

MILNE School

Crimson and White Vol. XVIII

1921/22



**The Crimson and White**  
Alumni Issue



**NOVEMBER 1921**  
**MILNE HIGH SCHOOL**  
**ALBANY, N. Y.**

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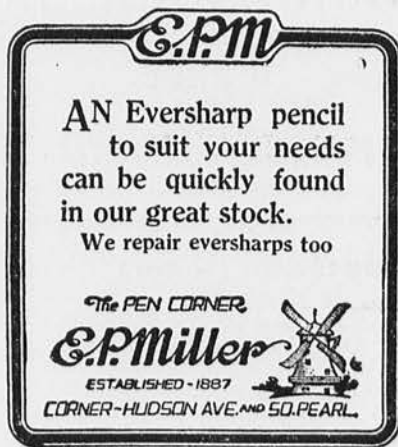
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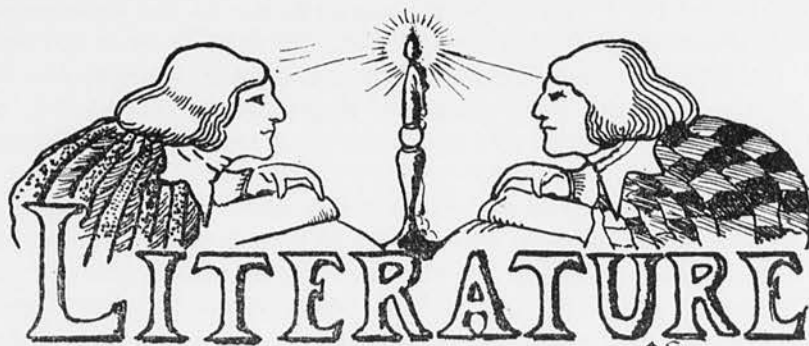
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# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVIII

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 1



Mount Holyoke College,  
South Hadley, Mass.,  
October 9, 1921.

Dear Old Milne-ites,

Perhaps, according to all proper and well-founded conventions, I should make it my aim and purpose to tell you of all the beautiful peace and harmony in our sheltered lives at Mount Holyoke College and of the total absence of apples of discord in our midst. Possibly that might be an ideally perfect state of affairs; but, with my usual thirst for the barbarous, I think I prefer less idealistic perfection and a little more nerve-wearing excitement and lively competition.

Therefore, last year a battle royal began between the classes, '24 and '23. According to the way of sophisticated "sophs" with verdure-hued "freshies," our innocent class was stuffed with wildly unbelievable tales of the dignified trustees freezing ice-cream on Mary Lyon's grave and of the "Squeezix Bird" that flew around campus on roller-skates. Most naturally the insult to our highly developed mental capacity rankled deep, and with patient delay, we stored up in our infantile hearts the memory of said affronts from the cruel gloaters, '23.

With the fire of revenge in our eyes, we '24-ites returned this year—now sophisticated "sophs," while our hated rivals, '23, hailed to the name of Juniors. For days, we turned over plans for the

glorious chance of "getting even." Then the Great Event — like heaven-sent manna from the clear sky — brought joy to our hearts. A number of our conspirators, who inhabited the halls, Hitchcock, South Cottage, and Byron Smith (collectively known as Smithville) found hidden in the attic of the latter abode the sacred animal of '23, their beloved cardboard sphinx. And we, the followers of the rampant lion, (our hallowed beast), rejoiced in the culmination of a fitting revenge.

On one hilarious Friday evening, amid the blare of rancous trumpets, the great discoverers and ring-leaders gathered their rejoicing mob upon South Campus and announced to the Mt. Holyoke world in general:

"We, Smithville, do make this public proclamation; to wit:

"Whereas an animal, interclassically known as the Sphinx and recognized as belonging to the class of '23, was found on the precincts where we, Smithville, reside; therefore, we, Smithville, state that the aforesaid obnoxious animal, the Sphinx, has been removed from the precincts where we, Smithville, reside, to a hiding place on campus.

"If the class of 1923 does not find and claim it by 6 P. M. Tuesday next, we, Smithville, reserve the right to fittingly dispose of the aforesaid obnoxious animal, the Sphinx.

Signed,

We, Smithville."

The intervening time from Friday to Tuesday was marked with great suspense and anxiety. Meanwhile, the precious prisoner, kept in close confinement beneath our impromptu Bastille—namely, the Zoo building,—pined away hoping for rescue at the hands of his beloved worshippers. But no help came!

Tuesday evening, a sudden commotion stirred the peace and quiet of our well-ordered existence. Tooting of horns, shrieks of triumph, and wild cheers from two hundred excited voices announced that '24 was bearing the loathed beast to his doom. With fiendish glee, we hung the weakened cardboard animal from the end of the Smithville flagpole. A weird chant ensued: "The Sphinx is in the Lion's den! Eat 'im up! Eat 'im up! Eat 'im up!"

Then followed a jubilant snake dance across the campus, until our march of victory was interrupted by calls from '23. Forthwith, amid cheers and hisses, the following proclamation was voiced for our indignant ears:

"Proclamation.

"To the petite mass across Morgan Road, which has long and anxiously been waiting this exciting hour, WE of the class of 1923 do hereby proclaim an honest proclamation pertaining to one *pasteboard* replica of our sore-tried emblem :

"Whereas the class of 1923 had no longer use for said *pasteboard* replica, this *pasteboard* emblem, our discarded stage property, was relegated to the basement of one Byron Smith House for disposal. Since you have taken it into your hands to perform a deed which we had supposed done long ago, we would that we knew if you expect us to intercept the act, mob you all, kill, maim, cripple, mutilate, or injure many, or to continue in our busy family life and sisterly cares, leaving you in peace, rather than pieces, to do this necessary act. Thereby, we do herefore bestow upon you our permission to fittingly dispose of our *cardboard* emblem.

"Moreby, whereover, hereas many members of 1923 who did reside in Smithville last year left other articles also to be disposed of, we do forthwith inquire whether the playfully-minded class of 1924 would be pleased to do away with these following articles :

I. In Smith College :

- One squeaky rocking chair.
- One barrel of class notes.
- One empty ink bottle.

II. In Hitchcock :

- One yard of white mosquito netting.
- Two college oranges.
- One floppy golosh.

III. In Byron Smith House :

- One large bone hairpin.
- One pink vase (parlor mantlepiece).
- Three dust "pussies" (upstairs hall).

Signed

Class of 1923."

When the dire paper was finished, '24 responded with a good-natured song and '23 replied (proof positive that we cannot help belonging to Holyoke, even if we are individual classes). After our keen disappointment, the crowds finally dispersed ; but still a spirit of unrest prevailed in all loyal hearts.

The next morning the ringing of bells proclaimed the worst was not over. Our big sister class, '22, with true display of devotion to their discomfited charges, invited one and all to come to the benefit



for the sake of the "homeless, helpless, unwanted Sphinx." The donations given by the generous crowd amounted to the following :

1. One gold slipper.
2. Several invisible hairpins.
3. One rubber (to go with the floppy golosh).
4. One kimona.
5. One used gym suit with dickey.

So the poor, discarded animal, scarred and battle-weary from his encounter with the rampant lion, has gone to the quiet oblivion of death. Happy we, '24, who instituted his inglorious fall ; but happier we, when the final reckoning with our rivals comes—sooner or later.

In case you believe Mount Holyoke an aggregation of would-be pugilists, I hasten to add that class quibbles are merely class pleasures. Deep in our hearts we know that we are all joined by absolute devotion to our Alma Mater. We all, from the new-comer, '25, to the soon-departing class of '22, sing the same pledge: "Mt. Holyoke, we pay thee devotion."

Battingly yours,

Carolyn F. Rogers, '20.

—★—

Sargent School,

Cambridge, Mass.,

October 13, 1921.

My Dear Miss Lomax :

I'm afraid this letter will not be anything that you can use at all because I'm not at all a famous personage, and I'm not even out in the "wide, wide world" yet myself. You see I'm still in school—still working at the vain effort to pound something into my own head. The only thing I seem to be "successful" in here is in finding the most frequent and unusual occasions for acquiring various bruises, breaks and dislocations. On top of that fact it would seem rather queer to say, as I suppose I should in a letter of this sort, that "all my success in life has been due to my wonderful high school training"—wouldn't it? However, I could talk about Sargent forever—so I'll tell you something about that.

In the first place, I think Sargent is just the most wonderful place on earth. I wish every girl in the world could come here, and I'm so sorry for those who can't. They do come though from all the states of the Union and sometimes farther than that. At pres-

ent we have a Senior whose home is in Honolulu and a Junior who lives in Alaska. I don't know much about the Freshmen yet, except that they are a pale, sickly-looking lot, compared with the upper classmen.

The school, as you know, is in Cambridge, a few blocks from Harvard Square. Of course, we have a great deal of gymnasium work, as everyone knows. But, as everyone does not know, we also have a great deal of theory work too. We have such subjects as English, Anatomy, Applied Anatomy, Anthropometry, Massage, (Corrective), Histology, Voice, Methods, History of Education, Civics and Preventive Medicine. There are some very wonderful men and women on the faculty—many of them doctors, who have had a great deal of practical experience along their line.

We also have a camp in New Hampshire, which is a part of the school. We spend our Junes and Septembers there. We have classes in hockey, soccee, baseball, field-ball, swimming, athletics, and tennis. We live in tents and kiosks, which are small wooden structures holding sixteen beds, sixteen girls and not much else except sometimes a great deal of noise. Needless to say, camp is a very beautiful, woodsy, out-of-door place.

We have many prominent visitors at camp—mosquitos in June and skunks in September. The mosquitos have been made so strong and healthy by their Sargent education that it is mere play for them to crawl through three or four layers of mosquito netting and five or six layers of citronilla. The skunks are so tame that they have evening recreation periods in the tents and kiosks. It is most pleasant (?) to wake up in the night and be forced to sit silently and watch a skunk enjoying a box of cake you just received from home. It is even more fun to be walking down the road and bump into one as one of our instructors did last month.

However, incidents of that sort furnish a great deal of material for conversational purposes but on the whole, camp surely is a glorious place. The girls get up the cleverest plays and dances. We go on wonderful mountain hikes, carrying our blankets and sleeping way up near the top. Then on the last night of camp, we have a big bonfire on the campus, and, gathering around it, we sing class and school songs. My but it is thrilling when you love a place as much as we love Sargent!

I wish I could tell you some of our songs, but I guess this letter is too long already. Here is one that I like best, as being most typical :

Onward and upward we march along,  
 No trouble or toil can change our song,  
 For with the true old Sargent grit,  
 We are the sort that never quit.  
 Stony and steep may be our trail,  
 Hearts and voices never fail  
 Our spirits are bright,  
 For we know that to-night our dear Sargent we'll hail.

So with a song, we march along,  
 With a steady step and strong  
 In rain or shine we'll keep a steady line,  
 For we're from Sargent, for we're from Sargent."

With best wishes for the success of "The Crimson and White"  
 and Milne High,

Most sincerely,

Caroline E. Lipps



Albany, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1921.

Miss Martha A. Lomax,  
 Editor-in-Chief.

Dear Miss Lomax :

Your request for a letter from me, as an alumna of Milne High, was an unexpected pleasure, for I have always taken a keen interest in the school, particularly in its extra-curricular activities.

My "activity since graduation," however, has been uninteresting except from a medical student's standpoint, and my "experiences" having been uniformly lacking in excitement, so I am unable to narrate anything unusual.

School, I suppose, is just getting underway. No doubt, many have that autumnal indifference to books, to those monotonous recitations, and to that entirely useless and long-dead Latin, which is best revived through a "Trot." Thoughts of football, of dances which do not end at eleven, as those in the Gym, and of the prospects for a good basketball team to trim the Academy, must loom big on your horizon.

I suppose Miss Johnson still rants about all Gaul being divided into three parts, and daily someone tries to bluff a practice teacher in proving all right angles equal until Miss Cushing—unseen in the back of the room—take a whole lot of joy out of life.

Did you ever think that the solution of all this seemingly rea-

sonless study rests upon finding a happy medium between work and play? Don't ruin your health to make Professor Sayles admit you are the most brilliant of students; likewise, don't spend all your time developing your muscles, for who wants to be a blacksmith? The value of an education depends upon your own effort.

I certainly hope that this will be an unusually active school year, that you will profit by it, and that your "Crimson and White" will be the best ever.

Very truly yours,  
Edward S. McDowell.

—————★—————  
Schenectady Road,  
West Albany, N. Y.,  
October 13, 1921.

My Dear Miss Lomax :

The corner card of your letter caused me a slight anxiety. After I had ascertained that it was not an official nullification of my diploma, it made me reminiscent. Some years ago other editors of the *Crimson and White* were wont to gather in the Senior Hall and, with pencils poised above C. & W. copy, wonder why the A'umni did not send them accounts of their glowing and valorous deeds. It did not occur to one of them, at least, that Nemesis would be waiting at a bend in the road some years beyond to demand of her the grim confession that she is "An atom lost in the wide, wide world." However, as a class we were always staunchly game and I cannot fail 1913 in this instance.

It would give me greater pleasure to swell on my conquests in Latin Comp. and Math. Or I might write touchingly to the faculty a grateful recognition of my indebtedness to them for all that I know, but I feel that they do not wish me to mention such a trifle. So I presume I must tell you about myself.

Shortly after I left Milne, I entered business college. For one year after the completion of my course, I was engaged in driving spiky facts into little wooden domes, and learned that all does not depend upon the nail or the force behind the drive, but sometimes upon the thickness of the board. I believe I had always cherished an unconfessed admiration for those instructors who challenged my ignorance and fought until the game was called on account of darkness with invariably a scoreless tie; but during that memorable twelvemonth, that noble animal instinct, gratitude, was developed in its highest form.

My next venture was in Stenography; and for some time I spent my days recording rapid outpourings in a red-lined note-book and later presenting them on official letterheads for the public to read and file. Gradually my troubles increased, and I dictated my own to bobbed-haired vacuity who misunderstood, misinterpreted and misspelled, and who could inform me petulantly that I should not expect them to know whether "e" or "i" has precedence in "receive." More recently, I have reached the really delightful part of stenographic endeavor, secretarial work. We are concerned with Electricity, the most fascitating of subjects, and the people who make it the servant of hundreds of cities and towns. It is full of thrills and surprises, and I love every bit of it.

Stenography is interesting and of late lucrative work, and of all phases of business activity open to girls, I presume it is the most desirable, but I believe it is not the ne plus ultra of occupations as business college advertisements would lead young students to believe. As in everything else, he succeeds best who has had the most preparation in the way of general education. It never seemed to me a wise thing for secondary schools to become training camps for stenographers, except in so far as it broadened their culture and ethics, but I may be a hopeless visionary. I certainly believe that the least preparation one should have is a completed high school course, for its own sake; then, if commercial endeavor lures, why, of course, "go to it."

So you have my "activities" and my "experiences".

Sincerely yours,

Loretta Reilly.

—\*—

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.—Ben Franklin.

—\*—

The shallows murmur, while the deeps are dumb—don't talk unless you have something to say.

—\*—

He that does good for God's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.—Wm. Penn.

## AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

Roses and holly hocks, stately and tall,  
Grow in profusion by my garden wall.  
Dahlias, nasturtiums, zinnias, phlox,  
Beds of sweet panzies bordered with box.

Monkshood and larkspur, purple and white,  
Tall, stately primroses blooming at night.  
Marigolds, asters, someone's heart's-ease,  
And in one corner a wealth of sweet-peas.

Here, four-o'clocks tell us the time of the day,  
There, Jack in the pulpit is holding his sway.  
Pink morning glories climb over the eaves,  
Hiding themselves in their large heart-shaped leaves.

Bachelor-buttons nod as you pass,  
Bold Johnny-jump-ups peep from the grass,  
Fragrance and sweetness fill all the air,  
Beauty and color glow everywhere.

Elizabeth F. Shaver, '02.



## THE MONEY VALUE OF EDUCATION

We fully realize that the most valuable result of right education is the broadening, deepening and refining of human life. This result can no more be measured by dollars and cents than can truth, self-sacrifice and love be made out of pork and potatoes. While the higher things of the soul are priceless rewards which true education brings, they are not the only results. The material and measurable rewards of education should be made plain to those whose votes must determine the support of our educational system. The boys and girls in the schools of to-day will be the voters of to-morrow. Therefore, it is right that they should have pointed out to them, in terms that they can understand, the definite ways in which education promotes industrial efficiency and increases material wealth.

National wealth and power is determined by education. The remarkable results in these instances cannot be attributed to racial or climatic differences, for in like manner, in Denmark, in Scotland, in Switzerland, in Massachusetts, wherever there is adequate pro-

vision for education, there follow great industrial efficiency and national wealth.

On the other hand, in Spain, in Russia, in Turkey, in Mexico' wherever there is lack of necessary school system, there is the story of poverty, revolution, and regardless of race, climate, or abundance of national resources. In the United States, it has been shown that the earning capacity of the citizens of several States is the direct proportion to the efficiency of their school systems.

The Asiatic farmer with his wooded plow makes six cents a day, and the illiterate Russian peasant, with his primitive implements and methods, earns fourteen cents, while the American farmer earns many times these sums because his improved methods and implements, made possible by education, have increased his efficiency.

The illiterate race is necessarily restricted to the hillock and the stick plow, while the educated nation miner and smelterer manufactures the reaper and the traction engine, fertilizes the soil, rotates crops, breeds better stock, and better seeds by scientific methods, rises superior to flood, drought and disease, and multiplies efficiency a hundred fold.

National resources are worthless without an education. Even a bounteous harvest in a fertile section would avail little for an illiterate people who could not build the engines or boats to transport it, or understand the processes necessary for its preservation against a future day of want. Without educated brain and skilled hands the fertile soil, timbered land, water power, and mineral deposit must forever lie idle or be ignorantly squandered.

Compare illiterate and educated workmen. The savage can fasten only a dozen pounds on his back and swim the river. When he is educated he knows how to make an axe, fell a tree and make a raft, and he can carry many times a dozen pounds. The more highly educated the more he can do.

The necessity for education is rapidly increasing. It will continue to increase with the advance in the complexity of the processes of civilization.

Salary paid to an individual because of certain educational qualifications possessed by him represents not only the financial value of that education to him, but also in a general way, represents the financial value which the community places upon the service made possible by that education.

Boys and Girls study the money value of education very carefully.

M. S. Glaser.

## A PILGRIMAGE

(Written after a visit to Freeman's Farm.)

Come, make a pilgrimage with me  
To sacred shrine of Liberty,  
A battle-field.  
There breathe a silent prayer on high,  
For those whose honor bade them die  
Rather than yield.

If you have naught but mortal eyes,  
If, from the past, men's groans and sighs  
You cannot hear,  
Meadows and woodlands you will see,  
And song of bird in yonder tree  
May strike your ear.

But if you are a dreamer true,  
With spirit sight and hearing, too,  
(Few are thus blest),  
The scenes and sounds of bygone days  
Your wond'ring senses will amaze.  
List to the test.

You'll see the patriot battle-line  
Which in the valley's close confine,  
In order lies.  
And from the north the eager foe  
Comes, as the arrow from the bow  
To target flies.

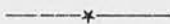
You'll see the foe opposing foe,  
As battle rages to and fro  
O'er wooded hill.  
And then the aftermath of strife,  
When those who fought for freedom's life,  
In death, lie still.

You'll hear the fierce wolves' mournful howl,  
As o'er the shallow graves they prowl  
In search of prey,  
Or clatter of a swift hoof-beat  
Turning the chance of dire defeat  
To victory.



Oh, think you not it's worth your while  
To turn the hands upon the dial  
Back in their round?  
And make a pilgrimage with me  
To this beest shrine of Liberty,  
A battle-ground?

Elizabeth F. Shaver, '02.



Dear Crimson and White :

Since I have been gone from Milne two years and was not graduated from Milne but from Leavenworth High School, I feel flattered that I should be asked to write a letter for the "Crimson and White." Naturally, I am interested in this paper because I was assistant business Manager for the few months I was in Milne as a Junior. I am not a good writer as you will find before this is finished, but I am glad to write if it will help in any way.

I was asked to write of some special activity, but I don't want to bore the readers any more than necessary with an autobiographical account of my doings. If I may rave a while about my thoughts and memories of the two years I spent at Milne, and then tell briefly my history since I left Albany, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

I've been in four high schools between moves from one point in the United States to the other. Of all of them, it pleases my memory most to think of Milne days. The days when I was in a school where no one was a stranger will always appeal to me as times worth living over again, though some of them did not seem that way at the time. I say every one in Milne knew everyone else, but it seemed to be Mr. Sayles' job to keep me from knowing pupils too well during school hours. He often presented himself unannounced in study hall while friendly conversations were being carried on. Thereupon, he would break up the social gathering by scattering us around the room. I remember that I used to get the front seat in the corner by the piano every time.

Milne was the smallest of the four schools which I attended. The size is probably the reason for the good spirit of fellowship among the students. The small number of classrooms in Milne gave each pupil a more "homey" feeling than when he entered a larger building where he had never been in but eight or ten rooms and felt out of place in most of those. In Milne I remember that Mr. Sayles had to tell some boys to go home after school hours

while the three other schools were having their times getting anyone to stay until school was out.

Although Milne High was the most ideal of any I attended, at the time, I didn't realize it. My advice to the present members of M. H. S. is to realize it while you're at Milne and can enjoy it. Don't wait until it has forgotten you.

Two years' ago our family moved to Patchogue, Long Island, where we lived nearly a year. I remained in Albany a few days longer so that I could attend the Quin-Sigma Hallowe'en Dance, then I joined the family in Patchogue. I attended the Patchogue High School and completed my junior year there.

September, 1920, after another short visit to Albany and Oneonta, found me in Fort Leavenworth and enrolled in Leavenworth High School as a senior. Here things were very little different from other high schools. The main thing was the R. O. T. C. unit in the school with the cadet uniforms. Since every male pupil had to enroll in the corps, of course I was made a cadet. In November, I was elected First Lieutenant of "C" Company in the Cadet Battalion, and kept that grade until commencement. I also won my "L" and sweater playing on the L. H. S. basket-ball team.

This year I'm specializing under a tutor for West Point, and have hopes in that direction which ought to mature shortly. The studying under the tutor keeps me busy all my week days and evenings, but leaves me free on Saturdays and Sundays.

Since I cannot penetrate into the future, I'll have to end right here.

Donald Prentice Booth, '21.



My Dear Miss Lomax,

I am sorry that in the press of work I neglected replying to your letter concerning your contribution for the "Crimson and White" until too late for your purposes. I trust you will forgive me; at some later time, perhaps I could send you something that you might find it worth your while to publish. I was one of the charter editors, so to speak, of the "Crimson and White," and it always has my best wishes for its success. I'm sure you do much better with it than we did.

Sincerely yours,

Kate Parsons

Dear Miss Lomax,

I have just finished some law suits in which I have been engaged all week, and must immediately prepare for another one that I am going into Monday morning, and regret to say that my article will not be ready for you at the time agreed upon.

I shall be out of town Monday, and for several days after that, so cannot give any idea when I will be ready. I am afraid that, due to your belated invitation, I will find myself unable to contribute to this number of your magazine, but will do so for a later issue if you desire it. I cannot tell you how much I regret this fact, but you really asked me a little too late, considering the matters I have before me for immediate attention.

Yours very truly,

W. E. Fitzsimmons

—————\*—————

Some folks are out hunting four leaf clovers when success knocks at their doors.

—————\*—————

There are two lessons which every man should learn carefully one the science of speech and, the other, the science of silence.

—————\*—————

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiam—*Emerson*.

—————\*—————

Some people derive morbid pleasure by depriving others of their pleasure—don't be one of them.

—————\*—————

If you have a study period to waste, don't spend it with someone who hasn't.

—————\*—————

You've got to be satisfied that you can do anything, but never be satisfied with anything you do.

—————\*—————

The shallows murmur, while the deeps are silent—don't talk unless you have something to say.

# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVIII

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No. 1

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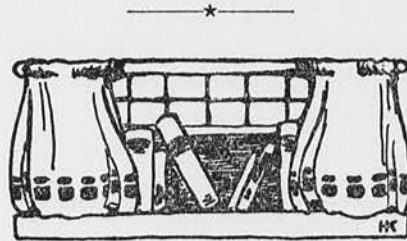


Milne High School extends a very warm and friendly welcome to her fellowmates and members of the faculty who have returned this year, and to those who have united with us in our endeavor to make for Milne a high standard of efficiency. But just for the present, let us concentrate all our efforts on making its scholarship the highest, its activities the finest, and its games the best that Milne has ever known.

We give a still more kindly thought to those who have been here and are gone—our Alumni. It is they who give the school its true worth and “spread its fame,” as Vergil says, “above the stars.” A high school gives the poise, the ability to speak, and the knowledge of fellowmen which everyone must have; but the Alumni, in return, give the school far-spreading fame and a grateful thought of the training received.

We who are now in school scarcely realize how much we enjoy our school life or how greatly it will help us in the future. By the letters which several of our Alumni have written for us, we can see how much High School means to them even to-day. The things which former Milners remember and always will attribute to Milne are the high qualities of Latin, Chemistry or English which will remain to help them in the future. They think of the school and us more than we either realize or think of them.

In due respect and admiration of our alumni, we, the present members of Milne High School, have dedicated this first issue of "Crimson and White" to them, and we shall endeavor to carry on the work they started and worked for in the past.



### SCHOOL NOTES

The fall term of the school began on the 26th of September. There is a registration of approximately thirty-five Seniors, forty-five Juniors, fifty-five Sophomores, and eighty-five Freshmen.

The much talked-of student council has been organized, and hopes, with the co-operation of the students, to create a tremendous school spirit. Support this council which you have chosen by following its suggestions and abiding with its decisions. The organizations are represented as follows:

The Senior class—William Comstock, Nelson Coley, Frances White, Mirian Snow.

The Junior class—Georgianna Maar, Dorothea George.

The Sophomore class—Norma Jones, Ellsworth Kirtland, Ellsworth Beeman.

The Freshman class—John Shea.

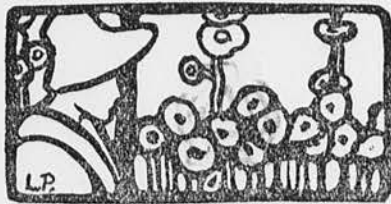
The Crimson and White—Martha A. Lomax.

The Athletic Association—Edward Alberts.

We had the first chapel exercises of the year on the 8th of October. Two scenes of "David Copperfield" were dramatized by members of the English III classes. Marion Bardene supplied the

necessary information prior to the play. Ruth Jansen excelled in her imitation of Miss Betsey Trotwood. Mathew Gipp was a delightfully shy and unassuming David Copperfield. Dorothy Robinson and De Witt Zeh, as Miss and Mr. Mindstone, surpassed the haughtiness of the originals. Clayton Rosboro, who, as Mr. Dick, rendered such valuable advice, deserves a word of praise. We are hoping that all of our chapel exercises will prove as delightful as this first one.

All over the country the American Institute of Banking, the educational part of the American Banking Association, is giving lectures to students and acquainting them with the fundamental principles of banking. At our second chapel period, Mr. Williams, representing the Albany chapter of the American Institute of Banking, instructed us how to open an account, use a check and a deposit slip. Judging from the first one, we are sure that these lectures, once a month, will prove as interesting as they are beneficial. Previous to these instructions, Professor Sayles asked us to connect the idea of thrift not only with money but with time and opportunity.



#### ALUMNI NOTES

John Delaney has been elected a Judge of the City Court.

Stanley Taylor, '20, is attending Union College.

Kate Parsons is editor of "The Villager," Katonah, N. Y.

Donald Allen, Hamilton College, has pledged to Alpha Delta Phi.

Dorothy Hamburger, Wellesley.

Ruth Kessley, Barnard, taking five year law course.

Helen Metz, with the Knickerbocker Press (society, etc.)

Charles I. Sayles, Colgate University, has pledged to Delta Upsilon.

Catherine Emerick, teaching eight grades in a district school.



**ZETA SIGMA**

Zeta Sigma has resumed its regular meetings on each Thursday. We miss greatly a number of our Alumni members. The meetings so far have been very exciting and interesting. Sigma has already submitted its plan for the year's social work, to the Student Council. Among the coming events planned are a rush for the Freshman and initiation for the upper classmen. Zeta Sigma extends a hearty welcome to all the Freshman class.

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**THETA NU**

Theta Nu intends to have some very interesting meetings this year. Competitive exercises will be conducted by the president. As yet no new members have been admitted, as the present number is adequate.

E. B.

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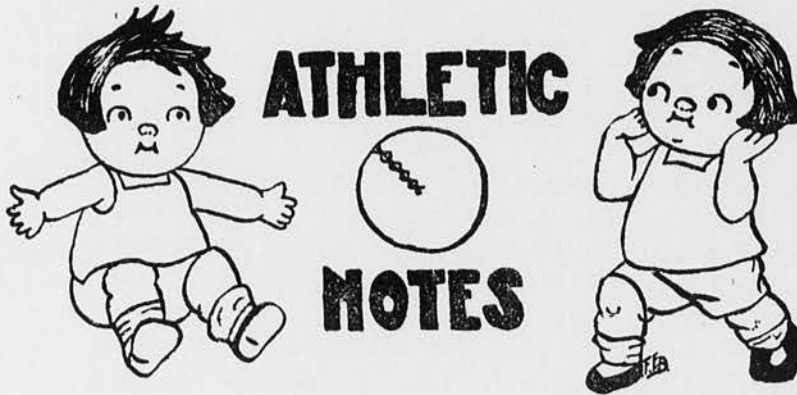
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**QUINTILIAN**

Q uintilian gave a party,  
 U nited in our play,  
 I n the gym. on Friday,  
 N ow, we see our way  
 T o welcome little Freshies  
 I n our merry midst.  
 L oving hands of friendship  
 I s helping to enlist  
 A growing friendly spirit  
 N ever more to quite desist.  
 Hurrah ! Quintilian !





The basket ball schedule has been arranged, and games will be played with Gloversville, Schenectady, and other fast teams.

Coach Snavely has good material this year, and the prospects are bright for Milne. The lineup is headed by Margoleus, with Kirk, Christie, McKeon, Uhlrick, and Beeman showing good form.



#### A Girls' Basket Ball Team

A girls' basket ball team has been organized this year much to the satisfaction of the girls of Milne. At our last meeting, we elected officers:

Manager.....Elizabeth Friend

Captain.....Helen VanEss

We have our practice every Tuesday and Friday in the gymnasium. At our next meeting the candidates will try out for their positions on the team—H. VanE.



#### OUR GIRLS

They chatter, chatter as they go,  
From one room to another.  
And bells may ring; and whistles blow,  
But they chat on forever.



Excuses are the patches with which we seek to repair the garments of failure.



WELCOME !!

We, the new Exchange Editors, welcome you, our readers. We are going to do our part in making this year's "Crimson and White" the best in its history.

Do you realize the importance of the Exchange Department? It is necessary because it gives us a chance to improve our paper by the criticism of others.

"The Stylus," Peekskill, N. Y.

"The Stylus" is a new-comer, and we welcome it into our Exchange Department. We have the Commencement number which contains the Prophecy, Will, Song and History. Your cuts are good, but we advise that a few more would add greatly to your magazine. Some good advertising manager you have. He is a hustler. Come again!

"The Prospect," Brooklyn, N. Y.

This paper is a very good magazine, although several of its departments could stand improvement. Larger cuts would improve the general appearance of your magazine. We liked the original idea of illustrating your stories because it is something which is seldom seen in school papers.

"The X-Ray," Sacramento High School.

The object of an Exchange Department is to criticise other papers and not merely to tell what has happened at other schools. We enjoyed your jokes and many athletic jokes. Try to have more stories.

"The Patriot," Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

What has happened to your exchange column? Did it get lost among your splendid athletic accounts? Your jokes — what there are of them—are excellent. Your advertising managers must be hustlers to secure so many ads. As for your dance regulations, they are something entirely new and we sincerely hope they are carried out.

"The Oracle," Gloversville, N. Y.

A very commendable commencement number. Your athletic teams are certainly to be congratulated on their splendid work. Do as well this year! Your cuts have greatly improved and add much to the appearance of your whole paper. Your ads are certainly fine.

"About St. Agnes," Albany, N. Y.

Your senior prize essay is exceptionally good and is worthy of the medal it received. It shows wonderful and careful research work. A few cuts would improve your paper immensely. A humorous department always adds interest to a paper. We suggest that you start one. Your "primary efforts" are very good and show you have talent to look forward to for your staff.

—\*—

Many a girl's blush remains unseen because of too much drug store in between.

—\*—

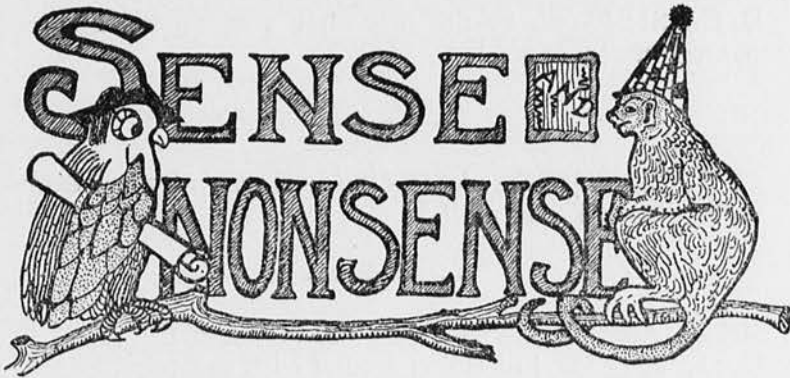
The fellow who never sees the silver lining in any cloud, is just the one who should get caught in the rain without his umbrella.

—\*—

A good listener has the reputation for wisdom. So if you know you don't know much, listen for all you're worth.

—\*—

The greatest thief this world has ever produced is procrastination and he is still at large.



### JOKES.

There's safety in numbers,  
I've often been told,  
But a number of failures  
Knocks your average cold.

—★—

"Why is M. H. S. so popular with the girls?"  
"Give it up."  
"Because it has 'Sayles' every day."

—★—

Harry Jones was about to board a street car on a wet day:  
"Ah, conductor," he inquired, "is this Noah's Ark of yours full?"  
"No, son," the conductor instantly retorted, "there's just room for the donkey. Come on in."

—★—

Marion O'C, '21, sang and she sang, "I will hang my harp on a willow tree-e-e," each time breaking on the high note.  
Finally, patient father from the next room ventured, "Better try a lower limb, Marion."

Miss Rice: "What is the difference between 'results' and 'consequences'?"

D. C., '21: "Well, results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."

— \* —

M. B., '22—"Are the pictures in the Rogue's Gallery framed?"

H. R., '21—"Yes in guilt."

— \* —

Mr. C. (sternly)—"Where were you last night?"

D. C., '22—"Oh, just riding around with the boys."

Mr. C.—"Well, tell 'em not to leave their hairpins in the car."

— \* —

K. M., '22—"What is an optimist?"

M. O'C., '22—"A fellow who cuts a dance with the Prof's daughter and then expects to pass the course."

— \* —

#### We Wonder

Where the pencil goes when it is lead?

What becomes of the hole when you eat the doughnut?

Where the watch is bound when its going?

Who catches the water when Niagara Falls?

What happens to the pieces when day breaks?

And still we wonder.

— \* —

Miss Mier—"Who was king of France at that time?"

F. B., '22—"Louis, the crosseyed."

Miss Mier—"Where did you find that?"

F. B.—"Right here in the book, it says 'Louis XI'."

— \* —

Sopphy—"You know only fools are certain."

Freshie—"Are you sure of that?"

Sopphy—"Yes, certain. Positively certain."

Landlady—Sir, I think you had better board elsewhere.  
Independent Stude—Oh, yes, I had occasionally.

—★—

W. C., '22—"Hunter had a terrible accident."

D. Z., '22—"How come?"

W. C.—"He was describing a boat race and he broke both his elbows."

—★—

H. R., '21 (over phone)—"I can't sleep, doctor. Can you do anything for me?"

Doctor—"Hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby."

—★—

The gall of some people  
Give me a pain,  
But the gaul of J. Caesar  
Will drive me insane.

—★—

E. A.—"Do I understand you rightly, to mean that this report is not acceptable?"

Miss Rice: "Correct."

E. A.—"But you accepted me exactly like it."

—★—

G. W., '25: "Can you keep a secret?"

B. A., '25: "Can I? Well, I'll tell the world."

—★—

"How was Alexander I of Russia killed?"

D. W., '22: "By a bomb."

Miss— "Be a little more explicit, please."

D. W., '22 (in desperation): "Well, you see it exploded."

—★—

Books are the bee-hive of thought.

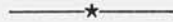
## THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

## WHAT MAKES A VAMP.

A yard of silk  
 A hank of hair,  
 Two darling eyes  
 With a baby stare.

An elf-like voice  
 With tempting coo,  
 And ankles trim,  
 A pair will do.

A cosy room,  
 A shaded lamp,  
 And there you have  
 One little vamp.



## THE SPREAD OF KNOWLEDGE.

A history teacher conducted an examination in medieval and modern history. Some of the answers were :

Gregory was the greatest Pope who ever lived before his time.  
 Chivalry would be reduclious now.

The Knights were to offend the poor and depressed. A vassal swore he would sever his lord.

The Christians in Italy, needing protection, invited the Norman Knights as mercenaries to protect them.

The kingdom of Naples was in the Meditteranean Sea.

Feudalism was a social standing that was in the ruler's power.

Imploement in methods of warfare weakened the power of the Knights.

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*At Fearey's, of course*

**\$6.50 a pair**

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1890-1891

Interest on \$100,000

Albany City Savings Bank

Interest on \$100,000

The Albany City Savings Bank

Interest on \$100,000

Interest on \$100,000

Interest on \$100,000

Interest on \$100,000

Interest on \$100,000

Interest on \$100,000

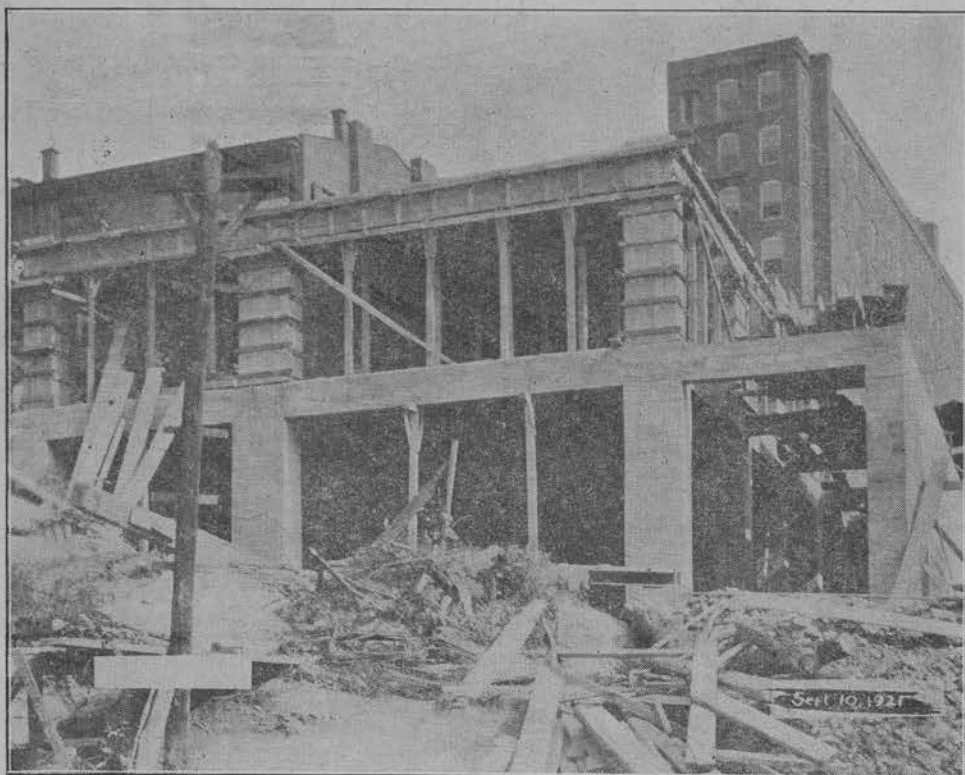
Interest on \$100,000

Interest on \$100,000

Interest on \$100,000

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