

Milne School

Crimson and White

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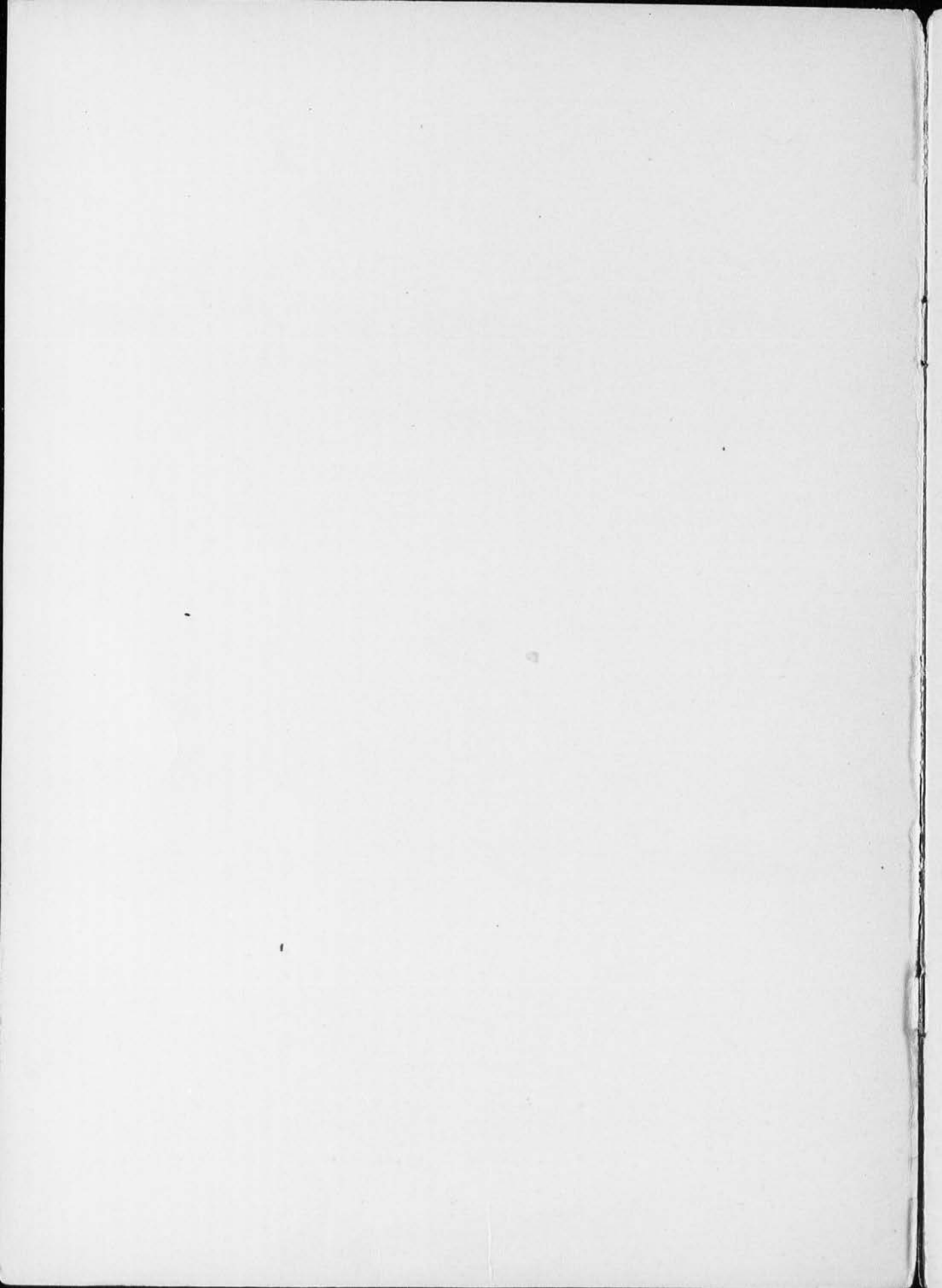
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The  
Crimson and White



AUTUMN ISSUE

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# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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### MILNE, THE MODEL HIGH SCHOOL

We read in past records that Milne High School was started as a model school in which college seniors were to be trained as teachers. And, of course, this is still so; but we also have a different idea of "model." It is a thing which has reached perfection and is looked up to as perfect. The question arises, how does Milne fulfill this second shade in meaning? Or does it fail? Probably the latter, for, we are taught, nothing can be absolutely perfect. We may consider wherein the school falls short of being "model" and wherein it lives up to all requisites, from the standpoint of scholastic records and from that of records of sportsmanship.

With college seniors as teachers we are very apt to take advantage of them because they are "young and inexperienced." Surely, we were not sent to school by well-meaning parents to learn from one another the "tricks of the trade," or "how to shirk." So let us put aside all folly and treat our teachers and parents, not as obstacles, but as a means for our success, as friends who will delight in high records, and as **humans**.

But then, we hear dissenting voices say that Milne has, in spite of her faults, a high scholastic record. Yes, Milne may wave her Crimson and White banner with joy and pride above many other colors, for when it comes to Regents records and state scholarships, Milne holds prize after prize. Not a year goes by without at least one and perhaps more of her graduates' attaining that **maxima laus**, one hundred dollars for each of her (and sometimes **his**) four years in college.

There is more fault to find with our athletic records than the scholastic; or perhaps, to be very exact, we should say with the non-supporters of our team. Here lies a great trouble; at most of our games, which are played in mid-winter, there are no cheers or cheerers, or at least few, to lead Milne to victory.

But again, we have an offsetting virtue: our team, if last year's

record can be allowed to speak, wins victories despite the lack of enthusiasm with which the news of a game is greeted!

With this good start in studies and athletics, can't we go all the way to perfection, despite what the Fates must desire to decree, and make Milne a truly model school? And to cheer us on in our undertaking, let us repeat the words of our song:

“And honours bright our lives shall write  
Upon thy history.”

M. R. W.

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## TWO POEMS OF SCHOOL

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### “My School” Is Such a Lovely Phrase

“My school” is such a lovely phrase;  
It stands for such a gracious thing,  
For red brick, gray stone, dark brown wood,  
For teachers, pupils, whispering  
in class. It stands for all I know.  
In later years I hope 'twill stand  
For many friends, for high ideals,  
For work well done, lead by Her hand.

### After School

There are noises in this corridor. . . .  
Many noises . . . a babel of voices . . .  
Doors slam . . . feet shuffle . . . voices call . . .  
There are echoes, reverberating sounds . . .  
Slowly, one by one, the pupils leave.  
Deep, unbroken silence settles upon the hall,  
A silence of haunting sadness  
After the life of the day.

A. H. A. '27





## LITERATURE



## THE VENICE OF THE NORTH

Bruges is a quaint old city in Belgium. We visited it while in Europe, and it was one of the most pleasant excursions of the whole summer. To get to Bruges it was necessary to take the train from Ostende, where we were staying. And so, having mastered the mysteries of Belgian money, we bought our tickets and started for Bruges, to arrive there about an hour before noon. From the railroad station we strolled down a street lined with shops of various sorts but had not gone a great way before my Aunts were attracted by a linen store with wonderful things in its windows. So that was the end of **that** morning! As **I** stood in the shop doorway meditating on the picturesqueness of the place, there came by a hand-organ, drawn by a huge dog, and that sacrilegious contraption began to play, "Yes Sir, That's My Baby." It was the height of incongruity!

When it began to be lunch time, my family reluctantly tore themselves away from the most **marvelous** bargains and started for an old hotel of which we knew. It was difficult to pass the jewelry shops and more linen shops and wonderful pastry shops, and, "My dear, what adorable paintings!" It was some sort of festive day in Bruges, and as we wended our way through the chairs and tables on one side of the public square,— for the restaurant tables are often set right out on the sidewalk there—we heard a band playing and saw colored electric lights strung up above. The hotel was a delightful place. We entered by a courtyard, and, proceeding up several small pairs of steps past a queer staircase where a little white goose posed on every step, and a spindle appeared from his open bill, we finally arrived in the dining-room. Here we took lunch and departed after having been shown the secret room in which the master of the house had hid his oldest wines when the Germans gained possession of his home during the war.

The Belgian "Notre Dame" is in Bruges and this, as well as



the "Church of His Blood," we visited. In the latter were some wonderful jewels and other works of art. Intermittently, ever since we had entered Bruges, we had heard her famous chimes ring out to mark each quarter of an hour, and now, as we wandered through narrow streets, they rang again. They are the second most wonderful chimes in the world. Antwerp has the best.

Our stroll finally lead us to a canal, and, gazing up and down it, we could see other water streets leading away in both directions. Bruges is sometimes called "the Venice of the North" because of her canals. While we were watching, we saw several motor boats with tourists in them; so, following their example, we also hired a boat. That was a splendid ride. As we "put-putted" along we saw stately swans gliding through the water. There were crimson poppies on the banks, and we saw ivy rambling over stone walls. And the bells rang out from their belfry. Several times we sailed under bridges so low that we were obliged to crouch in the boat's bottom for safety. That caused great consternation among the grown-ups. Sometimes we passed children who, immediately they saw us, clattered after, asking for "Engleesh pen-ny" in such a mechanical way that they sounded strangely like parrots. I sighed with sorrow when the sail was over; Aunt Jane sighed with relief. She is not fond of the bottoms of boats. Upon retracing our steps we entered several of the little shops, where we bought a few brass trinkets and post-cards. Then we traveled back to Ostende, hugging tight our memories of a delightful day.

J. M. G.

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#### WALL PAPER

The flowers on my wall paper  
Are quaint little ladies  
In stiff, starched skirts.  
Their hearts are pinched and starved  
Beneath their small, tight waists.  
They primly smile. . . .

H. B. O.

## THE "CRIMSON AND WHITE" RECOMMENDS

## "MESSER MARCO POLO"

**Messer Marco Polo**, by Donn Byrne, is one of the most fascinating stories I have ever read. The simplicity of plot is rather refreshing when one has come from the complexity of a **David Copperfield**. The vividness of description is such that without it the book would lose much of its appeal. But the peculiar charm is the combination of the lure of the East with the prettiness and simplicity of the Irish tongue.

Perhaps not so long as an ordinary novel, the book is longer than a short story; yet its plot is as simple as that of **Treasure Island**. Marco Polo's father and uncle came from China with a charge from Kubli Khan to bring back a supporter and preacher of the Christian faith. They decide upon Marco Polo, and, with the Pope's blessing, he starts off, seemingly to reform China, but really to see Golden Bells, the Khan's daughter, about whom he has heard much. He arrives in China, but his appeal is not strong enough, and no one is moved toward Christianity. But Golden Bell is very much taken with young Marco Polo, and soon they are married. He remains in China fourteen years after her death, which occurs three years after their marriage. During these seventeen years he gives up his attempts to Christianize China, but on the Khan's death he takes his religion back to Italy, after having been urged to flee from the country by a vision of Golden Bells in her little garden.

The description is remarkable, not only when he talks of real things and places, but even more remarkable when he comes to invisible things, men's ideas and ideals. The description of the trip across the desert is, I think, the most vivid in the book: "the Dismal Desert where no stream sang. . . . And in the desert they passed the trees of the Sun and Moon which speak with the voices of men." The Hill of the Bell, the Old man of the Mountain, who always kept one hundred one assassins and four hundred four women to attend them, the Hill of the Drums, and, finally, the sand storm, must have been as bad as or worse than the most awful creations of a nightmare. And yet the description most beautiful is of Venice: "The Pride of the West she was, the Jewel of the East. . . . And as for riches and treasures, oh! the wonder of the world she was! There diamonds were from Goleonda. . . . You'd see pearls and sapphires, topaz and cinna-

mon from Ceylon; lace and agates, brocades and coral from Com-bay; hammered vessels and inlaid weapons and embroidered shawls from Cashmere . . . and from Zanzibar came ivory."

But, most unusual and charming of all is the fact that when Donn Byrne describes ideas, he has something of the vividness of Saint Paul when he tells us of Love. Donn Byrne says, "Now all the Christian world had gone religious, and young Marco was no exception; for 'tis not only the old that are religious. The young are, too; but there's a difference. The religion of old men is reason and translation; the religion of the young is just a burning cloud." Again, by the words of the Pope, Donn Byrne expresses himself, 'never let your dream be taken from you. Keep it unspotted from the world. In darkness and in tribulation it will go with you as a friend, but in wealth and power hold fast to it, for there is danger. Let not the mists of the world, the gay diversions, the little trifles, draw you from glory.'

But through this description, this advice, and this development of an almost intangible thought, is sprinkled the humor of the Irish brogue. For instance, with the sentence, "And moons were born and died," which brings out the atmosphere of the Eastern desert, comes this sentence, "And when they came to the City of Aere, sure the Pope was dead." Again, even the new Pope speaks in these words, "'Now you'll think it's the queer Pope I am to be telling you things like this instead of demanding converts.'" And still agin, on Marco Polo's arrival at the Khan's palace, the Khan says, "It was herself, here, wee Golden Bells," and Marco Polo answers, "'A long way I'm after coming'."

M. R. W. '27

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### A DAY IN SICILY

We were skirting the bleak coast of Sicily when, upon rounding a cliff, we came upon the loveliest bay imaginable. It was deep, deep blue and lined with mountains. The city of Palermo lay before us along the shore and back up the mountain side.

As we entered the bay, we were met by small, brightly painted boats—blues, greens and pinks—manned by Italian families who had come out to meet their friends and relatives.

As Palermo bay is not deep enough to dock an ocean-going

liner, we anchored out in the middle. Our passports having been examined, we went down the side of the ship on a hanging staircase and stepped into little blue boats that took us to the dock. It was crowded with people; gendarmes who wore hats with rooster feathers hanging off the back, and "official guides" who rushed up desiring employment.

We hired taxis and drove directly to the American Express to get Italian money. The cars are smaller than ours and possess horns, a cross between a siren and a hoot. They drove like the wind.

Everywhere were funny little two-wheeled donkey carts. They were completely decorated with pictures—the wheels, hub and chassis. The groin work was very delicate and carefully executed. The donkeys wore bright red harness, to the top of which was fastened a tall silver ornament with feathers standing up like an inverted whisk-broom. One of the ornaments was atop the donkey's head and another over the small of his back.

Monreale, a small town on one of the hills behind Palermo, was the first place visited. On the way there we passed orange and lemon groves and once saw macaroni drying in the sun. The road twisted and twined, gradually ascending, and we soon reached the summit. Such a wonderful panorama was spread before us—fields and orchards, the city, the bay and the blue sea beyond! Monreale Cathedral was very cool, quiet, quaint and old—just as it always has been. The walls were covered with queer, crude mosaics, illustrating the Bible stories for those who could not read. We went into the pretty cloister and garden.

Meanwhile a member of the party had gone to look up her huckster's family. She found her way with difficulty to the street. Immediately all the windows on both sides the street were filled. At the home she was effusively greeted, the children swarmed about her, clinging to her skirts, and outside cries of "Americano," "Americano" were heard constantly. She delivered her message, was embraced by the mother, and finally left, again honored by half, or all, the population watching her departure. And no wonder, for it was a never-to-be-forgotten day when an "Americano" stopped and looked up a poor family to bring greetings from America. Soon she returned and we all jumped into the taxis and wound our way downhill. On making a sharp turn, we met a cart coming leisurely up the hill with the driver fast asleep on

his load. I wish you could have seen him jump when we blew the siren!

St. John of the Hermits, a lovely old Norman monastery, built in 1132, partly in ruins, was next visited. I picked some jasmine in the monastery garden, the loveliest of its kind I have ever seen.

Downtown in Palermo, the streets are extremely crowded and very narrow. The shops are interesting and, here and there, one catches a glimpse of an arcade or an alley leading off, lined with picturesque houses and more overflowing streets.

The most interesting part of the Cathedral was the sacristy, which contained some of Benevento Cellini's silver work and tapestries embroidered with jewels.

I wish you could have seen us trying to eat macaroni that noon. They seem to expect one to eat a whole plate full of slippery string, which one winds and winds. By the time it is securely fastened on the fork, it is far too large a mouthful; so it is necessary to begin again. We finally cut it. Delicious gelati (ice cream) consoled us afterwards, however.

Then we were off to the King's Palace, which was very shabby and unattractive. It did not thrill me as a palace should. So on the way to the boat we stopped at a sidewalk cafe for beer and gelati.

We had our shoes shined at the dock, were rowed back and climbed aboard the "Patria" in time for afternoon tea!

Thus ended a perfect day and one never to be forgotten by me, for it was my first adventure on a foreign strand.

H. D. A. '27

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## **THE AMERICAN FLAG AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR**

### **Its Origin and History**

Every person who lives with the boundaries of the United States of America should know something of the origin of our Flag in order to love, honor, reverence and respect the emblem of our Country in a fitting manner.

Little is known very definitely of the origin of this wonderful Flag. In the early colonial times, before the United Colonies had wrested free from the yoke of Great Britain, the emblems of England were used. The First Union Flag to be hoisted, January 2,



1776, as the flag for the Continental army, contained thirteen stripes, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue field. After that, various flags of many designs were used. The outstanding one was a banner depicting a rattlesnake cut in thirteen pieces, representing the thirteen colonies, with the motto "Join or Die." Later when the colonies became more united in their resistance to British tyranny, they placed upon the Flag a well-formed rattlesnake prepared to strike, with the motto, "Don't Tread on Me."

The next form of the Flag was a model for our present standard, the Stars and Stripes. On June 14, 1777, Congress resolved that the national flag should be of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars on a blue field, representing "a new constellation."

Again was our emblem changed, for on January 13, 1794, by an act of Congress, it was altered to fifteen stripes and fifteen stars on account of the addition of two more states into the Union. Yet this seemed too unwieldy so it was changed back to thirteen stripes and fifteen stars, April 4, 1818.

Whenever a new state enters the Union another star is placed on the Flag the July 4th following its admittance into the Union.

In order to honor, reverence and display the Flag on appropriate occasions, Flag Day has been set aside to commemorate the original Flag Day of June 14, 1777, when our national emblem was born.

History and the biographies of great men give us many instances of the part the Flag played in the winning of many battles. If I were to enumerate them I would have to write a book—but it is enough to say that while the scenes of battle were often separated by thousands of miles, yet the result was always the same. The sight of their glorious banner gave them new courage and powers of endurance and spurred them on to victory. The most noble and daring deeds have been performed with the thought that they were being done for the honor of their Flag and Country!

Honor and patriotism are virtues which a person must possess to be a loyal American citizen. Betsy Ross possessed these traits. She made the flag for Washington when the country most needed it and thus proved her love and devotion for her Country. Francis Scott Key suffered many hardships while he was a prisoner, but the great joy of seeing "that our Flag was still there"

inspired him to write the words of our glorious National Anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner." The sentiment expressed in this song causes all hearts to thrill whether young or old.

The noble and brave deeds which were performed for the Flag also inspired many authors and poets to picture the sacrifice and heroism which they witnessed. As an example I mention John Greenleaf Whittier. His "Barbara Frietchie" portrays the heroism of which our forefathers were capable, in shedding their blood fearlessly to make and preserve our nation. The words,

"Shoot if you must this old gray head  
But spare your country's flag!" she said;

have thrilled the heart of many a boy and girl and have been the seeds of many a resolve to serve their country in a like manner. May all the citizens of the United States show such a fine, true loyalty to their Flag as was portrayed by Barbara Fretchie.

In order to attempt to explain what our Flag stands for, I shall have to return to our brave and noble forefathers, who when the yolk of England had become oppressive, adopted the Declaration of Independence. By a careful study of this Document, we note that some of the ideals are stated clearly, while others I will mention have been standards of true Americanism for over one hundred and fifty years. I could enumerate many but these are the outstanding ideals.

This is the first ideal for which the American Flag stands. For this liberty men have fought and died from the Battle of Concord in 1775 to the Meuse and the Argonne in 1918. For it they will always die if occasion arises—but better still, let them live for it, and live nobly. The words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death!" have always expressed the sentiment of all true Americans.

The bond which bound the original thirteen colonies was baptized in blood, and the Union thus formed remained staunch and firm, until the Civil War shed the blood of brothers. This was the purifying fire through which our Union must pass to purge it from the stain of slavery, and to teach the individual states that the fate of the Union was more important than State rights. May the words of Daniel Webster be ever our guide, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

No words of mine can better explain this ideal than the original words from the Declaration of Independence: "We hold



these truths to be self evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that, among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Justice has always been our watchword. Every war in which we engaged has been one, not of aggression, but rather one which called our love of justice into being, and our greatest sacrifices in the Civil and World Wars have been made in order that Justice might reign. The immigrants who are pouring into the United States are attracted here by our American freedom and justice.

The immortal words of Lincoln best express the meaning of this ideal. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

This ideal is the most practical one for every American boy or girl, man or woman. Only through service can we show our love for our Flag and Country. These words by Mary McDowell very beautifully sum up our duty. "Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare, she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest and every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her."

I quote the words of Woodrow Wilson: "The Flag means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child. We must have but one flag. We must also have but one language. This must be the language of the Declaration of Independence."

The Duty of the School.—One of the highest duties of the school is to train us to be good American citizens. The school should be a "cradle of Patriotism." Here can be taught all of the wonderful history of our Flag; the noble ideals for which it stands and the duty of every man, woman and child toward the Flag. It is here that respect and obedience for our laws should be taught. It is here that the child of foreign parents can be trained to allegiance to but one Flag, the Flag of our Country. It is here that we should have teachers who are one hundred per

cent Americans, and textbooks which are permeated with a spirit of true Americanism. Here we should be taught our National Anthem and other patriotic songs, religiously attentive to the meaning of every word. Here we are taught the "pledge of allegiance." The meaning of this pledge should be taught to the tiniest pupil in our schools, and the daily Salute to the Flag should be a reverent ceremony instead of a monotonous drone of indifferent pupils. This patriotic training is bound to be reflected in the lives of the pupils to the honor of their Country.

We must begin in our earliest youth to reverence, honor and respect our Flag, and show our attitude toward it that we recognize it as an emblem of all that is most worthy in the life of our great Country. Keeping ever in mind that our Flag stands for those wonderful ideals I have mentioned, we must strive each day to cultivate the virtues which shall make us an honor to our Flag. Keeping in mind the wonderful sacrifices of the great heroes and heroines of our Country's history, we must strive to emulate them in word and deed and at an early age dedicate our lives to the service of GOD and COUNTRY.

I. G. '29

The above essay received first prize in 1925 for being the most excellent story of our Flag written in the county.

### FANCY

I shall go to the vale of winds, and build myself a house;  
 I'll make it of cool rose leaves and other fragrant things.  
 Then I shall find a wishing ring, and this shall be my wish:  
 To be a little fairy lass with iridescent wings.  
 I shall make a chariot of moon petals and bits of stars  
 And I shall catch six dragon flies to pull it through the air;  
 And then I'll need some golden cloth to make myself a dress;  
 So I shall capture sunbeams in a little woven snare.  
 All day I shall be happy, doing lovely, pleasant things,  
 Like singing to the grasses and dancing with the wind;  
 And if I should be lonesome when the grey evening comes,  
 Then I shall smile, remembering that you were kind. . . .

H. B. O. '27

# SCHOOL NEWS

## MILNE HIGH REOPENS FOR 1926-27

### ASSEMBLIES HELD

The Milne High School has re-opened for the school year 1926-1927. The enthusiastic renewal of student activities gives promise of an interesting and enjoyable season of social events.

The first meeting of the student body in 'Chapel' was held October sixth. Mr. Sayles' annual address to the students this year embodied a discussion of "Ambition" which launched us on the scholastic work of the year with inspired vim.

The first Student Council meeting in Chapel was held the following week and the Freshmen were afforded their first opportunity to see the representative body of the school in function.

May the succeeding school-year start off as promisingly as this one has!

### PROFESSOR SAYLES HONORED

The **Crimson and White** is very happy and proud at this time—the first opportunity afforded—to recognize the honor paid late last spring to our es-

teemed principal, Professor John M. Sayles.

Mr. Sayles received the singular reward of a Phi Beta Kappa key for his services in practice-teaching since he left his college, Colgate University.

The Phi Beta Kappa key is a sign of high scholastic rank attained during four years at college. When Mr. Sayles took his degree, there was no Phi Beta Kappa chapter in Colgate. Now that there is one, his unusual work has received this splendid acknowledgment.

### AN EXPLANATION

May we beg a moment's grace from our readers and critics (we hope that all our readers are not "critics" but we wish that all critics are "readers") for an explanation?

The "School News" is a new variation of an old department of the **Crimson and White**. "School Notes", the original name, evolved last year into the **Diary of a Milnite**. This year the department has been expanded to include school activities, clubs, societies and sports; social interests; parties or any new developments; and personals which in this issue include the **Letters to Milne Students** and **Professor Sayles Honored**.

We ask that your eyes rest kindly—with none but a friend-

ly spirit of criticism—upon this 1926 presentation of the "School Notes Department" of the **Crimson and White**.

### LETTERS TO MILNE STUDENTS

Miss Irene Gedney, one of the prominent members of the class of '27, received a personal letter from Mrs. Coolidge. We have been kindly extended permission to quote it here:

Dear Miss Irene:

I thank you for the beautiful pink roses and the lovely white one you gave me in memory of Calvin. I have it here on my desk by his picture now.

I send you my congratulations upon your attainments as a speller and assure you that I am taking great pains with my spelling in this note.

With my best wishes

Sincerely

Grace Coolidge.

September 20, 1926.

In the line of criticism we have this letter:

State Normal School  
Worcester, Massachusetts

October 4, 1926.

My dear Editor:

I appreciate your courtesy in sending me a copy of the June issue of the "Crimson and White." I enjoyed reading it and recalling the pleasant years that I spent both in the Milne High School and in the College. I congratulate you upon the size and quality of the paper

and wish you great success in its management.

Thanking you again for your thoughtfulness, I beg to remain

Very truly yours,

William B. Aspinwall

### "SCHOOL SPIRIT"

"School spirit" is a much-used term; yet how many people who use it consider what it stands for? "School spirit" is the willingness to sacrifice time and strength, not for one's own benefit, but for the benefit of the entire school.

"School spirit" is loyalty to the school and its institutions, loyalty which leads one to obey school laws because they ARE school laws, whether or not they are rigidly enforced.

"School spirit" leads one to do his lessons creditably so that the school's academic standards may be raised.

The boys who spend hours each week practicing basketball for the bettering of Milne's Athletic record of previous years are showing "school spirit." It is for the rest of us, who cannot shine on the court, to support the team by our constant attendance at the games. A team fights better if its school is behind it; so the more the students attend the games, the swifter and more exciting the games will be, and the more liable the victories are to be Milne's.

There are two hundred five pupils in Milne High. Five will be on the basketball court. Can't the other two hundred show our "school spirit" and support the team?

## ATHLETICS

The 1926-27 Basketball Season will open December 4 on our home court. Although our team has lost four of its last year stars, we trust that we shall be able to develop some basketball men from our 1926 recruits. The line up will include: Alexander, Eggleston, Kroll, Ramroth, Rosbrook, Sharp, Spaulding and probably some freshmen. We intend to play a "home and home" game with the following teams: Kinderhook, Castleton, Silver Star A. C., Cobleskill, Ravena, Altamont and Chatham.

Come to the games, Milnites and support your team! Dancing will follow all home games.

R. S. K., Mgr.

## SCHOOL RECEPTION

The annual School Reception of the Milne High School is scheduled to be held in the form of a dance Friday night, January seventh in the State College Gymnasium. The students of the school and their escorts will be admitted upon the presentation of their Student Tax ticket.

It is hoped that the attendance this year will exceed any of former years. Let us all unite in helping to make this Reception a success!

## CLASS PARTIES

Two separate events which now command the interest of every class in Milne are the "Junior-Freshman Party" and the "Sophomore-Senior Party."

The former is to be held November 19. The Seniors wish them as great success as last year's event of the same name. The "Sophomore-Senior Party" will be held Saturday night November fifth.

Needless to say the entire school joins in delightful anticipation of these parties.

## NEW JUDGING METHOD FOR PRIZE SPEAKING

This year a new method of selecting the speakers for the contest for the Robert C. Pruyn medal in public speaking has been adopted.

In former years anyone who was interested might try out by reciting on the appointed day. A committee of judges then selected the four boys and four girls who could best represent the school in public speaking. The unfortunate part of this method lay in the fact that inevitably someone of merit would lose opportunity to compete by being ill and therefore absent on the day for the "try-outs."

By the new method any such unfortunate elimination is prohibited. The contestants are to be chosen by their oral English average for the year. Also a committee of students and teachers has been elected for the purpose of judging the student when he or she, as the case may be, addresses the school in Chapel.

This new plan is sure to bring forth a group of speakers who will do credit to the school in the Prize Speaking Contest next May.



# SOCIETIES

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BRADSTREET WADE, JR. 1925



Sigma has started what we expect to be a most successful year. Sigma spirit and great enthusiasm has been shown by all the members. Plans for the Freshmen Rush Party, October 29, have been completed. With Ruth Hughes as Mistress of Ceremonies we are looking forward to an exceptionally good time.

The officers for the year are:

*President*.....Geraldine G. Griffin  
*Vice-President*.....Arline Dwyer  
*Secretary*.....Marjorie de Heus  
*Treasurer*.....Irma M. Long  
*Critic*.....Alicia Andrews  
*Mistress of Ceremonies*..Ruth Hughes  
*Marshal*.....Helen Pauly  
*Senior Editor*.....Sara Fry

S. M. F.



We are very glad to announce that with the opening of school, Adelphei entered an-

other year with all but three of its old members. Our social activities started with a theatre party at the Capitol and a party at the house of Oliver York. With some new members who are to be initiated in the near future, we trust to make this season one of Adelphei's best.

*President*.....Edward Osborn  
*Vice President*....Daniel Alexander  
*Secretary*.....Heath Cole  
*Treasurer*.....Stanton Nehemiah

H. C.



Quin is planning a fine year. We feel that with the officers we have chosen, especially the president, and the program as it is arranged, we ought to be unusually successful. Our new officers are:

*President*.....Arvilla Coulson  
*Treasurer*.....Dorothy Birchenough  
*Corresponding Secretary*..Anne Lerner  
*Marshal*.....Marie Judd  
*Recording Secretary*..Esther Higby  
*Pianist*.....Irene Gedney  
*Critic*.....Marion Orvis  
*Senior Editor*.....Jean Gillespy

J. G.



“The Panorama,” Binghamton Central High School, Binghamton—

We are placing you at the head of our list, “Panorama,” because that is where we think you belong. The “Hoo’s Hoo” department is as cleverly written as anything we’ve read in a long time; your exchanges are marvelous (we are green with envy). Our only adverse criticism would be that the paper is too absolutely perfect!

“The Red and Black,” Friends’ Academy, Locust Valley, New York—

Your last graduating class had interesting faces. We’d like to meet some of them. But their “life histories” had a monotonous similarity. We were rather disappointed in the Class Prophecy, too. It seemed to us a rather bungling way for a “prophet” to introduce his predictions. Perhaps it is our ingrained dislike for gambling! But your Athletic department was enthusiastically written up, and it drew us right into the spirit of it.

“The Volcano,” Hornell High School, Hornell, New York—

When we finished reading this exchange, we laid it down with a sigh. If only there were more of it! Why must all good things come to an end? Was the cartoon, “The Wearing of the Green,” drawn by a high school student? We liked it immensely. It reminded us of the time when we “wore the green.” For the first issue of a school newspaper, it contained a surprising amount of school news. Congratulations!



“The El-So-Hi,” Elmira Southside High School, Elmira, New York—

This is our idea of a well written high school newspaper. Its very print breathes out optimism and school spirit. The “Know These?” department is clever as well as original, and the “Local Red Granges” article was fine! The editorials are as well-written as one would find in the public press, inspiring and instructive.

“The Academe,” Albany Academy for Girls—

Among our exchanges we found “The Academe” one of the most commendable magazines. Your literary department was unusual and singularly splendid. We liked your clever way of inserting your pictures and your attractive cuts. However, we did not care for the arrangement of your jokes.

“High School Recorder,” Saratoga Springs High School—

We found your June “Recorder” very interesting. Your exchanges are splendid, your class poem well-written and “Miss Peppy’s” section as enjoyable as ever. All fields of work seemed to have been reviewed cleverly by your paper. We hope that we may have the pleasure of another exchange.

---

### FOG

The world is wrapped in silver mist  
 Like a great cocoon.  
 Silver threads are falling . . . falling . . .  
 From the silver moon.

H. B. O. '27

## ALUMNI NOTES

State College for Teachers

October 10, 1926

Dear Milnites all,

Have you heard the song which ends, "The world's a great big puddle, and I'm just a little frog"? I'm sure it must have been written by a State College freshman, for it just describes my feelings the first few days here. I surely was thankful for my years at Milne, for although there were many new faces, the rooms of the buildings, at least, were familiar to me.

The first few days were rather hectic. We were lectured and addressed and then lectured again; our intelligence was tested until I, for one, wondered vaguely how I ever happened to get out of High School. But now everything has settled down into regular work, and it's just fine.

I had no idea it would be so much different from Milne. Everything here is lecture, and if you can't take notes, you're plainly "out of luck." Our professors give assignments and then never collect them, but woe unto the ones who haven't done them by finals! In one class we are told how good we are, and in another how bad. In Math class a few days ago the professor asked me how long it would be before I would be five years old, I felt rather insulted until it seeped through the tissues of my brain (isn't that a lovely expression? I learned it in Hygiene) that he was illustrating the use and value of the minus quantity. And so it goes. I like it ever so much, but never get the idea you are merely taking a fifth year at Milne when you come to S. C. T.

Aside from all feelings of conceit, our class is pretty fine. I mean it. Don't you see how proudly we are wearing our freshman buttons? You should have seen the spirit our boys showed at the Get-Wise party the Sophs gave us, too. I wonder if any of you noticed the effigy of '29 hung in one of our college elms. And best of all, the intelligence tests, in spite of all their horror, show that we are the brightest class by one point ever admitted to State College! Just think of that! Don't you think we have reason to puff out our chests a little, even if we are only freshmen?

I'm glad, though, to be near Milne still. I like to feel I haven't broken off all my ties just because I am an alumna. My only wish

for the "Crimson and White" and all other expressions of Milne life at the beginning of their new year is the same as President Brubacher's for our "State College News"—may you be bigger and finer than ever before.

Sincerely yours

DOROTHY L. BRIMMER

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357 Myrtle Avenue

Albany, New York

October 11, 1926

Dear Milnites,

It certainly is hard to write and tell you about State College when you are next door, so to speak, and know practically everything that I do, so far anyway.

Our first two week-ends at State were made pleasant by various receptions and parties. The faculty entertained us on Friday evening, September the twenty-fifth, and I think everyone had a very good time. The next week end on Friday evening the Sophomores gave us a "Baby Party" at which we had to dress like babies, carrying a doll or a rattle, and wearing a hair ribbon or a bonnet. We had to play such games as "London Bridge is Falling Down," and "Here's the Way We Go Round the Mulberry Bush." There were about three hundred Freshmen there dressed like children, and they certainly looked pretty. Saturday afternoon the Juniors and Freshmen had a sing in the rotunda, and Saturday evening Y. W. C. A. gave us another reception. Of course it is impossible to seat all of us in the gymnasium, and during the "Baby Party" I heard one girl remark that one thing they taught us at State College was how to stand on our feet.

It seems just as if I were back in Milne High again, that is, all except the queer hours that I have to be at college during the day, and it certainly makes college more pleasant to see the familiar faces of the High School students, for as yet I have not become acquainted with many of my classmates.

I give my heartiest wishes to Milne for a successful year under your new Student Council President, Miss Renetta Miller.

Sincerely yours

ELIZABETH ROOT

D 13 Gore Hall,  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

October 4

Dear Milne,

Personally, I think the most trying time in a man's life is when he is asked to write a letter to his Alma Mater after he has been graduated. I don't mean that the task is to be dreaded, but the graduate wants to say so much about his college in addition to the usual references to his past Alma Mater, that he finds himself confronted with the difficulty of cutting it down.

Firstly, Harvard lives up to its three hundred year old reputation of excellent instruction. Secondly, with true sentiment and patriotism—or should I say loyalty?—I hold that there's no place like it on earth. The Yard, with all its stately, ivy-covered old buildings, against a background of nature's finest work, is something to be admired. What impressed me most were the old-fashioned benches in the classrooms, reminding me of Tom Brown at Rugby.

I'm still pursuing an elusive knowledge of Latin, and this, with several prescribed courses, and a graduate course in philosophy, makes up a more or less interesting program.

The athletic parties of Milne may be interested to know that Harvard lost, for the first time in twenty years, its opening football game. This is sufficient ground for those at Milne who have an ambition to chase the proverbial "pigskin" to send a good number here next fall.

It is the current opinion that a college man has some measure of loneliness and misses his High School. That is true to a certain extent. The college man misses his Alma Mater as much as could be expected. But such a new life has been unfolded to him that he has very little time to think backwards. The old school is not easily forgotten, although the subject is not always present in his mind.

If wishes express the proper sentiment, I sincerely hope all Milne emerges next June from a successful year. To avoid any trouble, you all should begin to learn your valedictories now.

Sincerely

DAVID T. SAUNDERS



Motto for a Dog's Kennel:

I love this little house because  
 It offers, after dark,  
 A pause for rest, a rest for paws,  
 A place to moor my bark.

—Life.

“Mother, may I have some water to christen my dolly?”

“No, dear.”

“Then may I have some wax to waxinate her?”

—Time.

#### GETTING TIED UP

Sweet young thing to officer: “Tell me, do they close the port holes when the tide rises?”

N. Y. Evening

#### PLAYFUL, NOT HOLY

Parva filia: “Mama, can I go out and play?”

Mama: “What! with those holes in your stockings?”

P. F.: “No, with the kids across the street.”

—Nottingham Year Book.

Ray: "That girl Isabel is terribly dumb. She thinks Mussolini is a town in Austria."

Alden: "Honest? But say where is it?"

---

"Do you want a narrow man's comb" queried the clerk.

"No", growled the customer, "I want a comb for a fat man with rubber teeth."

—N. Y. B.

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### SHE WAS PARTICULAR

Policeman (to drunken friend): "Shure, Moike, you'd better be takin' the street-car home."

Mike: "S'no (hie) use, she wouldn't have it in the house."

---

He who laughs last is usually the dumbest.

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### THEN THE TROUBLE BEGAN

Little boy (from next house): "Please may I have my arrow?"

Lady: "With pleasure, dear, where did it fall?"

Little boy: "I think it stuck in your cat."

---

Irritable Husband (to wife driving nail)—"However do you expect to knock a nail in the wall with a clothes brush? For goodness sake use your head, dear!"

—LONDON TID-BITS.

---

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