

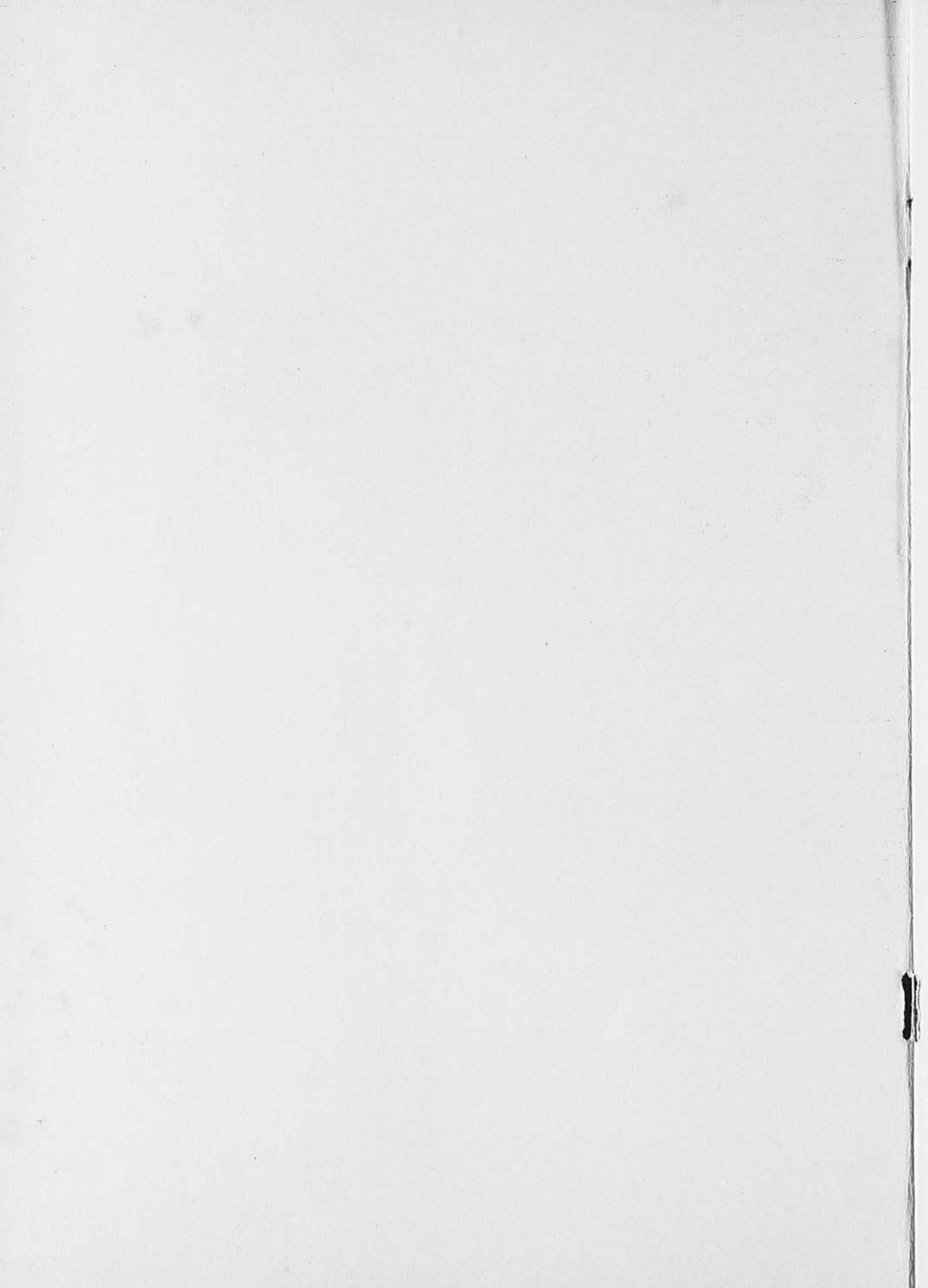
MILNE School

Crimson and White Vol. ~~XXIX~~

1932-33

Crimson and White





# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXIX

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# LITERATURE



## SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

### THE FRIENDLY PILLOW

The pillow, although it has never been mentioned in books of science as a force friendly to man, is really one of his most constant and helpful friends. How many tender hopes and quaint fancies are breathed to it; how many smiles are impressed upon its sympathetic surface; how many passionate and yearning prayers it hears, and how many tears it can absorb. The most conspicuous trait of the pudgy and rotund object is its receptivity. In this respect it is like stout people. As a confidant the pillow cannot be excelled, for, unlike human beings, it is not always interrupting with well-meant but irrelevant remarks. A pillow is never impatient and will listen untiringly and respectfully for any length of time, no matter how uninteresting the subject. In this respect it shows discretion, for it allows the performer to pick out flaws in his own work, and therefore does not make enemies, for everyone knows that the quickest way to make an enemy is to criticize his efforts constantly. However, we must not lay too much stress on the passive and receptive traits among which is composure. How calming it is to lay one's head on one's pillow after a long and baffling day and reflect on the wisdom of patience and postponement? Thus does the pillow pursue its friendly service and, although at times we prefer an interrupting and indiscreet human being, we always come back to our pillow as a confidant and friend.

Jean Emptage, '33

### A PURPOSE

Red, yellow, blue, and green streaked back into rows of shelves, and chairs and tables became a little more stable upon their legs. What if the soft, feathery flakes, falling past the windows had caused me to wonder so deeply! I am half through my last year, and yet if I had the others to start again, would they be different? Would I be helping everyone else solve student problems, composing my part of the newspaper, and in a word, doing my share? Tonight, our team again will match its strength with an old rival, and, winner or loser, their classmates will stand and cheer for their effort, for their loyalty. Outside, nature is blanketing the hills for our skis and pleasure after school; inside, people are planning to make plays and dances a success.

The new snow whirls past the windows; it will serve, and disappear.

M. E. S., '33

## FEAR

It was around a camp-fire that the following discussion took place.

"When I was across," ventured the veteran of the Great War, "we poor devils in the trenches lived in fear, fear of bombardment, gas, orders, and death. Now we fear only the latter."

"Death holds no great terror for me. My only dread is blindness. If by some chance this terrible affliction should strike me, I would surely commit suicide," replied the doctor, an exceptionally good rifle shot.

Our old Indian guide, who until now had been silent, spoke. "My father, brother, and uncle all died from the 'cough'. I've been good all my life and He has spared me from it. I never touch His sacred things." This was true; he never killed except when it was necessary.

The rest of us expressed our views. One feared snakes, another age, and our French guide, who sold unlawful beverages on the side, feared the cops.

The following day the hunt was resumed. After an unsuccessful drive it was decided to divide the party into groups of two men each and still hunt. The Indian guide and the doctor decided to hunt together.

After an hour's hunting, they spied a herd of four deer; three does and one buck. To their surprise they saw that the buck was pure white. Tall and handsome he stood in the middle of the three does. The snow on the ground was no whiter than his hair; his royal antlers stood out from the rest of his head. No other creature of nature could be more beautiful.

Both looked with mingled awe and amazement at the extraordinary scene much as the disciples had during the transfiguration.

Suddenly the doctor raised his rifle to shoot when he felt the guide's hand on his shoulder. In a hoarse whisper he spoke, "Don't shoot. He's scared."

The doctor pushed him aside, slowly he raised his gun, aimed and shot. The buck leaped ahead, fell on his side, and lay still.

It was about three weeks later when I heard the doctor had been made permanently blind in an auto accident. The morning papers of four days later stated that he had killed himself.

G. E. Otis, '33

## PICTURES

Pictures in  
My album;  
How queer they  
Seem.  
Was I once that  
Tiny child  
Holding gay  
Striped ball up  
To the sky  
While the sun  
Made patterns  
On my ruffled  
Dress?

M. Peck, '33

## THE HOUSE IN THE SHADOW

In my home town there is a bridge—a great, marvelous bridge. Down through the years it has stretched its long, steel arms out to the sky line like some threatening monster of old. Huddled against this stolid, protecting wall are those sordid castles of the poor and the destitute—the tenements.

Thus it came about, in one of the countless years this groping monster had served us, there came to dwell in one of these pitiful, little shacks a little old lady with her two fine boys. Weary months of struggle found the little brood still lonely and destitute. The mass of cement and steel which was the bridge donned its coat of snow, and lights prepared to meet the good Saint Nicholas. Christmas eve found them still preparing—for they knew not what.

On this same Christmas eve, two men were to be seen walking briskly towards the bridge. The oldish man was a banker; the vigorous, talkative youth was a junior clerk in his bank. As they drew nearer, the young man's rapidly changing interests were directed, by some strange coincidence, to the dismal, domestic conclave in the Swift household, only too visible through the curtain-less window. The youth stole a glance at his chief; evidently he was meditating on the day's work. The young man silently bit his lip and gravely continued his walk.

Still later that night a tall young man stole up the tenant steps and left, secured from the snow and sleet, a large package of Christmas cheer. When the little old lady opened the creaky old door the next morning and found on her doorstep the answer to her prayers, two stiff old legs bent in prayer to their benefactor.

Our talkative young man has continued to talk, and in his quiet moments, he chuckles silently to himself. Far out in the country, away from the noise of the city, the old banker has continued to meditate. The great structure which has cast its protecting shadow over all, emits another creak and stands steadfast through the years.

R. Warner, '34

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

Faith—, urging men on to do bigger and better things;  
Encouraging poets and peasants and kings.

Hope—, the senator's feelings for our country's success;  
The poor man's thoughts for his wife's happiness.

Charity—, the weak man's destruction, the peasant's relief;  
The miser's rebellion, the good man's belief.

B. Spencer, '33

## RECOGNITION

How shall I know you in Heaven  
If they give you a harp?  
Or will they let you be standing  
As I remember you last:—  
Straight and slender,  
With your fiddle tucked under your chin?

E. Hartt, '33



### ANOTHER RUE MORGUE MYSTERY

One dark stormy night, there could be seen on a deserted road a figure bending over another figure. He stood with head bowed, silently thinking. Yes, he had killed her. He, who had never before committed murder. She had toiled for him and had helped him through many a hard passage. He could no longer hear her gentle murmuring.

The clouds gathered around him, and the rain descended on him. Why did no one come? Why had he killed her in such a desolate place? He did not even know his motive.

With anguish in his heart, he decided upon a definite plan of escape.

So, with a shuddering sigh, Harold Teen slammed down the lid of his Ford and tried to start the engine.

H. Finkle, '33

### THE WIND

The wind rose high and howled  
Sweeping down the narrow valley,  
Shaking the chains of the weather stained gibbet,  
Fluttering the chains on the dead robber's body,  
Blowing its icy breath on a pair of lovers,  
Chilling the heart of the village miser,  
And then, passed over the hills  
Moaning like a soul lost from Paradise.

D. W. Johnson, '33

### THE NEWSBOY

Dirty little  
Urchin huddled in  
The driving wind,—  
Paper clutched  
In the grimy hand,  
Raising cry above  
The storm:  
Extra! extra! paper  
Mister?  
Life, you say,  
But is it  
Life?  
I have a chance,  
But am I  
Grateful?  
Fate is kind to  
Me, and life  
Sweet.  
God make fate  
Kind to the  
Newsboy.

M. Peck, '33

**WONDERFUL THINGS**

I love:  
 Sticky baby hands,  
 And tousled, sleepy heads  
 In tumbled beds.  
 A low, deep Morris chair.  
 A leaf,  
 Turning and tossing in the air.  
 Warm sunlight on slowly-drying, fragrant hair.  
 Trembling ivy against a broad expanse of dusty brick.  
 An old book,  
 Dog-eared pages,  
 Margins filled with annotations.  
 A hill's summit,  
 Rough and stony.  
 Palm trees,  
 Stirred by a warm, dry breeze.  
 A starched white cotton dress.  
 Rows of stockings,  
 Clean, mended.  
 A lone, red light,  
 Moving in trackless flight  
 Among the stars.  
 And—  
 A loving act.

Helen Gibson, '35

**AS LIFE GOES ON**

Santa Claus brought you a doll, little girl,  
 And it fell on the floor and broke,  
 But do not cry over one broken doll,  
 There are those who never to one have spoke.

Santa Claus brought you a dream, little girl,  
 And someone shattered its threads,  
 But do not cry over one broken dream,  
 Dream something else instead.

Santa Claus brought you a heartache this year  
 But do not sorrowful be,  
 For heartaches, like dolls and broken dreams, fade  
 As time dims the memory.

Santa Claus comes as the years go on  
 And brings with him sorrow and song,  
 But always remember as time flies by  
 Nothing matters long.

D. A. D., '34

**PICTURES TAKEN A LONG TIME AGO**

You who love beauty,  
 Say, do you remember  
 A tall elm tree  
 In a field in November?  
 Its branches bare  
 And an oriole's nest  
 Swinging from the lowest limb  
 Pointing to the West?

You beauty-lovers,  
 Can you recall  
 A yellow rosebush  
 By a yellow house wall?  
 Golden-glow  
 And a pansy bed  
 And what the bees  
 In the rosebush said?

Worshippers at evening,  
 Kneel by a blue  
 Bed of irises  
 Wet with dew,  
 For irises are candles  
 Blue enough and bright  
 To light an altar  
 For beauty at night.

E. Hartt, '33

**SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD MAN**

Beneath the sky,  
 Whose iridescent blue  
 Stretches afar  
 And disappears from view,  
 I seek for peace,  
 And in my harrowed mind  
 There comes a quietness  
 Almost divine.

My soul is hushed.  
 The pain that seemed too hard to bear,  
 Has disappeared.  
 And though the stillness,  
 Maybe death.  
 I have found beauty  
 In this peacefulness.

Mabel Irene Curtis, '33

# JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

## A DAY OFF

The repulsive figure of a hunchback sat by the window, looking out into the dripping streets of London. Dazzling street lights glittered glasslike, gayly for some people, but for others they appeared almost grotesque. Masses of people walked hurriedly along pushing and jolting one another about. Among the mob just coming around the corner was a roughly clad man. His face held an evil light and was by no means pleasant, and his manner was not gentle as he pushed his way along. The keen eyes watching from the window looked frightened. Those deep bitter eyes that a moment before had looked almost happy held now a tragic light. The face which had seemed almost pleasant had become changed. It was set and white. The nose again seemed too long, the chin too pointed, and the forehead too high. The white fists clenched tightly, the mouth tightened, the delicate lips twitched nervously, and a sob shook the frame of the deformed body.

A door on the first floor was heard to open and shut. The boy shuddered, then squared his small weak shoulders.

"Hi thar! Wacha doin'?" and a huge form tottered into the room and sprawled itself across a cot. "Casmus ev', don't ye know thet? Hanson's comin'." Jules knew what that meant. He would spend the rest of the night in the backroom. There it was so cold that often his hands would turn blue. In the one warm room his uncle and friends would gamble and drink. Talking thickly and cursing one another, they would end in a fight and, if luck favored his uncle, all would go on as usual. But if luck went against him it would be too bad for Jules. The boy was miserable. He rose from his chair and swung himself into the next room. He lay down on the couch and fell asleep.

Later that evening, Jules was awakened by a crashing of furniture and glass. He dreaded the morning.

The next time he awoke from the cold it was early morning and a soft snow was falling. Everything was quiet and as the boy hunchback looked out, a feeling of happiness entered his heart. Today would be his one red-letter day. It was Christmas and Christmas meant a ride in the country. He could see again the beautiful trees and meadows. He must hurry before his uncle came back.

Jules swung himself through the door and on up the street. Everything was quiet and calm. The soft snow fell down all around him and filled him with peace. He didn't mind if people shunned him.

That night amid the noisy crowds, the thin ugly figure of a hunchback could be seen. Shuddering glances were numerous cast in his direction. But in that distorted face a pair of eyes, dark and solemn, yet happy and full of contentment, could be seen. In half an hour it stood beneath its own fanlight and, with that characteristic squaring of shoulders it entered from the world of bliss into the world of drudgery for one long year to wait patiently for the next Christmas.

## JUST A MUTT

"Paps, pa-pers, pa-pers. Bur-rr, it's cold," murmured a little boy who was very ragged and had to blow in his hands to keep them warm.

"Gee, ain't that Christmas tree jist beau-ti-ful?" he thought to himself.

"Paper, mister, only three cents?"

"Hello, Jimmie," said another ragged newsboy. "How many you got left?"

"Five," said Jimmie. "My, I wish I had somethin' ta eat and I'm co-ld, but, jist lookin' at that tree, I forgit I'm hungry or cold."

"'Tis perty," observed the little boy, and he then left Jimmy alone on his corner.

The snow had been coming down steadily all day and the sidewalks and streets were slippery. A little dog was over on the other corner, shivering and whining. Jimmie saw him and whistled to him.

"Here, doggie, come here." The dog came over wagging his tail in a friendly way and took a liking to Jimmie at once. "Here, Mutt, let's go over on that corner nearer to that tree."

Jimmie started over and slipped in the street. There was a screeching of brakes, a woman's scream, and the barking of a dog. Jimmie felt only the tugging on his coat and heard only the barking of a little dog. The car stopped and an elderly man jumped out, exclaiming, "Are you hurt, little boy?"

"Naw, I'm all right, mister," Jimmie said bravely, for he had skinned his knees when he fell and it began to hurt. "Whew, that was close and I guess I would have got hit if this mutt hadn't barked and tugged at my coat, and he put an affectionate arm around the dog.

The next day was Christmas, and Jimmie and the mutt, who was the best Christmas present Jimmie could have, were having turkey with the elderly man.

L. Sipperley, '36

## A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

I am a Christmas present,  
 All the little boys come and play with me.  
 My bright colors will shine for the present,  
 But soon I will be called,  
 "Just another present."

I am an electric train,  
 My train car's number three,  
 I run about under the Christmas tree,  
 But soon I will be like the old electric train,  
 "Just another present."

Twenty days have elapsed.  
 The boys no longer play with me  
 I am laid away in my box  
 And now I am called,  
 "Just another present."

LEO MINKIN '36

## CHRISTMAS IN SNOW VILLAGE

"Hiram Neville," remarked Daniel, "is the meanest old codger in town." Hetty opened the oven and took out a huge turkey. She ignored his remark. There was a rap on the door.

"Now isn't that just the dickens! Go to the door, Dan'el, and hurry 'cause dinner is ready."

Daniel Dickey dropped the paper he was reading, got out of his easy chair, and hobbled toward the door.

"Hiram Neville! What brings you here?"

"Grandsir is sick or thinks he is, and he wants you to sit with him." Then, under his breath, "The old fool, He says it's lumbago and he can hardly move," this with a smile.

"I'll be right over," said Daniel, and put on his hat and coat.

Fifteen minutes later, a horse and buggy drew up in front of the old house Grandsir lived in. Daniel Dickey alighted, blew on his hands, and tied up his horse. He walked up to the house through a deep snow drift and was admitted by Hiram.

"He is feeling worse; he says he cannot move without pains running through his back."

Daniel walked down the hall to Grandsir's room and sat down on the chair beside the bed. Grandsir was asleep and Hiram hurried out of the house laughing loudly.

About an hour later Grandsir woke up and Daniel asked to see his back. With a great deal of difficulty Grandsir turned over and Daniel emitted a loud whistle. Victrola needles were all over the sheet. He quickly removed them and hastened out of the house.

Hiram Neville was not at home, and so Daniel turned his buggy toward home, expressing his dislike for a low-down skunk who would spoil a man's Christmas and play a trick on an old man. He vowed to settle scores.

"Hiram," said Daniel, "is the meanest old codger in the county." With that he opened the door.

This time Hattie said plenty.

Arthur Thompson, '36

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Christmas greetings bring good cheer;  
They give you joy for all the year;  
One kind thought can mean much more  
Than beautiful gifts by the score;  
Send some kind friend a pretty thought  
And consider another friendship bought.

Christmas greetings are always sent;  
Upon some, much money is spent.  
Others cost just a cent or two  
The latter shows a friend that's true,  
The friend that everyone can trust,  
The friend whose heart will never rust.

EDMUND HASKINS '37

## THE SEARCHING THREE

### I.

In days of old  
 Three wise men bold  
 Set off across the plain  
 In search of the Infant Jesus,  
 Who was born of Angel Reign.

### II.

They first went to the castle  
 And spoke to Herod, the king;  
 He was wickedly interested  
 But knew not a thing.

### III.

They journeyed on to Bethlehem,  
 And following the Godsent Star,  
 That led them to a manger  
 To which they had traveled far.

### IV.

In the manger lay the Infant,  
 His head on a pillow of hay,  
 Guarded by Mary and Joseph  
 Ne'er before such a picture saw they.

### V.

They gave their incense and gold  
 And other gifts they had brought,  
 But better by far was this gift to the world,  
 Which our dear Father's hands had wrought.

BETTY DOUGLAS '38

## POOR SANTA

Santa has lost many a pound,  
 Since the last few Christmases have come 'round  
 At first he weighed three hundred eleven,  
 But now he weighs only one o seven,  
 And there's a change in his bag of toys,  
 And it's not because ther're so many bad boys;  
 If he does not soon get fat,  
 We will not know where he's at;  
 It's all on account of the "depression."

RALPH NORVELL '36

**A RECIPE FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

To make this Merry Christmas dish  
A tasty one, and nice,  
It must be served on Christmas day  
And garnished well with ice.

First, get out all the things you'll need  
Dolls, snow, and tall fir tree;  
A sled would fit in very well  
To season it, you see.

You also need a stocking  
And a gold piece, shinning bright,  
Some toys, a ball and jumping-jack—  
We want it all just right.

There! now I guess we've everything,  
Except some popcorn balls,  
Now, we'll roll our sleeves up high,  
Before old Santa calls.

Now mix together dolls and snow,  
Then carols and the toys;  
We're going to make a toothsome feast  
For all the girls and boys.

Now that it is finished,  
We'll add the jumping-jack,  
Then mix in the popcorn balls  
And paints from Santa's pack.

Garnish with the icicles  
And crown it with the tree;  
You'll have the merriest Christmas  
That anyone could be.

LILLIAN WALK '37

**CHRISTMAS**

I know you think it's lots of fun  
When Christmas time is here,  
Receiving gifts and giving gifts,  
The world seems full of cheer,  
Outside the snowflakes fill the air,  
So big and soft, light and fair,  
And, when the sun is halfway out,  
The children come from homes and shout,  
"Merry Christmas."

FRANCES SEYMOUR '38



### POEM

'Twas near Christmas, let me tell you,  
 Twenty-third, the date,  
 My gift I wanted was a pet,  
 My story I'll relate.

It's snowing out tonight and  
 The wind is blowing hard.  
 There's a chill that rests in  
 Every bone of mine.  
 I don't know zackly how to say it,  
 But I'm wishin', Oh so hard,  
 To find a pet an' treat it sorta kind.

I've never had one yet, an' I've  
 Always wanted one,  
 An' I's always sorta wishin' that  
 I could,  
 But right now, you believe me,  
 I'm just a little sober—  
 'Cause I sorta know my wishin' does no good.

In the morning bright an' early,—  
 (As a story sometimes goes)  
 I walked outside to see the glorious sight,  
 And there it was! as plain a sight as could be,  
 My Wish! a fuzzy, round, soft ball of black and white.

Virginia Soper, '37

### CHRISTMAS EVE

The snow falls softly downward,  
 Making a blanket for the house,  
 While within all are unconscious  
     Of the snow  
     And a mouse  
 That sits there watching  
     In hopes of some cheese,  
 Or other tidbit  
     That he might seize.  
 At last in despair,  
     He goes to his nest,  
 Though they know nothing  
     Of the little pest.

SYLVIA RYPINS '38

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## PROGRESSIVENESS OF MILNE

"Milne High School is the laboratory of State College." To many, this brings before the mind's eye a picture of numerous labeled specimens, to be dissected at the leisure of young and inexperienced college students. Needless to say, this picture is not exactly a pleasing one. However, all the facts point to very favorable results of the "experiments" carried on in this "lab." Nor, with the exception of occasional "observations" by the critics, this "lab" as similar to that other kind as some might think.

It is true that State College Seniors obtain their practice by teaching Milne classes. They are, however, constantly observed by the critics, and nothing new is tried unless it has first been proved practical. "Shall I send my child to Milne to be experimented on and taught by 'green' teachers?" ask many loving parents. If experiments are carried on, certainly Milne's scholastic record proves that they are extremely successful.

With a very slight difference of ages between the instructors and instructed, it is only natural that the relationship between the two should not be like that in other schools. Especially is this true in Senior High. Although the teachers are not looked up to in the way they are in grammar school, nevertheless, a new and better spirit exists. It is the relativity of people laboring toward the same ends. It is that good fellowship under which one is desirous of knowing; the other of showing.

(According to Dr. A. R. Brubacher, president of State College, Milne is the only school of its kind in America, and possibly in the world. This means that it is the only school in which all the actual teaching is done by student teachers). This is a fact worthy of some consideration. Milne, then, is truly a laboratory, and a very singular one! Students should be proud of attending such an institution. Organized as it is, every modern method of teaching which has been proved practical, must reach its class-rooms, making both study and instruction easier. Another fact worthy of mention (though it no doubt often seems dubious) is that no sub-normal student is allowed to attend Milne. This enables the classes to progress rapidly without being handicapped by backward students.

Students attending this school might well remember occasionally that they are, indeed, privileged. Not four hundred and fifty pupils attend this year (four hundred thirty-five, to be exact), yet approximately 300 were turned away. The waiting list, alone, contains over 200.

These things speak well for the instruction given and received here, but they do more. They show that that other part of the school, the part remembered long after Latin and French are hazy memories, the throbbing, pulsating

school, itself, has a reputation of its own. True, sports are somewhat limited by the scarcity of young men, yet Milne's major sports, basketball and baseball have, in past years, earned records to be proud of. A golf team has been organized, and football would probably be recognized were it not for the overlapping of basketball and football seasons, and the late beginning of school. Though the girls' athletic program is not carried out of the school, it now includes almost every conceivable sport.

What does Milne offer to her students socially? A varying program of athletic contests, parties, dances and good times, which, however, will not be further described here. The question is, shall Milne be as progressive in her extra-curricular activities as she is scholastically? Let Milne truly become a laboratory! Remember that to make a mistake is no disgrace if the error is rectified. Let experiments be tried. A certain amount of conservativeness is all right, of course, yet no progress would be made in this world were it not for those "fools" who attempt the "impossible" and succeed! Let Milne progress in some way each year. To stand still is to lose ground. Last year Sigma Literary Society "threw" a dance, a golf team was made official and the *Crimson and White* was issued as a newspaper. These are worthy of mention because they had not been attempted before. Furthermore, they were all successful! In what way will the school progress this year?

F. G.

## SEVENTH GRADE HOME ROOMS

Room 135 has elected the following officers:

Virginia Tripp .....	<i>President</i>
Gordan Robinson.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Elizabeth Simmons .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Damia Winshurst.....	<i>Traffic Officer</i>
Billy Saunders .....	<i>Monitor</i>
Althea Wallace .....	<i>Reporter</i>

Room 233 is helping quite a lot for the SCHOOL GIFT. Erastus Davis has started the selling of Christmas tissue paper. They are also giving a play called, "Rip Van Winkle." A tea to their parents will be given afterwards. The old coffee-pot in Miss Wheeling's office will be used.

The class officers are: Janet Cole, President; Betty Douglas.

Home Room 124 has been talking over what they will do for the library panel. Maybe they will sell Christmas seals. Maybe they will do something else. It has been suggested that we give a play.

We have been enjoying very interesting programs at our meetings. One morning Dr. Frederick came in and gave us a very interesting talk on mechanics.

The room has begun to put up its Mathematical Decorations. We have already put up books and pictures of angles, making our room look better than it used to.



# CAT TALES

DRAWN BY DOUGLAS BRADSHAW WAGG, JR. 1925

## EIGHTH GRADE HOME ROOMS

Home room 127 is under the supervision of Mr. Raymond and Miss Mahagan.

In October the home room gave a Hallowe'en party. They have also had some current events programs. The officers are as follows:

Mitchell Ford .....	<i>President</i>
William Perkins.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Janet Bremer .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Jack Jerkin .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

The Star Home Room (121) has done some interesting things this year under the direction of Miss Halter and Bob Gilson, president. They have given a skit from "Penrod and Sam" during assembly, and a Hallowe'en party. The "Star" newspaper which they started last year, has been continued. They are planning to give their home room a gift for Christmas.

Room 123 has the highest home room score this year. We have not, as yet, any newspaper, but we hope to have one later in the year.

We had a very fine Hallowe'en party, and expect to have more. The officers are as follows:

Thomas Parren .....	<i>President</i>
Lillian Walk .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Arthur Smith .....	<i>Treasurer</i>

## NINTH GRADE HOME ROOMS

This year home room 130 started a newspaper called "The Keyhole News." Every month we change the staff so that everyone will have a chance to write. Since the beginning of the year our scholastic standard has been raised and we have also improved in citizenship.

Our president is Stanley Manton, and our Student Council representatives are Gordon Carvill and Betty Nichols.

During the first semester we have had something to do every day. Robert Ely was elected president of our home room. On Monday we have a business meeting. On Tuesday and Wednesday we have study period. We have another business meeting on Thursday. Every other Friday we work with Mrs. Lutz in the Library. On the other Fridays we have entertainment.

The first semester has been a very successful one in home room 129. Every Friday, in home room period, several pupils take part in a program. It is arranged so that every pupil may have a chance to take part at some time during the semester.

William Norton is president and Miss Smith advisor.

### ALUMNI NOTES

Betty Chapman '32 is at the University of Michigan.

Jennie Hughes '32 and Harriman Sherman '30 are at St. Lawrence University.

Alice Murray '32, Sarah Smith '32, Ruth Reiner '31, Dorothy Simon '31, Eleanor Lerner '32 and Lois Potter '32 are furthering their education at State College.

Robert Harding '32 is at Brown University. He is out for freshmen basketball.

Amos Moscrip '32 and Robert Tomer '32 are attending the University of Alabama.

Howard Spelman '32 is at Albany College of Pharmacy.

William Grey '31 is attending R. P. I.

Marjorie Williams '31, Constance McCoy '32, Rhea Ungerman '32 and Jane Holler '31 are attending Russel Sage in Troy.

Paul Beik '31 and William McCord '31 are attending Union College.

Next door at Albany High School for Post-Graduate Courses are Clara Stutz '32, Ruth Milas '32, Janet Van Cott '32, Janet Whittemore '32 and Virginia Garrison '32.

Roger Towne '31 and Ralph Derby '30 are at U. M. I.

Byron Snowden '31 is at Norwich University. He has the leading role in the freshmen play.

Lola Barbour '31, Dot Chalker '32, Ruth Fletcher '31, Margaret Crouse '32, Emma Grace Webb '31, Barbara Hall '31, Jane Bergman '32 and Helen Dorwaldt '32 are at Mildred Elley School of Business.

B. B. '33 & R. W. '34

Russell Sage College  
Troy, New York  
December 1, 1932

Dear Milnites:

When I was in Milne and read the Alumni letters in the "Crimson and White," I used to day-dream about writing one sometime in the future. Now, I have been given the privilege of greeting you all!

As some of you know, I am attending Russell Sage College as one of the day students. Russell Sage is a college for young women. However, let none be dismayed, for the proximity of some fifteen hundred men attending a well-known technical institute on the hill is often considered the compensating factor.

Seriously speaking, however, I have found at Russell Sage a most pleasant atmosphere due to the attitude of the faculty and students, and one conducive to work (and play).

And Milnites! Here is something of personal interest to you, for you, too, will experience it. How proud I have been of my Alma Mater, when in the past two months I have been told something like this, "They certainly had the right idea where you went to high school," or again, "Your prep school has given you your start in the right direction." This, Milnites, is the legacy that Milne gives you.

Very sincerely,

Constance Anne McCoy

Albany, New York

December 2, 1932

DEAR MILNITES:

Once in the lifetime of every Milnite Alumnus (or alumna) comes the moment to write a letter for the good old *Crimson and White*.

What a simple matter it is for the Alumni Editor to say, "Will you write a letter for our Christmas issue?"

But what an entirely different matter it is for the person who cheerfully answers, "Of Course" to actually fulfill her promise.

This would probably be an easy task for those who are away at college, leading an entirely new and different life. But I, well, to make a long story short, I am just another high school graduate staying around town, waiting for an opportunity to get away.

In the meantime, I am attending the Mildred Elley school which, as you know, is not far from your own "place of business."

Now, I hope you all have a very merry and profitable Christmas holiday and return to school with all sorts of good resolutions for the New Year.

Very sincerely yours,

MARGARET CROUSE '32

## FRENCH CLUB 1932

The officers of the French Club are:

Paul Jaquet.....	<i>President</i>
Mary Peck.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Margaret Kyle.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Frances Bates.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

The most important work of the club this year has been the French play, given in assembly on November 30. The new members have been elected and most have accepted, though the collision in time between the Dramatics Club and French Club was a serious question. It is hoped that soon this impediment will be overcome. Our subscription to the national paper "La Journal" has been continued and the themes of the students have been welcomed.

It is hoped that this year will be as successful as last, which was the initial year of our connection with the national society, "Les Babillards."

M. J. K. Secretary



## ADELPHOI LITERARY SOCIETY

Adelphei has started what looks to be a most prosperous year under the leadership of its president, Gordon Kingsley. Most of our time has been spent on plans for initiation, which was held earlier this year than usual. Our new members are Robert Stutz, Robert Kuhn, Robert Ficken, and Richard Masterson. We are now looking forward to the Christmas Dance which the three societies are planning. This year's officers are as follows:

Gordon Kingsley .....	<i>President</i>
Fenton Gage .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Lewis George .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Paul Jacquet .....	<i>Treasurer</i>
Kendal Getman .....	<i>Master of Ceremonies</i>
Carleton Power .....	<i>Business Manager</i>
Ted Matis .....	<i>Sergeant at Arms</i>

L. G.



## QUINTILLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Quintillian Literary society has entered into another year of literary and social activity at Milne. In November a card party was held and the results were successful. All members greatly enjoyed preparing the entertainment for the rush party.

The officers of Quin are:

D. Ostrander .....	<i>President</i>
F. Bates .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
M. Peck .....	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
J. White .....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
R. Ward .....	<i>Mistress of Ceremonies</i>
R. Lee .....	<i>Critic</i>
J. Lerner .....	<i>Marshall</i>

Quin is looking forward to the installation of new members in the near future.

M. P.





## ZETA SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

Zeta Sigma has started on a very successful year. The annual rush, which was held Hallowe'en was a huge success. We are now planning our initiation. The officers for the year 1932-1933 are:

Betty Bauer .....	<i>President</i>
Rita Hyland.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Edith Boughton.....	<i>Secretary</i>
Beatrice Spencer.....	<i>Mistress of Ceremonies</i>
Peggy Roberts.....	<i>Senior Editor</i>
Alice Hartman .....	<i>Critic</i>

Zeta Sigma extends their best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

### EXCHANGES

"*The Whisp*"—Westbury, L. I.—Has the habit of putting the first name or nickname of the author after each article. Interesting, and makes for more appreciation of work on the paper.

"*Terrace Tribune*"—Schenectady, N. Y.—A school Court is being suggested in this school—why don't they have a Student Council?

"*High News*"—Delmar, N. Y.—Another mimeographed paper has come to our midst! And who do you suppose is Editor-in-Chief?—Betty Woodin, an ex-Milnite. Congratulations, Betty

The following are some of the publications we have so far received:

"*Chand Bagh Chronicle*"—Lucknow, India.

"*Sketch Book*"—Washington Irving High School, New York, N. Y.

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

"*Taft Oracle*"—Watertown, Conn.

"*The Cue*"—Albany Academy for Boys, Albany, N. Y.

"*School Press Review*"—Amherst, Ohio.

"*The Idler*"—Rhinebeck, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

"*The Tiger Cub*"—Hastings, Nebraska.

"*Cincinnatus Echo*"—Cincinnatus, N. Y.

"*Vocational Messenger*"—Industrial High School, Albany, N. Y.

"*Pow-Wow*"—Shreveport, Michigan.

"*The Academe*"—Albany Girls' Academy, Albany, N. Y.

"*Panorama*"—Binghamton, N. Y.

"*Echoes of C. H. S.*"—Coeymans, Coeymans, N. Y.

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

"*The Record*"—Mamaroneck High School, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

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

"*Terrace Tribune*"—Nott Terrace High School, Schenectady, N. Y.

M. J. K. '33 and S. K. '32

## SCHOOL NOTES

Well, the clock of time has slowly rolled its weary way, and a new school year has come, finding ye editor older, sadder, and wiser(?).

Old Man Depression rears his ugly head more menacingly than ever before, but, nevertheless, we find ourselves increasingly cheerful (I wonder if this is because misery breeds contempt, or am I wrong?).

This department has determined to institute a fund for the purpose of buying huge quantities of "Wheaties," "Post-Toasties," and etc., to feed to the Junior High School students. We feel that with such assistance they could not help but increase in size enough to remove from the school whatever resemblance to a kindergarten which it now has.

As you all know, the first social event of the year was the School Reception. As usual, plays were given by the upper classes, and there was dancing in the gymnasium. The newcomers celebrated their debut by systematically destroying all decorations, etc., assisted, we are sad to say, by certain of the older students. However, in spite of this confusion, the party was a great success.

That old demon Trouble seemed to dog the junior-freshmen brawl. First, he tampered with the finances and then, not satisfied, he stole down the backstairs and upset the punch. However, all the Sophomores and Seniors who attended thought that the affair was a big success.

Note: (The decorations were not desecrated by the frosh who attended.\*)

Speaking of dances reminds us that there are quite a few annual events still in the offing—the Sophomore-Senior party—the basketball games—the Q. T. S. A.—the Senior hop—graduation—and last, but certainly not least, the final examinations. (What a fine thing to talk about—especially at this time of the year.)

It is now quite certain that the annual school gift will be one of a set of murals for the library. The three societies are holding a Christmas dance to assist in raising the four hundred dollars necessary for this work.

The return of the legitimate stage to Albany has been greeted with much enthusiasm by a certain group of Milnites. We understand that there is a theater party at the Capitol every Friday evening.

Although you will receive this magazine after the Christmas plays have been given, we find it quite logical to insert at this place a short word about them. The casts have been devoting nearly all their spare time rehearsing, and we certainly hope that the reward for their services will be in proportion with the time and labor which they have given. We also hope that those who praise the plays will not forget those who have given their time and assistance in the manufacturing of sets, in selling tickets, and in managing seating.

And now, we're sorry to say, and you're doubtless glad to hear, that we can find nothing else to say and therefor we must, perforce, cease. Adios, friends (or enemies as the case may be), and we'll be seein' you in the June issue.

D. W. J. '33

\* The decorations were fastened to gas-filled balloons and were far out of their reach.

## BASKETBALL

At least two new members will be seen on the court this year, the team being built around Watkins, Getman and Case, veterans from last year.

The team has been practicing regularly on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and, although they may not come up to the standard of some previous teams, we can be assured that they will do their best.

The players who will probably see much action on the court this year are forwards—Watkins, Stutz, Blatner, Blocksidge and Rosbrook; center—Case, Getman, Masterson, Keim; guards—Kuhn, Mayberry, Rosenstein.

Ray Harris, State College Senior and center on the State Varsity, is coaching under Coach Baker. Harris appointed Getman, Watkins and Case co-captains. For a while, at least, they will alternate in that capacity.

Betty Bauer, Rita Hyland, Dick Benjamin, Osmond Smith and Fred Dearstyne will lead cheers this year.

The schedule of games at this time which has been arranged by William Blatner, manager, is as follows:

Opponent	Date	Place
Delmar	Dec. 2	Milne
Averill Park	Dec. 9	Milne
Delmar	Jan. 13	Delmar
Mohawk	Jan. 14	Milne
Mechanicville	Jan. 21	Milne
Cobleskill	Feb. 3	Cobleskill
Averill Park	Feb. 10	Averill Park
Keveney	Feb. 11	Milne

The student body can help the team very much by giving it their support at every game. There is no reason why any student at Milne should not attend these games and help the team to victory.

S. N., '33, and R. S., '34

## VARSIITY CLUB

Kendall Getman	<i>President</i>
Edmund Case	<i>Vice President</i>
Thos. Watkins	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

This year the Varsity Club has started something that is new to Milne, and something Milne needs—an Athletic Council. This body will supervise the buying of all material and equipment for the athletic teams of Milne. It will also have charge of the awarding of letters.

A constitution has been drawn up, and is being carefully discussed in the meetings. Mr. Moose has consented to act as faculty advisor and has given many helpful suggestions.

This year the Varsity Club and Athletic Council are combined organizations, but in future years they will be separate. There are to be twelve members—six seniors, four juniors and two sophomores. Two students will be elected from each class every year, making a total of twelve active members.

T. W., '34, Secretary



### THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The officers of this year's Student Council are:

Kenneth Snowden.....*President*  
 Fenton Gage.....*Vice-President*  
 Margaret Kyle.....*Secretary*

The budget has been revised, with a reduction from last year's total. The school gift, which has usually been left to the discretion of the Council, was put to the vote of the school, and, on Mr. Sayles' suggestion, it consisted of a set of historical murals to be placed in the library. This was passed and preparations are being made for the beginning of this work. The School Reception was arranged by the Student Council, as in previous years.

The Student Council is welcoming any suggestions or criticisms from the student body, concerning school affairs.

M. J. K., Secretary

### JUNIOR HIGH STUDENT COUNCIL

The officers of the Student Council for 1932-33 are:

Barbara Birchenough.....*President*  
 John Schilling.....*Vice-President*  
 Betty Nichols.....*Secretary*

Up to the present date, we have changed the time for Junior High clubs to 11:30 on Wednesdays, prepared the J. H. S. budget, and discussed the school gift. We will have a new system for the "Lost and Found," and for the information desk. We are going to have a Junior High School party on January 26.

Betty Nichols, Secretary

Betty Bauer—Doesn't that soprano have a large repertoire?

Rita Hyland—Yes, and that dress she has on makes it look worse.

Bob—Pop, will I look like you when I grow up?

Father—I guess so, son.

Bob—Well, I won't have to grow up for a long time, will I, Pop?

Janet White—Is your friend a book-worm?

Mary Cavin—No, *just* an ordinary one.

Miss Halter—What side of the debate were you in favor of?

Seventh Grader—Oh, I don't know, I think I was on the side of the infirmative.

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Bill Blatner—How do you know that there has been a picnic here?  
 Fred Dearstyne—I see by the papers.

David DePorte has added to the literary merit of this magazine by submitting the following:

There was an old man from Brazil,  
 Who resided atop of a hill.  
 He subsisted on gin  
 Which he kept in a bin,  
 That intemperate old man of Brazil.

And yet another:

There was a gay blade named Capone,  
 Who ran quite a game of his own,  
 'Till the cops lost their fears,  
 And he got several years—  
 So he's now on the rockpile alone.

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Bob Kuhn—Give me a sentence with the word "chagrined" in it.  
 Sonny Blocksidge—I gave her a kiss and chagrined at me.

I rose with great alacrity  
 To offer her my seat;  
 'Twas a question whether she or I  
 Should stand upon my feet.

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Peggy's eyes are blue and bright,  
 And mischief in them lies;  
 Her wavy hair is crisp and light,  
 Not so are her pies.

Here's to dear old Herman Bopp,  
 He came to a light and didn't stop.

An epitaph to Gangster Jack,  
 He went for a ride and didn't come back.

To a man who, in a wrestling bout,  
 Got tied in a knot and couldn't get out.

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Ficken—That's nothing, mine is a preacher, so I can be good for nothing.

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Helen Naumoff—She's upstairs waving her hair.

Ruth—Oh, for goodness sakes! Can't she afford a flag?

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Teacher—Philip who?

Senior—Philip space!

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S. Perkins—Did you say Tom Watkins was absentminded?

One of the few—Absentminded? Why he read an erroneous account of his death in the paper and sent himself a wreath.

Among the things that seem to grow by leaps and bounds are the children in the apartment overhead.

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 Waiter—Who told you?  
 Customer—A little swallow.

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Harold Frumkin had handed in his composition with a long list of dots and dashes at the end.

Miss Conklin—What is the meaning of all these marks?"

Harold—They're punctuation marks. Put them in to suit yourself."

"Johnny, what do you call a person who pretends to know everything?"

"A teacher, of course."

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Judge—Are you married?

Mr. Zilch—Yes.

Judge—Of course you have.

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Carr—What is the matter with the car I sold you last week?"

Harold Drooz—Everything makes a noise but the horn.

Ken Snowden—How's Ken getting along with his reducing exercises?

Arnold Davis—You'd be surprised—the battleship he had tattooed on his chest is only a rowboat.

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Dunk—Why is the figure 9 like Kendall Getman?

Perkins—Without its tail it would be nothing.

Jayne was displaying her new wrist watch, about a foot in diameter.

Bea Spencer: "My! Time must be heavy on your hands."

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