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142

Christmas Number

1917

Echo



The Crimson and White
Milne High School - Albany, N. Y.

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The Crimson and White

Vol. XIV

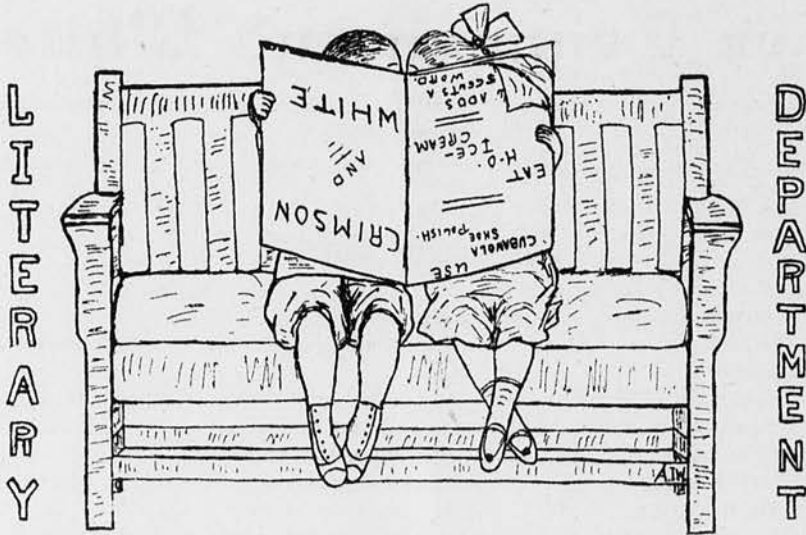
DECEMBER 1917

No. 2

OUR HONOR ROLL.

- William Davison, ex.-'18, Navy.
William Nead, '16, N. Y. Field Hospitals, Camp Wadsworth,
Spartansburg, S. C.
Harold Sollace, ex.-'19, Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.
Urquhart Wilcox, '14, Aviation Corps, Ithaca, N. Y.
Eugene Molitor, '14, Aviation Corps, Ithaca, N. Y.
Paul O'Brien, ex.-'17, Somewhere in France.
Erwin Hanna, '16, N. G. N. Y.
Chester Blauvelt, '14, Lieutenant in Army, stationed at Trenton,
N. J.
Irving Goewey, '12, Lieutenant in U. S. R., Atlanta, Ga.
Arnold Van Laer, ex.-'18, Troop B, N. G. N. Y., New Paltz, N. Y.
Edmund O'Connor, '14, Marines.
Earl Vibbard, ex.-'18, Second Field Hospital Corps.
Chester Long, '14, Albany Base Hospital.
Gilbert Daring, '14.
Nelson Covey, '14, Albany Base Hospital.
John Butler, '14, Albany Base Hospital.
William Thompson, '11.
George Reinhart, ex.-'18, Navy.
Harold Wentworth, ex.-'12, National Army, Camp Devens.
Guy Ferguson, '13, National Army, Camp Devens.
Clifford Evory, '08.
Guy Sweet, '05.
John Becker, '11.
George Anderson, '10.
Alberta O'Connor, '12, U. S. N. R. F., Yeoman.
Newton Bacon, '12, Lieutenant in U. S. R., Yaphank.
Edwin Taylor, ex.-'14.
Edwin Belknap, '15.
Chester Hane, '12.
Robert Meade, ex.-'12, Albany Base Hospital.
Walter Graham, ex.-'16, Albany Base Hospital.
Raymond Fite, '15, Medical Corps.

We would like to complete our list, so, if you know of any of our honor men who are not recorded here, please hand their names to the Editor.



GRANDMOTHER'S CHRISTMAS.

Marion sank limply in a chair and burst out, "Oh, Grandmother, when you were my age, were you always tired and discouraged when Christmas came—not with what others had done for you, but with yourself?"

Grandmother laughed and said, "Well, dear, of course we did ever so much differently at Christmas time when I was young than they do now. I don't ever remember tiring myself out in the same way you do—shopping and going to parties, but I do remember one Christmas which came near being the greatest disappointment I ever had.

"We lived way out in the country then, a good two days' journey from town in the winter time. My mother always had my father go to town and get the last fixings for Christmas, just a few days beforehand, so that the children would not discover them. Then on the day before Christmas, when he was home, the fun began. The tree was set up and trimmed, and everything was made ready.

"This Christmas my father went to town a few days earlier than usual. The day before he was to start home there was a dreadful snow storm. At home, we older children worried and fussed for fear father would not be able to get home in time. We even finally decided that it wouldn't be very bad to do without the presents he might be bringing, if we could only have him home. What would Christmas be without father?"

"The storm continued; and finally on the day before Christmas, mother said to us older children:

"Now, children, if father does get home he will be late, so I think we had better get right to work and get everything ready, just as though he were here. If he doesn't get here, we can postpone our Christmas for a few days."

"Postpone Christmas ! What would Bobby and Betty think about that ? John and I had planned for Christmas so long that they were counting the days and hours. We consented, however, but, let me tell you, it was not a very happy or satisfied pair that started to help mother get things ready for Christmas.

"We couldn't forget the sled for Bobby, the doll for Betty, the candy canes to hang on the tree, the bright colored candles, all those things we expected father was bringing. Most of all we couldn't stop thinking about a Christmas without father.

"Finally everything was ready. If father had been home with all those things he was bringing, I'm sure there couldn't have been a more complete Christmas. The tree was set up and all trimmed with the exception of the candles and other things father was bringing for it. Bobby and Betty had hung up their stockings and brought the gifts which they had made for father, mother, John and me. Mother and I had made candy, and John had cracked nuts. Oh, you should have seen all those good things out on the pantry shelf.

"It kept getting later and later and still no father. We now felt sure that he would not be home in time. Bobs and Betty, who of course did not know that if father did not come, Santa wouldn't have such a lot for them, wrote just a few more letters to Santa before they went to bed.

"After the children were in bed, mother said, 'I think it is useless to wait any longer for father. We had better get what gifts we have for Bobs and Betty so they won't think Santa's forgotten them. Then when father does come, they can have the rest.'

"We finished getting things arranged and then went to bed—not to dream of Santa Claus like Bobs and Betty, but to have dreams of an unhappy Christmas without father.

"Suddenly I was awakened by the loudest jingle of bells I ever heard. I jumped out of bed and awakened mother and John. 'Perhaps it is father,' said mother. 'We won't awaken Bobs and Betty for they would be sure to see everything he brings.'

"But Bobby and Betty were quicker than we, for, when we got down stairs, there they were, standing in the doorway, rubbing their eyes and gazing with wonderment at—

"What do you suppose they saw ? There by the fireplace stood Santa Claus filling their stockings, and all around the Christmas tree packages were piled.

"When he finished, Santa turned and said in a deep voice, 'Bobby and Betty you must go right up stairs to bed until Christmas morning.'

"The children, so pleased at even having a glimpse of old Santa, scampered up to bed as fast as they could and were soon asleep. Of course we recognized the dear, old Santa as father, but those dear children were so astonished and sleepy that they didn't.

"Father told his story quickly. He had been delayed by the storm. About half way home he had stopped at some friend's house and had thought of this plan for surprising the children. He had borrowed the Santa suit and had gotten his presents wrapped up. Then, although he knew it would be almost morning before he got home, he had started.

"The next morning, about ten o'clock, father drove in the yard. The first thing, the children told him about seeing Santa. What a time they had showing father those treasures he had brought for them. How could they know that he had driven back and spent the rest of the night in a neighbor's barn.

"So you see that this Christmas proved to be the most successful rather than the most disappointing."

—H. L., '18.

★

PRIVATE RENDEN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

The snow had fallen incessantly for several hours when an unusually long railway train entered the city of London on Christmas Eve., 1917. Its passengers composed a contingent of some three hundred American and English soldiers on a furlough for the holidays. As the train slid along the slippery tracks into the station, the welcome cries of "Charing Cross" reached the ears of the soldiers, and they responded to the announcement of the arrival with loud cheers. The doors of the cars were opened and they passed out into the Charing Cross terminal. From there some went into the streets and subways, some to the American Y. M. C. A., while still others pursued their way to their own homes.

There was however one among them who differed from the rest of the crowd in manner and actions although in appearance he bore a likeness to the others. This fellow wore the uniform of a British private. Though somewhat stout he was well proportioned because of his height for he was very tall. He had a strong face and prominent cheek-bones like those of an American Indian. His eyes were blue and clear and his hair and complexion fair. His manner was serious and thoughtful. After entering the depot, he made his way to a telephone booth. He called up the home of his father, Sir David Renden, Member of Parliament, and personal friend of the king. While he was waiting for the Central office to make the connection, his experiences of the past three years flashed quickly through his troubled brain.

James Renden, or Jimmy Renden, as his friends called him, had been one of the most popular members of the ultra-smart set which represented "London Life." In fact, he had been too popular for he had become so embarrassed financially that he had forged some checks with his father's signature. As an ultimate result of this, he had been disowned by his parent and forced to take refuge in the ranks of the enlisted. His hardships in the trenches were of some value for they made a man of him.

A month previous to his present arrival in London Jimmy had been taken prisoner by the Germans in a hand to hand fight. He had, however, made good use of his time among them. He understood the German language, so, consequently, instead of sending him to a prison camp, they set him to work serving cheese, beer, and other refreshments to German officers in headquarters behind the firing-line. One day he overheard a member of the German spy system tell an officer

that he had instructed his associates in London to destroy the "Brittania," a great man-of-war, before it left port on Christmas Eve. Jimmy's reason for coming home that night after his daring escape to the British lines was to warn his father or some other authority, whose influence was unquestioned, of the plot. He hoped against hope that his father would receive him.

As such thoughts passed through his mind, the answer in the phone receiver came, and he asked to speak with his sister Edith. When she spoke, Jimmy, making an attempt at jollity, said, "Hello, kid sister, how's every little thing out home?"

There was a pause, a startled gasp, before she replied, "I'm awfully glad to hear from you, Jimmy; but I can't talk now. Father's in the next room."

"Well now listen; I mean what I say. Do you think the governor would listen to something very important that I have to tell him?"

"Why, Jim," she replied, "you know that can't be. I wouldn't even dare to ask him to listen to anything you might have to say."

Jimmy's temper overcame him, and he actually shouted into the mouth-piece, "All right then! But you may give the governor my compliments. And get this! Tell him if he ever wants any important government information, he knows where to go for it."

He left the booth and went in a rage from the station to the street. Hailing a cab he instructed the driver to take him to the home of the Chief of Police. Five minutes later he stood in the reception room of the Chief's home.

"May I speak with the chief?" he inquired.

The butler returned shortly and announced that his Excellency was indisposed since he was suffering from a severe headache.

"Headache or no headache I must see him," said Jimmy. But his efforts were in vain.

He walked a block and stood on the corner of one of the principal thoroughfares of the south-western section of the city. The snow was still falling in huge flakes; and, as he looked at the great crowds and listened to the tumult of the city, the thought came to him that no matter what should be the price if it lay in his power (and it did) to do "his bit" in a heroic way, he must do it.

He hastened to the great wharves which run the length of London on the Thames. Hurrying along the wharves, he came to a place where several British and interned German liners lay. Farther on he heard the blasts of great whistles. It was here that the "Brittania" was slowly departing from port.

Jimmy hailed a man with a motor-boat and offered him a sovereign if he would convey him to the man-of-war. He agreed, and they started after it. The motor-boat soon caught up with the vessel, and Jimmy finally made himself heard. A powerful search-light was thrown on him.

"I must see the captain," called Jimmy. "The lives of all of you are in danger."

A rope was lowered, and Jimmy climbed up the side of the ship to the deck. The captain came forward and ordered two sailors to search his person while he himself inquired the nature of the message.

Private Renden related the story. The captain ordered the machinery to be shut down and the vessel came slowly to a stop. He then led the way, beckoning Jimmy to follow him, into the hold of the ship. They entered first the compartment used as a store-house for food-stuffs and supplies of all kinds.

Stopping they both listened—no sound. The captain went over to one corner where a mass of rubbish was collected, and gave it a kick. He stepped back in silence, petrified. Jimmy walked over to the spot and peered over the captain's shoulder. Upon the floor in a huge heap of wood lay two large bombs, each the size of a basket-ball. Jimmy stooped over and observed that they were regulated by time-clocks. The hands pointed at ten p. m. He looked at his wrist-watch; it was nine fifty-nine. The captain stood dazed. Jimmy's whole body burned with courage. Seizing the bombs, one under each arm, he ran up the stairway and to the edge of the deck. The bombs were so heavy that it was impossible to throw both at once. He lifted his right arm and hurled one bomb as far out as he could. It hit the water with a great splash. With both hands he took the remaining one and threw that also far overboard. There was a shrieking, terrifying sound. The surrounding atmosphere was bathed in a livid scarlet glow. Only a moment thus, and then there followed a strong hissing, gurgling noise as the bomb sank while the inky waters of the Thames closed silently and sullenly over it. A second later a deep toned gong struck the hour ten. It was Big Ben in Westminster. The ship was saved.

Jimmy had fallen right after he had thrown the second bomb. One of the fragments of it had evidently struck his head and he had fallen unconscious. He awoke next morning in his own home to be wished a Merry Christmas by his father whose good will for his wayward son had returned.

It is needless to say that, in return for his bravery, Jimmy was decorated with medals from the king himself.

—F. H., '21.



A CHRISTMAS STORY.

This is a story of a boy, a cat, and a lonely old lady.

As night came on, the snow continued to fall, and the wind blew with a cutting blast. The cat was disgusted. She hated the snow, and she was tired. Behind her, slowly trudging along, came the boy. He was tired, too, but he must reach the town that night. He had no other place to go. He had come down from the little settlement in the mountains to find work, and he had not found it. The town was still a good ten miles away, and he must sleep some place.

Stumbling in the snow, he discovered the cat. Upon a sudden impulse, he picked her up and carried her on with him. A light ahead! The light seemed to give him new strength, and he continued on his way.

In a great house along the lonely road, sat a very lonely old lady in front of a glowing fireplace. Only two Christmases ago the house

had rung with laughter. But that was two years ago. Now, on this Christmas, there was, as a reminder of the fun of those days, two pictures in silver frames over the fireplace; and one of these was draped in black. Two years ago her eldest grandson had broken his neutrality and gone to fight. She had let him go, for the Hanovers had always been in all wars. Now she had only a picture, a silver Cross, and the knowledge that he had bravely died. When war was declared, she had said nothing when the other wished to go. The fire died down. She wondered whether her grandson's father looked down upon his only living son. When the father had died, he had given her the trust of his motherless sons; and she wondered if she had done well.

She was going slowly out of the room and up the great stairs, when a timid knock sounded in the silent hall. Who could it be? A Christmas visitor? Impossible now. The maid opened the door before Madam Hanover descended the stairs. On the steps stood a wearied and cold boy, holding a huge cat. The cat now seemed contented with life, and jumping out of the boy's arms, ran to Madam and rubbed against her skirts. The boy explained why he had rung. Could he sleep in the barn? He was cold and hungry and very tired. A kindly thought came to the old lady. Turning to the maid she said, "Get him something to eat, and tell Nellie to get Master Ralph's room ready." The maid started and gasped, "Master Ralph's room!" Madam did not pay any attention to her. She led the boy into the warm sitting room, and the maid hastened to obey. The boy entered and glanced around. His eyes fell on the portraits, reverently on the one draped with black, and enviously on that of the laughing sailor boy. Madam Hanover's eyes followed his gaze. "My grandsons," was all she said.

As the boy hungrily ate the lunch prepared for him, Madam told him the story of Ralph's death and of the Cross he had won in France; told it to someone for the first time since that fatal letter had come. Then she told him of the laughing sailor boy. "You remind me of him," she said. "You must be about his age. When you came in, I almost thought he had come back, although I knew that was impossible." The boy told of his search for work and his discovery of the cat.

As he finished, the tall clock struck twelve. "Merry Christmas," said Madam, and, as the boy turned to follow the wondering maid up the stairs, she added, "What do you intend to do to-morrow? Stay here with me. It would seem like having my sailor Dick back. He was only eighteen when he went."

"I'm eighteen, too," the boy said simply, "and I'm going to follow him, Ma'am; that is, if they'll take me." His voice broke. "I can't thank you, Ma'am, for all that you've done for me to-night; but I can hope that he'll come back safe. Good night and a Merry Christmas, Ma'am."

"Merry Christmas, my boy. God bless you."

She turned back into the room and smiled, first at the portraits and then at the cat, curled contently in front of the fireplace.

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Vol. XIV

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Once again we welcome Christmas. How short a time it seems since we started school this term, and, yet, it is almost three months. Three months of steady work with our lessons! We hardly realized that time was passing so quickly.

This Christmas will not be like other Christmases for us; first, because many of our boys have left their homes either to go into training or into actual fighting in France; Second, because we have to be very careful about the gifts we are choosing for they must be useful ones. There must be no wasting of money this year with so much poverty, cold, and hunger in the world. Remember it is not the gift or the giver that counts the most but the thought that lies behind the giving.

There has been much discussion of what we will do for candy this Christmas with such a shortage of sugar. A well-known magazine has shown very clearly what can be done. Popcorn—corn which was

given to us by the Indians—can be used. Popcorn is very inexpensive and, when made into molasses balls or when ground and made into molasses cakes, is as good if not better than candy. Try using it this Christmas and the children will still be

“Nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of sugar plums dance through their heads.”

—★—

To whom it may concern:

“The Crimson and White” board extends to you the best of wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year.

—★—

ALUMNI NOTES.

Elsa Stephens, '16, is attending Miss Comfort's School of Stenography.

The engagement of Josephine Hoyt, ex-'16, to Private Goodrich has recently been announced.

Richmond Schilling, ex-'17, has entered R. P. I. as Freshman.

Geraldine Murray, '11, is employed in “The Knickerbocker Press” office.

Harold Sollace, ex-'19, returned to M. H. S. for a short visit just before Thanksgiving.

The engagement of Mildred Berdsie, ex-'15, to Mr. Whitney has recently been announced.

Iona Pier, '10, is teaching in Ticonderoga High School.

Marion McDowell, '14, Eleanor Dunn, '14, Marguerite Clark, '14, and Frances Vosburgh, '14, returned home from Vassar for the Thanksgiving vacation.

Alice Gazely, '13, is teaching in Albany High School.

At the Quin-Sigma dance given recently those present of the alumni were, Elsie Gresser, '17, Hilda Comstalk, ex-'18, Ethel Walter, ex-'18, Clara Holder, '14, Marjorie Dunn, '16, Lillian Magilton, '14, Dorothy Burton, '14.

Jennie Dodds, '13, is working in the Bender State Laboratory.

Gladys Miller, ex-'16, will be married to Lieutenant William Van Auken on December 27, 1917.

—★—

No man is born without ambitious worldly desires.—*Carlyle*.

—★—

One single positive weighs more, you know, than negatives a score.
—*Prior*.

—★—

The perfection of art is to conceal art.—*Quintilian*.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The ten weeks examinations have already come and gone. Oh, what joy! and oh, what sorrow! the reports brought. To some it meant pleasure; to others it meant sorrow. We have not all been as willing to work as we should but resolved to do better the next time.

The Junior Class have chosen their rings and pins; and rumor says they are to be prettier than usual. The Junior Class have also elected their class officers, which are as follows:

President	Kenneth Shufelt.
Vice-President	Marion Deyoe.
Secretary	Clyde Kittell.
Treasurer	Jane O'Neil.

Donald Johnson is leaving school to attend a preparatory school before entering Annapolis.

**QUINTILIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.**

The Quin girls are giving a series of teas to the Freshmen. They seem to be enjoyed, so we expect to keep on giving them for a while, at least.

Our meetings have been attended much better for the last few weeks. Let us keep this up and show a greater interest in our programs.

At the Sigma-Quin Dance Friday, November 23, twenty dollars was made. The societies unanimously voted to give this to the Y. M. C. A. fund.

—C. P., '19.

**ZETA SIGMA.**

Sigma is doing well this year. The girls are coming to the meetings regularly and are enjoying them. We are glad to have as a new member Eleanor Perry and to welcome Laura and Margaret Skinner again into our midst.

Florence Le Compte and Lavinia Rosa have added attraction to the meetings by giving readings while Virginia Miller and Marion Deyoe have rendered piano solos. Gertrude Nares' singing was also much appreciated. The girls feel that the piano in room 302 is not a great help in the meetings. We must remember that it has been in the Freshman room long enough to justify its rather frequent demands in harsh tones for advancement.

Sigma was pleased to receive a visit from one of its alumni members, Miss Marion Packer.

The Sigma and Quin girls gave a masquerade dance in the college gymnasium November 23, which was a decided success.

—M. K. B., '18.

—★—



ADELPHOI.

The meetings of Adelphei have been very well attended and much enthusiasm has been aroused. Several new members have been elected to the society and were given fitting initiations. At the next meeting a mock trial is to be given by the members.

—C. McD., '19.

—★—

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.

Once more the Junior High School figures in the school paper. Two editors have been elected and we feel sure that they will do their best to "fill up" their department. However, the work does not remain to them alone. Each member of the Junior High School must aid in every way he can. Start now and write a story for the next issue.

—★—

A GHOST AT CAMP.

This summer I spent ten weeks at Camp Acconiac in Maine. The word Acconiac means "between civilization and the wilderness." The camp is situated on a great hill fifteen miles from Portland. From the hill one can see a lake, mountains, forests, and a boys' camp near by. In the camp itself is one huge bungalow in which we ate and had assembly, and then there are smaller "bunks."

One morning about four o'clock I awoke very thirsty. I got up to get a drink, looked out of the window and saw—a ghost. About a minute's walk from our "bunk" stood a figure all clothed in white. Quickly I called the girls. Then all jumped from bed and aroused Miss Arnold, our councillor. She was frightened too when she looked out of the window; then she looked through my field glasses and saw that the figure was like that of a girl. We wondered what girl it was. We thought it might be some one from another camp. We could see that she wore a white cap, white pajamas and white bed-socks.

Finally we all followed the councillor out of the "bunk" toward the figure on the grass. As we came close, the girl paid no attention, but knelt on the grass and looked up at the sky.

This made us feel stranger than ever. Then, as we approached, we saw that it was Ethel Walker, a girl who slept in my "bunk" every night.

We were afraid to speak to her for fear she would be frightened and walk right into the lake. Miss Arnold poked her gently with a long pole and Ethel Walker awoke to find she was a walker indeed.

N. M., Eighth Grade.



MAY SMITH'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving Day was drawing near. Little May Smith, who lived out in the country, was always sorry when it came because all but she had fine things to eat and seemed to have such a wonderful happy time.

At last, the twenty-ninth of November arrived, and it was a bright, crisp morning. The sun was shining brightly. He seemed to wish everyone a merry time. May looked sadly out of the window of the poor little house in which she lived and thought, "Oh, if I only could have a big dinner to-day." Then, she heard her father calling her to come down to breakfast. She hurried down stairs and Oh! what a wonderful sight greeted her eyes! Every kind of food she had ever seen or heard of was on the table.

"Why, father!" gasped May unable to believe her eyes.

Her father laughed merrily at her astonishment. "What do you think of that?" he asked.

"But," said May, "how did you get all these wonderful things?"

"Now, never you mind, child," he answered, but he looked a little worried at the questioning. "Sit down and eat all you want," he continued.

May's head was full of thoughts as she ate of the wonderful things. Just then they heard a knock at the door.

"What's that?" asked May.

"I'll go and see," her father said.

When he opened the door, there was no one in sight. He looked down and in the doorway he saw a large basket. "Well! Well!" he

exclaimed. "What can this be?" He brought it in and lifted the cover. Inside were many good things.

"Oh, father," said May, "what is the matter this Thanksgiving. We seem to be getting almost too much."

Then father told her that he had found the other basket of food at the door, too. Little May clapped her hands in glee and said that never before had she had such a wonderful Thanksgiving.

—J. W., Eighth Grade.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The basket ball season is now under way. The Milne High School team played its first game November 23 with St. John's Academy at Academy Hall, Rensselaer. Although defeated in its first game, the team has not given up hope but is determined to make a good record. The team has had very little practice on account of the class schedules in the gym, which always seem to conflict with the practice.

The score of the game was as follows:

St. John's Academy.	F. B.	F. P.	Total
Adams, R. F.....	3	0	6
Hoster, L. F.....	3	0	6
McLaughlin, C.....	1	0	2
Martin, R. G.....	2	1	5
Behan, L. G.....	0	0	0
			—
			19
Milne High School.	F. B.	F. P.	Total
McDonough, R. F.....	2	4	8
Pier, L. F.....	1	0	2
Johnston, C.....	2	0	4
Shattuck, R. G.....	0	0	0
Sexton, L. G.....	0	0	0
			—
			14

Summary—St. John's Academy, 19; Milne H. S., 14. Referee Hazel; Scorer, Cantwell.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.—*Swift.*

Diverse men have diverse recreations and exercises.—*Burton.*

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CRITICISMS.

Manual, Peoria, Illinois.

One of the best exchanges we have received this month. We heartily commend your idea of dedicating the opening number to "Manual Men in Service." Your paper also bespeaks true patriotism throughout. Not only is this displayed in your cover design and Editorial, but it is accentuated throughout all the pages of your journal. The poem "A Soldier's Prayer" is certainly clever. Your cuts are exceptionally good. But only a few of your jokes are really funny. The number of "ads" which you have shows that your Business Managers are busy.

—*—

Crimson, Goshen, Indiana.

A well arranged and neat little paper. The only criticism we have to make in the arrangement, however, is the position of the Editorial. Why place it at almost the end of the Magazine? It is the most important, and therefore should come first. Your Alumni Department should be bolstered up a great deal. Your jokes are mighty good,—we especially enjoyed "What Relation am I to Myself." "News" gives a very interesting account of what you are doing.

—*—

X-Ray, Anderson, Indiana.

Your paper is excellent all the way through. Each department is well developed and very interesting.

—*—

Palmerian, La Verne, California.

This is a very good little paper. Your school spirit is well shown by the school notes and athletic notes. An Alumni Department would add to the interest of the paper.

The "Crimson and White" gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:

NAME	LITERARY EXCHANGES	ATHLETICS	JOKES AND CUTS	AVERAGE
Crimson.....	8	8	10	8+
Forester.....	7	9	8	7+
Future Citizen....	9	..	7	7+
Manual.....	10	6	9	8
Palmerian.....	10	8	7	8
Polytechnic.....	9	..	10	9+
Purple and White.	8	8	7	8
Spectator.....	7	7	9	8
Spectrum.....	10	6	7	8+
X-Ray.....	9	8	10	9

★

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"The Crimson and White," Milne High School, Albany, N. Y. Your "Sense and Humor" department is better than any we have received this month. Your joke editors deserve special mention for handling their department so well.—*Crimson*, Goshen, Indiana.

★

"Crimson and White"—June issue—(Milne High School, Albany, N. Y.). The arrangement of this little paper, hailing from the capital of our sister state, is good in general. The Society Notes are interesting, while the "Sense and Humor" department is highly entertaining. However, there is room for improvement in the literary department. The sole poem gracing the paper is not written with the sentiments of lofty ideals that might be expected in a farewell poem to Alma Mater.—*Echoes*, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

★

Books cannot always please, however good; minds are not craving for their food.—*Crabb*.

★

Who knows nothing base, fears nothing known.—*Owen Meredith*.

★

Charm strikes the sight, but never wins the soul.—*Pope*.

★

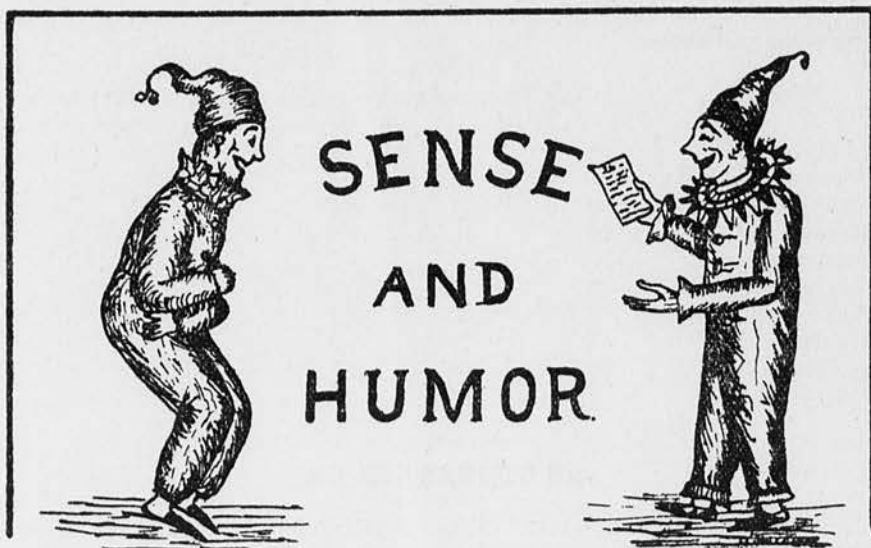
Books are sepulchers of thought.—*Longfellow*.

★

Get busy in vacation. Enter the Add Contest of the *Crimson and White* for the February issue. Earn some money. Ask any member of the board.

Please patronize advertisers. If you patronize them they will patronize you.

Contest closes February 1.



R. B., '19—"Oh, yes, I've had considerable experience in getting orders for advertisements as advertising agent of the 'Crimson and White.' The first place I went to was a large concern and I was only there a minute before I got two orders."

C. K., '19—"Huh. What were they?"

R. B., '19—"Get out and stay out."

—★—
Our Katzenjammer Kids, V. P. and P. P., '18.

—★—
F. L., '20—"Look at that cement sidewalk."

K. N., '20—"Don't say 'cement' say **cee-ment.**"

F. L., '20—"Well, I mean it in an abstract way."

K. N., '20—"It's rather concrete."

—★—
French Teacher—"Leave the board and take your seat."

M. P., '18 (sarcastically)—"Monsieur (merci) Mademoiselle."

—★—
Lies have no legs that's why we all have to stand for them.

—★—
The biology teacher—"Name two classes of fruit."

W. C., '21—"Decent and indecent." (dehiscent and indehiscent).

—★—
Lavinia Rosa seemed to be having trouble in reading. The teacher tried to be of some help to her.

Teacher—"What's the matter, can't you pronounce that word?"

L. R., '20—"No."

Teacher—"Barque."

L. R., '20—"Sure. Bow-wow!"

M. K., '18 (aspiring to speak French)—“What a ‘chickie’ hat, my dear!” (chie).



W. D., '18—“Can a person be punished for something he didn't do?”

Miss Bistle—“Of course not.”

W. D., '18—“I haven't done my geometry.”



(Darkies discussing the best branch of the service to enlist in. First darky suggests the aviation branch).

First Darky—“How come you don't jine dis yere flying squad? Ain't much chance to git kilt after you learn to ride one. You goes so high dat de guns cain't reach you.”

Second Darky—“Hold on der, brudder! You ain't talkin to me. I knows zactly how dat thing's gwine ter be. You goes up about t'ree miles, an' the dog-gone contrapshun hit stops. And de white man what you is ridin' wit, he says: ‘Hey, nigger! Git out an' crank up!’ No suh!”



M. H., '18 in English IV—“Idiot is from the English idea and out. Therefore, one who is just out of ideas.”



V. P., '18—“What is leisure?”

M. B., '18—“It is the spare time a person has in which he may do some other work.”



OUR LIBRARY.

Handy Andy—Donald Hall.

The Lad with Wings—Earl Mattice.

By Love's Sweet Rule—The way of the Milne High School Faculty.

Don Quixote—Donald Johnston.

The Man of Iron—Professor Sayles.

The King's Jester—Laura Barton.

The Heavenly Twins—Laura and Margaret Skinner.



Almost everyone is afraid to give a detective plain, straightforward information. One day a detective entered Milne High and met K. S., '19.

Detective—“Is it Mr. Sayles or Miss Loeb, who comes first in the morning?”

K. S., '19—“Mr. Sayles, at first, was always last; but later he began to get earlier till, at last, he was first though before he had always been behind. He soon got later again though, of late, he has been sooner; and, at last, he got behind as before. But I expect he'll be getting earlier sooner or later.”

H. P., '21 and L. B., '21 were in habit of studying together or rather H. P. did the work and L. B. got hers.

Teacher—"Did you hand in your work, Miss B.?"

L. B., '21—"Yes, I handed it in, didn't you H. P.?"

—★—

The American History teacher handed out sample naturalization blanks to make the work more interesting. This was one:

Name: Perry Pier.

Born: Yes.

Business: Rotten.

—★—

(Read forward or backward)

Madam, I'm Adam.

Able was I ere I saw Elba.

Name no one man.

Red root put up to order.

Draw pupil's lip upward.

No, it is opposition.

No, it is opposed; art sees trade opposition.

Yreka Bakery.

—★—

A. M., '19 (Translating Cicero)—" 'And he did this on the condition that he stand outside the city and catch the fleas.' "

—★—

Miss Johnson (in Soph. class room)—"Seeing to-morrow is Thanksgiving, I hope you will all have reason to be thankful."

H. Ellis (referring to report card)—"Yes, I am thankful that my marks can't be lower."

—★—

S. Taylor—"The only time I sit down is when I study."

I. Brandow—"Gee, you must get tired of standing up all the time."

—★—

Prof. Floody—"Mr. Ward, leave this room."

Tom Ward, '20—"Did you think I'd take it with me?"

—★—

Miss Hunter—"Why do people always apply the pronoun she to a city?"

Miss Bassett—"I don't know, why is it?"

Miss Hunter—"Because every city has outskirts."

—★—

I was born an American; I shall live an American; I shall die an American.—*Daniel Webster.*

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Smart Shoes.

Smart Hats.

Smart Haberdashery.

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will relieve that tired feeling. . . .

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