda, Harding, Mayberry and McCord. They have been practicing faithfully every Monday night and every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon since November 1. You can thus see that they have done their part in representing Milne with a good basketball team.

Now we come to the part that you, the student body, can play and must play if you want your team to make a good showing. That part is the showing of your school spirit by your attendance at each game. We want every one of the 367 students of Milne at every game. Not 100, or 200, or 300, or 350, but 367! In addition to this bring your parents and friends to root for Milne. Our gymnasium should be packed for each game, and it is up to you, as students of Milne, to see that it is packed. No team can play good basketball with only a handful of rooters at a game because such a condition shows clearly that the school is not behind them. It disheartens them before the opening whistle. But when they come upon the floor and see the bleachers packed and the standing room filled up with eager, cheering schoolmates, they know that the school is with them and fight their hardest to win. Remember that you, by your attendance and cheering, are responsible for instilling the old fighting spirit into your team.

After every game there will be dancing in the gym. Milnites will be admitted to games and dancing by showing their student-tax tickets at the door. The price of admission for parents or friends will be very small.

Don't forget the bus-rides this year. We play several important out-of-town games, and a bus will be chartered for each one, to take

along as many students as possible. You may see Manager Boyce for detailed information about these rides.

Again let us urge your individual attendance at every game.

JUNIOR HIGH BASKETBALL

Coach Baker has turned the Junior High basketball team over to William Sharpe, one of Milne's regulars, for coaching. Bill is making wonderful progress with the team and has named the following players on his squad: Redmond, Stutz, Worrell, Noakes, Blatner, Watkins, Gepfert, Gage, Lewis, Cuckoo, Hall, Snowden and Dains.

COMMENTS ON OUR FIRST GAME

In defeating Mount Upton, 36-9, Milne opened up with a fast-passing attack that swept the visitors off their feet and resulted in our first basket by Sharpe before the game was many minutes old. All the regulars played until the final quarter when, after they had piled up a big score, the entire second team went in and held Mount Upton on even terms. Every member of the team played good basketball. Captain Wirshing was high scorer with 16 points. After the game Coach Baker said that it was one of the best he ever saw a Milne team play.

E. B. G.

THIS ADD IS GRATIS

"Did you hear about the fellow who smoked one of these and began to cough?" asked a big shot who ought to know better as he proffered an 'Old Gold' to a visitor in his office.

"No-o-o-o-o-o-o!" was the incredulous reply.

"Well, it's a fact. They say he got one out of the second carload."

Here lie the bones
Of farmer MacMonnie;
He thought the mushrooms
Tasted funny.



Two Junior High boys were discussing the possibility of a white Christmas.

"Do you think it will snow over Christmas?" one of them asked Bob, an old timer who never liked to let a chance slip to pull a fast one on one of the youngsters.

"Well, seems to me it all depends on the weather," was Bob's comeback.

Bootlegger—Looks like rain.

Collegiate—Yes, but it tastes like yeast.

'Twas the day before Christmas. Willie Jones broke a window with a snowball, sassed his mother, got his new suit full of slush, broke the dial on the radio and took his father's fountain pen and drew pictures with it.

"Tank goodness," sighed Papa Jones, "my boy is not a hypocrite."

Mother, to bad son—Why can't you be a good boy?

Son—Well, I can, Mom, for a nickel.

Mother—Shame on you, you ought to be like your father, good for nothing.

SOLID IVORY

Jack—"Ouch! I bumped my crazy bone!"

Knowd—"Oh, well, comb your hair straight and the bump won't show."

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENTS

Barbara—(whose first tooth has just dropped out) "Mummy, mummy, quick! I'm coming to pieces!"

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Gray—No, a pretzel bender.

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Frosh—Webster.

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Lady—"Sir!"

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2nd Soph—Yeh? How's that.

1st Soph—This book says he pitched his camp across the river.

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Janet—No, he bought a used Ford.

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Golfing Dad—Hurrah—a caddie!!

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Tiny—“Don’t Hold Everything.”

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Carl—I've got half a mind to get married.


Bill—That's all you need.

Bill—Is this dance formal, or can I wear my own clothes?

QUIN



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Billy—Of course, I'm not.

Lola—Yes, of course not. A dumbbell has two wooden heads and you've only got one.

Have you heard of the Scotchman who was married in the back yard so the chickens could have the rice?

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