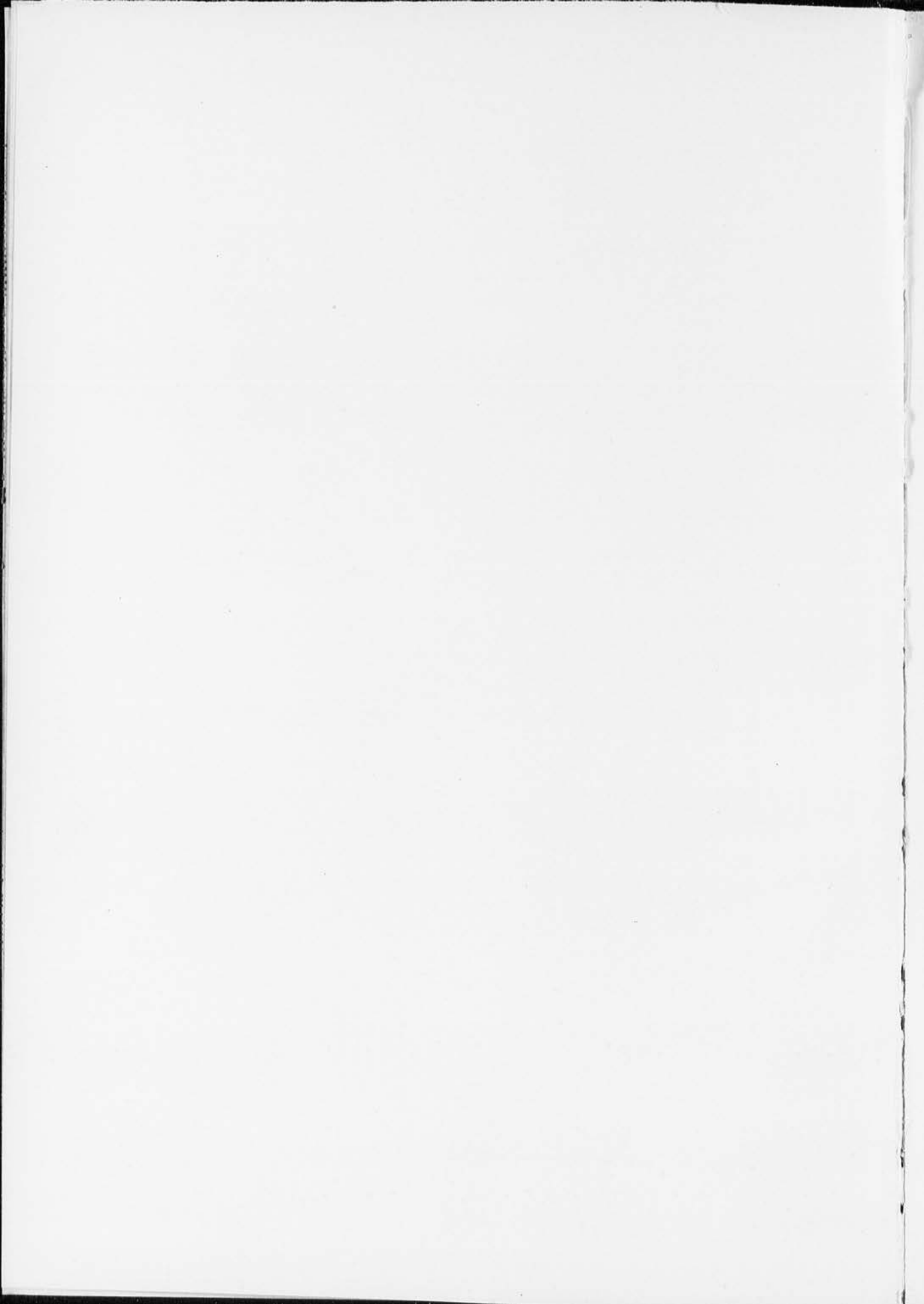


MILne School

Crimson and White Vol. ~~XX~~

1923-
24

The
Crimson and White
YEAR BOOK
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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XX

JUNE, 1924

No. 4

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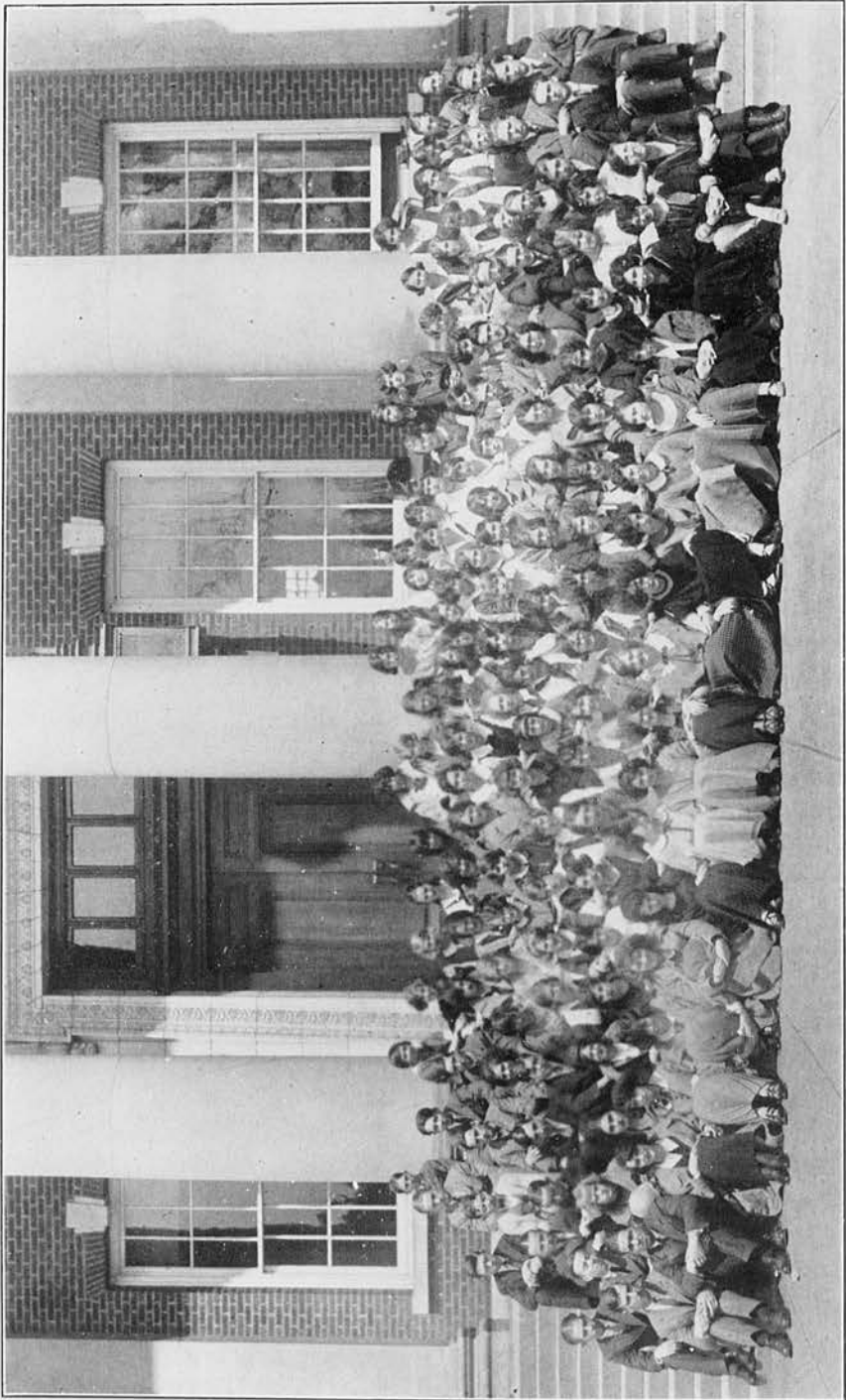
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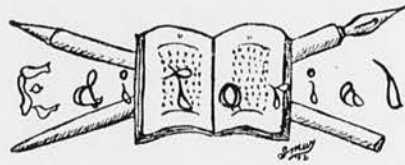
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With how many varied emotions we come to the end of another school year. The freshmen breathe a sigh of relief at having passed their first step in their high school life. The sophomores and juniors are unmoved at their new status, but the seniors are divided. Some are just a wee bit teary at the thought of leaving Milne forever, of breaking the old associations and making new. Others think merely of the hard work they have done and are glad to leave, but do these people (few though they are) expect to live without ever working any harder than they have here? If they do they should remember several talks we have had in chapel.

But enough of that. Underclassmen, it is your work to carry on the ideals and ideas of the school. Never forget, even for a minute, your school is what you, and no one else, make it. Come back next fall with the desire to make Milne bigger and better in every way, bigger and better through its athletics, through the columns of the "Crimson and White" and most of all through yourselves. Support the school activities. Attend the athletic meets. Write for the "Crimson and White." It's your paper. Make other people know what we stand for; for fair play and honesty above all; for better Americans, and for better boys and girls. If you make this your aim, and if you keep it alive through the years, you will truly have kept faith with us who have gone on.

MARY CRAIG, '24

JUST BLUE

She gently rocked the baby
In it's cradle, to and fro;
She sang an old time lullaby,
The kind our mothers know;

The baby gazed at her askance,
Within its eye a tear;
"Why don't you cut that stuff," it said,
"And jazz it, mother dear,"

CLASS POEM OF 1924

Today has seen accomplished an ideal
Which for four years we've held before our eyes,
The worthy aim of every longing dream.
From dusty lowlands we have journeyed here,
Many comrades loved of us are lost,
Overwhelmed by toil and weary care
Only those with glowing, courageous hearts
This land of promised dreams, success, have gained.

But, come, we'll drain our cup of happiness
And revel under fortune's kindly smile
Our band, the whole wide world salutes with joy.
Adventure calls from every hidden side.
Fling to the wind your mantles stained with travel;
Bid the spirit of joy bring garments white;
And lock within your heart this glorious hour,
For on this summit we'll not stand again.

But in the midst of riotous, reckless mirth
Our thoughts speak soberly of things worth while.
The cumbersome rocks that barred our steep ascent,
As we look back, like golden milestones gleam.
We say goodbye to comrades we have known
And dread the thought of going forth alone.
For now our only guides experience give
As we go out to learn the lessons of life.
Oh, that we could see ahead with fate,
And know the power of keeping on this height,
The meeting of accomplishment and hope.

But lift your eyes, a voice is heard to say,
The way of triumphs is to climb on up
For there will always be a steep ascent.
And look, just o'er the crest of the next high peak
Is fitting our ideal, way ahead.
This one easy slope that we have reached today
Is only a stepping stone to greater things.

EDITH TEN BROECK, '24

ALICE BLANCHARD

Quin; A. A.

She is not stout
She is not thin
So why does she make such an awful din.

Alice M. Blanchard

**HATTIE CARRINGER**

Sigma; A. A.; Girls' Day (4).

There was a little girl and
She had a little curl—
But this one was always very good.



Hattie Carringer

MARY LOUISE CRAIG

"Mary"

Sigma; A. A.; Assistant Exchange Editor (3); Editor in Chief (4); Student Council (4); Secretary of Student Council (4); Class Treasurer (4); Junior Medal (3); Junior Essay Prize (3); French Club; Dramatics Club; Class Mementoes (4); Sigma Critic (3); Mistress of Ceremonies (4); Valedictorian; Girls' Day Play (4).

Even the colossal task of editing the "Crimson and White" could not dampen her spirit nor take off the weight. Above all she still has her sense of humor.

Mary Louise Craig





DOROTHY HAEUSER

A. A.
 Dot, Dot, Dot.
 She was a little tot,
 Her work she always knew like a top.

D. Haeuser



LENORE HUTCHISON

"Lee," "Hutch"

A. A.; Quin; Senior Editor in Quin (4);
 Class History (4); Girls' Day (4); Class Play
 (4); Honor Student (4); Secretary and Treas-
 urer of Dramatics Club (4); French Club.

We can always tell her by her enticing giggle,
 but nevertheless she's one of the bright spots
 in M. H. S.

Lee!



GERTRUDE KNAUF

Sigma; Dramatics Club; A. A.
 She was always quiet and shy.
 But the reason we never knew why.

Gertrude Knauf

CLIFFORD LASHER

"Clif"

Adelphoi; A. A.

A winning way, a winning smile
That will take him many a mile.

G. Clifford Lasher

**MARGARET LEVI**

"Bobby"

A. A.; Quin President (4); Mistress of Ceremonies (3); Marshall (3); Treasurer of French Club (4); Basketball (2), (3), (4); Girls' Day Play (4); Dramatics Club.

A genius for getting out of work
And in with the faculty
Beloved by all whom she loves
Don't lose your sense of humor
Bobby, in the wilds of Europe.

**WERNER LIEBICH**

"Wernie"

A. A.; French Club Reporter (4); Assistant Business Manager of "Crimson and White" (3), Business Manager (4); Baseball (3), (4); Adelphoi Member (2), Treasurer (3), Vice-President (4).

If Milne had a rotary club Werner would surely be its businessman's delegate. We think he will eventually be head of a great publishing house.

Wernie Liebich





EVERETT LONG

A. A.; Adelphoi; Basketball Manager (4); Student Council (3), (4); "Crimson and White" (3), (4); Class Vice-President (2); Baseball Manager (4); Secretary of Rifle Club (4).

Evy seems to have a fondness for Delmar. Eh, what!



HELEN MANSION

A. A.; President of Sigma (4); Secretary of French Club (4); Vice-President of Student Council (4); Student Council (3), (4); Dramatics Club; Girls' Day Testator (4).

Helen's a brick, a cornerstone of '24,
As freshmen we had her number
Now we think she's a wonder.

Helen Mansion



WILLIAM McDONOUGH

"Bill"

A. A.; Theta Nu now Adelphoi; Class Prophet; Dramatics Club Play; French Club.

We've noticed Bill has a liking for posts (not the wooden kind either).

Bill McDonough -

LOIS McNEILLIE

"Mac"

A. A.; Class President (3), (4); Sigma Treasurer (4); Student Council (2), (3), (4); Student Council President (4); Girls' Day (4); French Club; Dramatics Club; Alumni Editor of "Crimson and White" (4).

Such is Lois and an all around good sport. She's musical too; we wouldn't be surprised if she could play Wesleyan's "Alma Mater" from memory.

Lois McNeillie



DOROTHY PATTON

"Dot"

Sigma: A. A.

She's one these quiet, hard-working people who accomplish things without noise, while the rest of the class is talking about it.



Dorothy Patton

ALICE RENO

Sigma; French Club; Dramatics Club.

As a vamp, Oh, my!

But as to lessons—that's different.

Alice M. Reno





CLAYTON ROSBORO

"Clayt"

Adelphoi; President of Adelphoi (4).

Adelphoi's president, no less. Oh, well, the best goods come in little packages—so they say.



JOHN RUDE

"Johnny"

Adelphoi; Rifle Club.

He used to be on the list of probable bachelors, but alas! he now is a prominent member of that exclusive society which occupies the hall benches.

John H. Rude



FRANCES M. SMITH

"Francisca," "Smittie"

Class Treasurer (2); Vice-President of Sigma (3); Critic of Sigma (4); President of French Club (4); President of Dramatics Club (4); Secretary of Class (4); School Editor of "Crimson and White" (4); Honor Student (4).

To some people who don't know her Frances may seem quiet, but it takes more than an animated corpse to be president of French and Dramatics Club.

Frances M. Smith

FRANCIS STEVENS

"Steve"

Rifle Club; Adelphoi; Vice-President of French Club (4).

Although Francis has been a member of our class for only two years, he has established quite a reputation as class chauffeur.

Steve

**EDITH TEN BROECK**

Sigma; Critic (4); Class Poet; French Club; Dramatics Club.

Thrills fairly run up and down one's spine when she speaks in oral English.

Edith Ten Broeck

**CORNELIUS VANDER HORST**

"Vander," "The Flying Dutchman"

Rifle Club.

He lives up to his title in basketball.

Cornelius Vander Horst





JOHN WANDSBORO

Adelphoi; Rifle Club; French Club.

A good fellow and just as good a student.
He's certainly a good debator.

John a Wandsboro

I met a traveler from a Western land,
Who told me of a monstrous sandstone peak,
Which stands remote upon the desert sand.
The Indians say the placid winding creek,
That flows to southward of its giant base,
One evening changed its old familiar course
Till the returning braves who sought their place
To camp beside the stream, found that the source
Had changed to northward of the floating block,
That seemed to lift and sway from side to side,
Then settled as a ship, that on a rock
Has found its final haven from the tide.
No white man's foot this peak shall ever scale,
Or Ship Rock's charm will praying warriors fail.

WILBUR VAN ALSTYNE

— 0 —

If you want to go to the kind of a school
Like the kind of a school you like,
You needn't pack your books in a bag
And go for a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind —
There's nothing that's really new.
You're knocking yourself when you knock your school,
It's not your school—it's you.

FLORENCE GEORGE



SENIOR CLASS

CLASS HISTORY

The class of nineteen hundred and twenty-four is on the home-stretch. There have been times of course, when we might have held our place more successfully, or when, with a bit more headwork, a better race could have been run, but frankly speaking, though we have made a lot of "blots," it could have been much worse. We do not wish to pose as the "only ones" whom the school would have perished without, but we shall let our record in the past four years speak for us and, thus, without self-praise, be content.

Seventy-nine hopefuls entered Room 302 that fall, nearly four years ago. Fifty-seven have left our ranks. Our depleted numbers have, fortunately, been well re-inforced—by Wilbur and "Bill" coming to us from the Boy's Academy, by Lois from the "wilds" of northern Ontario, and by our intellectual Stevens from the "land of cotton." In our junior year, we had also, another very valuable addition in Frances Storrs, but, although we held fond hopes of retaining her, she heartlessly left us this November, having spent little more than a year in our company. Our class now numbers

twenty-two and we have the honor of being the youngest graduating class for some time past.

In the performance of this duty, I cannot help but recall the good times that we have had together and, although it is a grand and glorious feeling to be so near graduation, vainly regret that time in its flight cannot turn backward and make us once more those timid, wide-eyed, little freshmen beginning our high school life under Miss Cushing's friendly jurisdiction, and so live over again the happy hours of those carefree days.

As I sit, snug and cozy, in a huge armchair, each scene comes floating before my eyes. We are again mere "freshies" searching vainly through the halls for room 200 or 109 where we were informed a certain class was to be held. Once more, Miss Cushing is admonishing us concerning our absence from second roll call or Prof. Sayles is "initiating" us into the rules and regulations of the school, which all seem so strange and new to us. We never, as freshmen, could realize the necessity of that cold, superior manner toward us adopted by the upperclassmen. We did the next year, however, when we, in our turn, took an active part in trying to take the succeeding freshmen class down a peg or two.

Nothing much of particular note occurred in our freshmen year in which we were concerned—nothing ever does when one is a freshman—except that we who had reached the required percentage in school work were rushed for the various societies. We afforded great enjoyment to those who partook in our initiations but, of course, we "came up smiling." This has been a special characteristic of ours throughout our entire four years.

In our second year, some of our classmates were sifted out in one way or another, and we became more united. We began to feel pretty big now, organized our class, and took a great delight in seeing how high we could keep our heads raised when walking through the halls. My goodness, we were sophomores now! What more could one wish in way of dignity?

When we mounted the third step in our high school ladder, social life seemed to hold a particular attraction for many. Those who had formerly been known as "hard workers" or "grinds" began "stepping-out" and took in all the social events of the year. In consequence the whole class experienced a downward trend, and many a heart sank as, after five week "exams," a voice at a classroom door was heard to say, "Mr. Blank is wanted at the office," for we all knew what that interview might hold for us. A sudden

revival of interest in our work about the middle of June, however, enabled most of us to pull through happily.

And now we are seniors! It hardly seems possible that our class numerals are the lowest in the school. It has been hard to get accustomed to the new numerals each succeeding class has brought with it, and especially has it been so with the last.

What have we done for old Milne during our life here? Will our record shine forth in the future to make our school proud or will it be obscure and worthless? We think that we have conscientiously tried to live up to all our obligations and perform well our duties devolving on us both collectively and individually.

Have we not lent liberally to the girl's basketball and baseball teams of our greatest talent, that of "Bob" and "Peggy" and, thus, brought about many victories for Milne?

Have not also the boys' athletics had a successful year under "Evvy" Long of '24 with "Gipy," Werner, Wilbur and Vander Horst on the team?

The Student Council under Lois' guiding hand has, despite much opposition, finally succeeded in firmly establishing the Defacement Act (having to do with the punishment inflicted for eraser throwing and general defacement of the building), which we fervently hope will be carried out by the succeeding classes.

The Crimson and White Board with Mary as editor this year is conscientiously following the precedent set by last year's class in putting out an excellent year book.

We may also say truthfully that the Dramatics and French clubs are of our making for, although the Dramatics club was organized in our junior year, it was the class of 1924 that reorganized and kept it flourishing, through Frances, Lenore and Peggy, throughout their senior year. Also the French club, through Miss Martinez's endeavors, was started this year with Frances at the helm.

Nor have we entirely devoted ourselves to the physical or social side, but have had a good record in the classroom.

Were there nothing else to commend us, we ought surely to receive just praise for our generous amount of school spirit. It really began in our freshman year when, not wishing to be outdone by our upper classmen, we tried to take an active part, even though freshmen, in all school affairs. But, being rightly controlled, most of our acquired class enthusiasm melted away into a feeling of mutual helpfulness to our dear school. Always have we responded cheerfully to all calls on our time and money. We do not wish our fellow-

students to forget that we intend, so far as is possible, to keep our record bright after we have left Milne.

And, now, in this, our last record of our life here, we desire to extend our most heart-felt appreciation to our principal and faculty for their kind cooperation and encouragement and to pay a fond farewell tribute to our Alma Mater:

May the wreath of glory placed upon thy brow,
By the hands of children ever true;
May the song of gladness that we sing thee now,
Ever in coming years be true.

LENORE G. HUTCHISON, '24

— o —

A SONNET TO A FORD

An aged, battered Ford sped down the street,
Its ancient engine coughed and spit with glee,
As all the nuts and bolts fell at their feet,
The people thot t'was a sailor on a spree.
The driver was an old and ven'erable man.
He thought his ancient flivver was some boat,
Altho they say it looked just like a can
And from the back there hung a trailing rope.
The front spring broken was and the back one too.
The tires were weak, repaired with many a patch
As down the street of the village that auto flew
As if there was a train it had to catch.
The people turned and looked with wondorous gaze
At the amount of dust that battered flivver raised.

EVERETT C. LONG

— o —

INGREDIENTS FOR AN AVERAGE MOVIE

- 1 Hero, tall, dark, and handsome.
- 1 Heroine, large eyes, and a wistful smile.
- 1 Moustached Individual, both the villain and a rival.
- 2 Sets Proud Parents, one set slightly lemoned.
- 3 Fast Motor Cars, one a roadster.
- 1 Country Club, with dance setting.
- 1 Moon, full, set in a summer evening.
- 1 Cupid, with arrows, prepared for steady work.
- 1 Happy Ending.

Mix well, and serve at 33 cents.

CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1924, being as mentally sound and rational as one might expect after the gruelling hardships of four long years (including examinations), and realizing the uncertainty of this life and the advanced age of our high school career does make imminent to us its end, do make this our last will and testament.

We hereby bequeath to the Junior Class the surplus wisdom of the Class of 1924, great as to quantity and quality, and advise the Juniors to cherish it with their life. We do likewise bequeath to them the right to look upon the college students as interlopers; and to smile condescendingly on their teachers when they make a faux pas.

Furthermore, to the winners of next year's Senior debate we bequeath solid tin saxophones, as they will have amply demonstrated that they have plenty of hot air which is very necessary to saxophone playing.

To the Sophomores, we do will and bequeath one dozen bean bags, with which they may amuse themselves when a playful mood is upon them, and which moreover, are absolutely guaranteed to be non-injurious to players, and to whatever members of the faculty may be walking beneath the windows at the time of aforementioned sport.

To the Freshmen, we will all the dignity of its Sophomore state to which they will soon be ascending.

To Professor John M. Sayles, we bequeath one suit of solid tin armour, lined with asbestos, to be donned every time he leaves his office that he may protect himself from the attacks of playful seniors (especially Mr. Wilbur Van Alstyn) armed with trowels, sticks and other instruments of war.

To the esteemed faculty of our beloved Alma Mater, we bequeath a picture of the Senior class, at which they may gaze as often as they grow discouraged at the ignorance of the school, when the Class of '24 has left.

To Gertrude Hall, we do bequeath the sole right of breaking up all meetings in which she may be participating, particularly Sigma meetings.

We bequeath to Helen Hamburger three dollars (\$3.00) from the Student Council Miscellaneous fund, which shall be held in trust for her by Professor Sayles, and with which pencils may be bought for her by aforementioned gentleman, since we consider the strain of buying pencils for Miss Hamburger entirely too much for her teachers.

To Sterling Ferguson we bequeath Everett Long's well known ability of extracting money from the Student Council for boys' athletics and other things.

We do hereby bequeath to Barbara Baker, Lois McNeillie's talents as a mathematician, especially in that branch of mathematics in which one learns to distinguish the odd from the even numbers.

To Irma Long we bequeath a copy of Frances Smith's book, "How My Four Years at Milne Made and Kept Me Thin."

We bequeath to the Misses Fisher, Line and Storrs (sometimes referred to as the Three Musketeers), exclusive right to Alice Reno's course in fascination, complete in three lessons.

To Milliard Nehemiah and Robert Dyer we bequeath Werner Liebich's business ability, since we do not think that one person, other than Verny, could carry it with safety.

To Vera Button (commonly addressed as Buttons) we do bequeath Bob Levi's athletic ability, and likewise her persistent good luck in getting out of trouble.

To Bessie McIntosh we do bequeath one book of etiquette so that she will not be "Rude."

To Bertha Post is bequeathed Peggy Mann's well known pamphlet in which are given "Twenty-four Sensible Uses for Sixth Period Study Hour."

To David Saunders we bequeath Bob Colbert's well known literary ability.

To Alice Bessie Cleveland we bequeath Alice Blanchard's perennial tardy excuse, with the condition, however, that it only be used when all others have failed.

To Dudley Wade, Francis Stevens' title of Beau Brummel, or What the Younger Men will wear this season is graciously if not kindly bequeathed.

To Student Council is bequeathed a sawed-off golf stick with which he hope next year's president may be able to keep order without seriously damaging the furniture and his disposition.

In addition we do entrust the Dramatics Club banner (made ingeniously by Lenore Hutchison for thirteen cents (\$.13), to Miss Rice with the stern injunction that she carefully preserve it as an exhibition of our industry.

In conclusion, we hereby ratify and reaffirm this to be our last will and testament, and to be executed as such.

Witnessed by:

CLASS OF 1924

Helen Mansion
Margaret Mann

CLASS PROPHECY

Old age lives in the past but youth in the future. Upon leaving high school we attempt to pierce the darkness of our future. It seems natural upon leaving high school to wonder where we will be and what we'll be doing after a lapse of a few years. The origin of the class prophecy came from an attempt to relieve the fatigued brain of the senior so let us skip over fifteen years and see our future and incidentally ease our tired brains.

Nineteen thirty-nine and Professor Sayles has just returned from a speaking tour of the large colleges of the country. His lectures were on School Administration, upon which subject he has become a noted authority. Strangely enough Professor Sayles met everyone of the graduating class of 1924.

In Chicago Professor Sayles paid Werner Liebich a visit in return for the many visits Werner made to the east end of the third floor. Wernie went west some years ago as a cowboy looking for Indians and cattle but finding no Indians he contented himself with guiding the great herds of cattle through the narrow passages of the Chicago stock yards. But Wernie has been successful for Professor Sayles found him in the position of business manager of the Great Western Packing Company, a position for which he was trained on the Crimson and White board.

In New York Mister Sayles found Everett Long playing with an entirely different type of stock. Mr. Long (as we must now call him) has recently purchased a seat in the New York Stock Exchange for the sum of \$250,000. Ev. obtained his initiation on the Student Council.

The story of the Class of 1924 was told to William McDonough by Professor Sayles one day while riding on a Fifth Avenue bus from the Wanamaker Terminal to 110th street. Bill is collecting fares on the bus and can be found on the avenue every morning. He is conductor No. 4761. However Bill does not have to do this as he owns a large share of the business, but through certain eccentricities, he prefers to work on the bus to sitting in his office in the Times Building.

So far we have heard only of bachelors. Of the girls, few were able to resist the temptation of matrimony the first time they were asked. Professor Sayles met Lois McNeillie in Los Angeles, married to a movie star. This is perhaps the most surprising thing any of our classmates has done for surely no one ever thought her affections could ever change from her first high school love. We will see

more of Lois in the future as she has consented to play opposite her husband during the coming year.

Another married lady is Alice Blanchard, and it is a sad story. Professor Sayles says she was doing wonderfully in her sophomore year at State College when some young man entered her life. Alas! Poor Alice! She forgot everything she read in "Courtship Courtesies" that day in June 1924 and was whirled off her feet. She is happily married and living in Elsmere.

The new Milne High school has finally been completed. It is a magnificent building unlike anything that was ever before built. Clifford Lasher who was graduated from M. I. T. in 1928 with the greatest honors designed the building and personally supervised its construction. Cliff is married. The lucky girl is Helen Mansion and it might be said here that he was very fortunate himself. That love scene in the play on Class Day seemed like more than acting. Helen who always had good ideas and a touch of originality helps Cliff with his work. She is as pretty as ever and still wears her hair bobbed.

There was another match made in Milne in those days. Professor Sayles says that John Rude and Alice Reno are married. John is at the head of the United States Forestry Service and recently he and Alice were royally entertained at Washington. John was honored for his theory on the preservation of forests by the elimination of axes, saws, bugs and fire. Alice has always been a faithful alumnae of Milne. Mr. Sayles says she comes often to visit and is always interested in the school's activities.

At Daytona Beach, Professor Sayles watched Francis Stevens drive his Speed Super Six Hudson to victory, averaging forty-nine and nine-tenths miles per hour. Much faster than the old sedan used to go but Francis still shows the same skill in driving.

Margaret Levi took her European trip in the summer of 1924 and evidently has not stopped touring yet. Professor Sayles met her in New Orleans, and she told him of her trips to the far corners of the world.

Along with John Rude, the professor found Clayton Rosboro in the government service. Clayton is the tax wizard of the United States and is employed to give advice on proposed taxes. He surprised Mr. Sayles by his alertness and ability to explain the new tax on girl's shaved heads.

Hattie Carringer after graduating from college began to express her opinion on the form of essays. Her essays and novels have attracted great attention and Prof. Sayles says that the fourth year

English classes at Milne are studying her essays on nature subjects.

Industry was shown in the character of Dorothy Haeuser who acquired a thorough knowledge of business at Milne. At present she is secretary to the great Senator Cornelius Vander Horst. Mr. Sayles says she inspires his wonderful speeches in the senate. Everyone knows how successfully he obtained the ratification of his bill in both houses, thus prohibiting the sale of catnip in this country. Mr. Vander Horst resigned from the position of mayor of the thriving city of Castleton to take up his duties in the senate.

Frances Smith and Mary Craig were always together in high school and now they are together again. Frances is critic of Latin and is making wonderful success with her students. She recently translated some Shakespearcan plays into Latin for study in the Milne high school.

Mary Craig has an alphabet of degrees after her name and is now critic of English at Milne. She is being continually congratulated on the perfection her scholars are attaining in college.

Lenore Hutchison has people watching her work all the time. She is not a convict or any such thing as that but is the greatest playwright of the age. Today there are four of her plays on Broadway and ever so many on the road. There is always one in Paris and one in London.

The rush of newspaper business claimed John Wansboro. He started as a cub reporter on the Albany Evening News staff but soon went to the New York Times. Now he is staff correspondent of the Associated Press and next Sunday he is going to tell us how and why Andy Gump was defeated in his run for congressman.

Dorothy Patton and Gertrude Knauf went to work in the Commercial Bank after graduation and due to their business ability went far ahead. Gertrude became the bride of the president's son and shortly after Dorothy left the bank to teach Business Administration at Bernard college in New York.

Edith Ten Broeck listened to Prof. Sayles lecture at the High School Principal's convention in Philadelphia recently and wrote a splendid article on it in the Ladies' Home Journal. She is assistant editor of that magazine and many of our classmates follow her household hints.

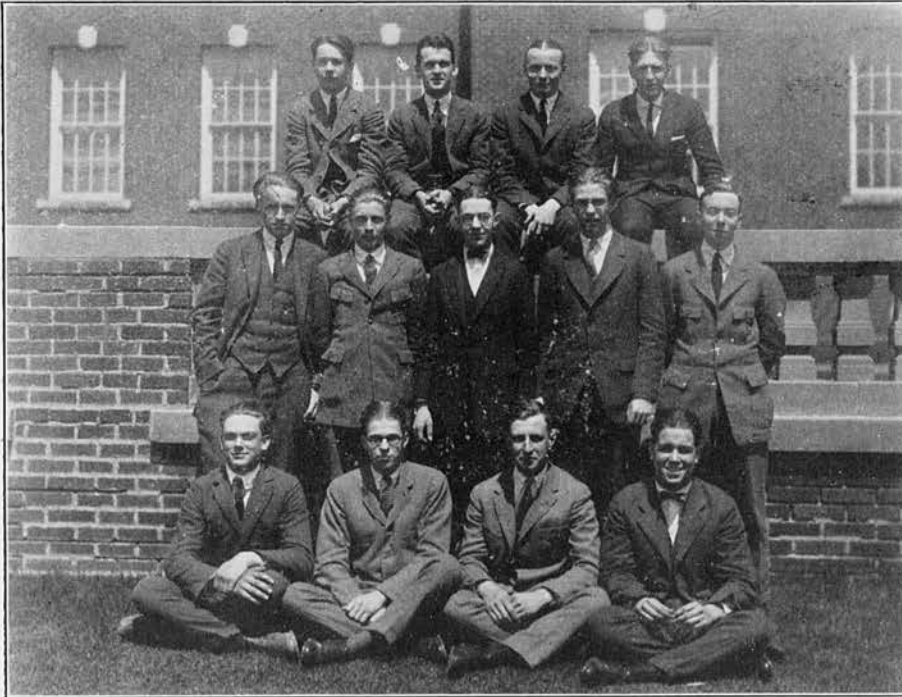
It was a great joy to hear Prof. Sayles say he was satisfied with the success of our class, for I was always under the impression that he thought us rather dumb.

WILLIAM McDONOUGH

JOHN WANSBORO

AS THE SENIORS SEE THEMSELVES

- | | | | |
|------|------------------------|-------|---------------------------------------|
| I | Most Popular Boy | XIII | Hardest Worker |
| | 1. Wilbur Van Alstyn | | 1. Mary Craig |
| | 2. Everett Long | | 2. Frances Smith |
| II | Most Popular Girl | XIV | Laziest |
| | 1. Lois McNeillie | | 1. Robert Colbert |
| | 2. Mary Craig | | 2. Francis Stevens |
| III | Best Looking Girl | XV | Most Popular Member
of the Faculty |
| | 1. Helen Mansion | | 1. Miss Rice |
| | 2. Lois McNeillie | | 2. Professor Sayles |
| IV | Best Looking Boy | XVI | Luckiest Boy |
| | 1. William McDonough | | 1. Wilbur Van Alstyn |
| | 2. Everett Long | | 2. Everett Long |
| V | Brightest Boy | XVII | Luckiest Girl |
| | 1. Stevens | | 1. Lois McNeillie |
| | 2. Van Alstyn | | 2. Margaret Mann |
| VI | Brightest Girl | XVIII | Largest |
| | 1. Mary Craig | | 1. Mary Craig |
| | 2. Edith Ten Broeck | | 2. Everett Long |
| VII | Most Dignified | XIX | Smallest |
| | 1. Stevens, Craig | | 1. Mathew Gipp |
| | 2. Ten Broeck | | 2. Hattie Carringer |
| VIII | The most School Spirit | XX | Most Humorous |
| | 1. Lois McNeillie | | 1. Helen Mansion |
| | 2. Frances Smith | | 2. Margaret Levi |
| IX | Biggest Talker | XXI | Most Romantic |
| | 1. Margaret Levi | | 1. Lois McNeillie |
| | 2. Lois McNeillie | | 2. Lenore Hutchison |
| X | Most Noise | XXII | Quietest |
| | 1. Margaret Levi | | 1. Hattie Carringer |
| | 2. Alice Reno | | |
| | 3. Everett Long | XXIII | Most Athletic Girl |
| XI | Best Dressed Boy | | 1. Margaret Mann |
| | 1. Francis Stevens | | 2. Margaret Levi |
| | 2. William McDonough | XXIV | Most Athletic Boy |
| XII | Best Dressed Girl | | 1. Cornelius
Vander Horst |
| | 1. Margaret Levi | | 2. Mathew Gipp |
| | 2. Dorothy Mendel | | |



ADELPHOI

Adelphoi has ended a very prosperous year. Several literary programs of exceptional merit were given before the society. Among the members who contributed were: Mr. Rude, Mr. Long, Mr. Van Alstyn, Mr. Wansboro and Mr. Williams. Not long ago we had the pleasure of having Mr. Edward Brandow visit the society. He gave a very interesting talk and aided us greatly by his suggestions. Mr. Brandow is a graduate of Milne high school and an old member of Adelphoi. Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Jones were recently taken into Adelphoi. Others are expecting to join the first of next year. The most important business that was carried out this year was the revision of the constitution to meet the present needs of the society. This was done by a committee consisting of Mr. Van Alstyn and Mr. Wansboro.

Our banquet which was held at the Park restaurant was a success. Several alumni were present and every one enjoyed himself. Despite the fact that there were thirteen members there, no necks were broken, but several pocket-books were when we adjourned to Mid City Park to top off the evening. This event ended our year's work and we all hope to have as good or a better Adelphoi another year.

R. D., '25



SIGMA NOTES

Sigma's meetings of late have been very well attended, and many interesting programs have been given.

The elections for next year have taken place. The following were elected:

President.....	Bertha Post
Vice President.....	Janice Storrs
Treasurer.....	Mildred Fischer
Secretary.....	Frances McDonough
Critic.....	Helen Hamburger
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Genevieve Whipple
Marshal.....	Virginia Ward

Sigma's usual entertainment took place in form of a theatre party at the Hall Friday, June 13.

ALICE M. RENO, '24



QUINTILIAN

The end of another year has come and for Quin it has been a very successful one. We started our work in October under the leadership of "Beb" Levi by the election of upperclassmen to the society. In November, we held the annual Freshman Rush, in the "gym" in the form of a Hallowe'en party with a fortune teller, games, candy, peanuts, etc. The natural event to follow this, of course, was the initiation of eligible freshmen into the society, which occurred in February. In cooperation with Sigma, we held our Girls' Day exercises on Thursday, May 15th in the form of a magazine, a very novel and interesting program. The usual picnic of the year could not be left out so it was planned for Saturday, May 24th at Indian Ladder. Needless to say, "a good time was had by all," although two members of the party did arrive rather late, slightly damp, after climbing in the pouring rain, and demanded a little assistance in gaining the top of the mountain. Nor have all our achievements of the year been of the social type. Through our quotations and programs each week, we have learned many worth while things which we consider worthy of remembering. As this goes to print, the officers for next year are to be elected. May they have as progressive a year as we have had.

LENORE G. HUTCHISON, '24



DRAMATICS CLUB

At last, The Dramatics Club has been firmly established in Milne. 'Tis true there was such a thing last year but there was some doubt as to whether this year's students wished to attempt it this year or not. However, when asked concerning it, a great many signed up and, consequently, it was undertaken. Our programs throughout the year have been helpful as well as interesting for we have reviewed the lines of dramatists and their works. Our first attempt at production, "The Dear Departed" was very successful, and our vaudeville show called forth many congratulations. We feel sure that, remembering the progress the club has made this year, next year, the Milnites will wish to continue it.

LENORE G. HUTCHISON, '24

— 0 —

The Ide man and the Arrow man
 For girls hold an appeal,
 But most prefer the former,
 For they say he's quite Ide-eal.



FRENCH CLUB

The French Club is justly proud of the progress made during the year. It was organized in November by the French department and students studying French.

Although it is one of the more recent organizations, yet it has taken a leading place among the clubs of Milne high. As a result of inter-class competition, many interesting and highly instructive meetings have been held, for each class strove to have the best meeting.

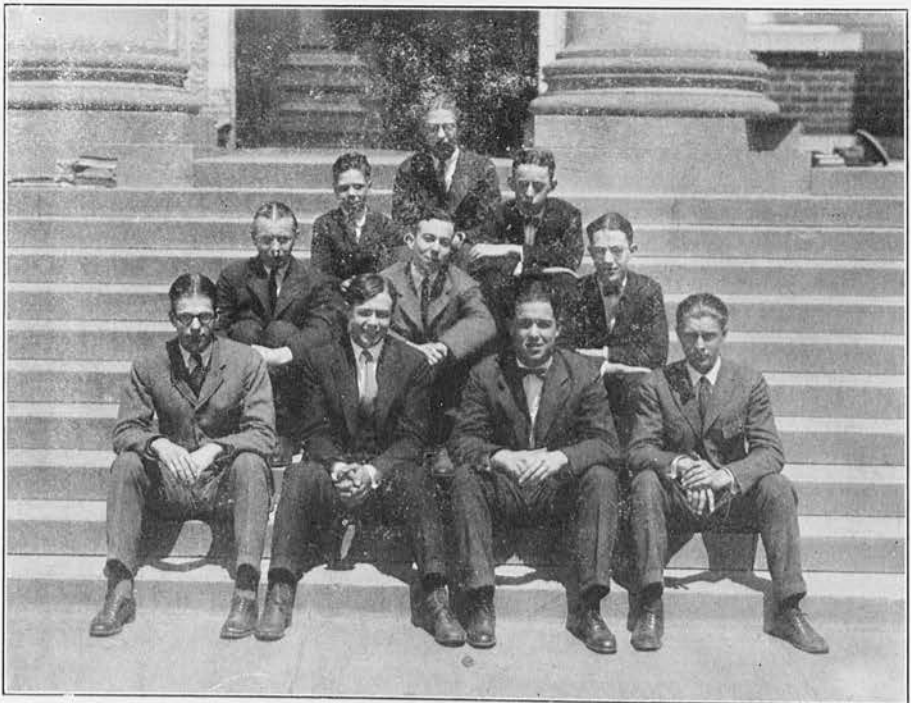
The proceeds from the sale of candy has been put to a good use. Besides buying a bulletin board, a complete set of phonograph records to be used in the instruction of French has been purchased. To help the students, the French Club has also bought a French-English dictionary.

The French Club wishes to express its gratitude to Miss Martinez for the time and thought she has given to make the French Club a success.

W. L., '24



“CRIMSON AND WHITE” BOARD



RIFLE CLUB



STUDENT COUNCIL

STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

The Student Council has had a rather tempestuous time this year, but it seems to have come through it successfully. Thanks to our able president more has been accomplished than last year. The Council has appropriated more money for the "Crimson and White," given \$100 for a boys' athletic coach and successfully governed the school. At a meeting in Chapel June 6 the old officers gave up their offices and the new officers took their places as the leaders of next year's Student Council. This year's Council certainly wishes next year's the best of success and hopes that it will have as pleasant a time as this year's did.

M. L. C., '24

—o—

"What trouble we should all be spared,"
The weary sophs remark,
"If father Noah had not had
Two freshmen in the ark."



LITERATURE



ALBANY'S TERCENTENARY

The other day Albany had a birthday celebration. To be exact it occupied three days, 1st, 2nd, 3rd of June. Now you and I think we are doing well to get a birthday dinner or dance, but when one considers the ratio of our respective ages, we are not the losers after all. For Albany, you see, celebrated her three-hundredth birthday, while you and I, at the very best, can only lay claim to something under one hundred.

The first day, being Sunday, the celebration consisted mostly of services in the churches. Somehow or other, the city gayly dressed in all its flaunted bunting and drapery, gave the impression of being "all dressed up and no where to go." However the next day this was amply remedied. The guests watched some rather exciting races on the river, and that evening, if they had any breath left to sustain themselves while standing in another crowd, they viewed an historical pageant in Washington Park. I've been told it was a very good pageant. The nearest I came to seeing it was to view one of my young brothers calmly mismanaging a spotlight which was attached to a tree.

Of course the parade was the biggest event of the party. The water regatta should have been, but considering the fact that all schools received only a half holiday, and the regatta occurred in the morning, it's not so strange after all. However, as one country school teacher standing next to me exclaimed, "it was a splendid display." I agree (particularly was the one Greek who had the nerve to wear his native costume. He looked like a cross between a ballot dancer and a bullfighter).

Many really beautiful floats made gay this procession. Not quite the last, nor yet quite the least was the young parade of a local milk company. All their wagons (about twenty), several floats and all their apparatus was included. Although a costume ball formally closed the tercentenary of Albany, one cannot help thinking that really the milk wagons did a better job, since they at least give a slight idea of what three hundred years can bring forth.

HELEN MANSION

THE DAY AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

Time—7:15

Place—Sophomore Assembly Hall

Enter a fat, florid Sophomore, puffing with the climb up the well-known steps of Milne, who takes a seat in the far corner of the room. He takes pen and paper and is soon engrossed in hurried writing.

Perhaps ten minutes elapse during which no sound breaks the silence. Then footsteps echo down the corridor, and a second fair young man enters the room. For convenience we shall call our two friends "first" and "second" Sophomore respectively.

1st Soph.—"How's the kid?"

2nd Soph.—"Ask dad, he knows. Gee you never finish your homework do you?"

1st Soph.—"Good reason why."

2nd Soph.—"How come?"

1st Soph.—"I don't stay up after ten o'clock at night."

2nd Soph.—"Say, what did we have in English?"

1st Soph.—"Oh! Nothing much, only about six pages on the pronouns. If you haven't done it you better get going."

2nd Soph.—"Good night!"

He goes to the front of the room to his seat and follows the procedure of his comrade.

Enter third Sophomore, short in stature with a reckless habit of choking one or slapping one on the back; so that he nearly loses his teeth, humming a jazz tune in Spanish which somewhat resembles a popular air. Suddenly the music stops in the middle of a bar—

"Who's got the 'Caesar'?"

1st Soph.—"Here it is."

3rd Soph.—"Gimme it or my hand will compabulate with your face."

Enter a bevy of bright brunettes who interrupt all study with their cheerful chatter and noisy nonsense. Above all this din may be heard the voice of the first Sophomore chanting, "fera, fers, fert."

Enter the jolly Sophomore scientist. He shouts a greeting to the first Sophomore in a low vibrating tune which resembles the sound of a bassoon.

Enter the famous Sophomore (ette).

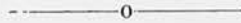
2nd Soph.—"Bums outside!"

Sophomore(ette)—"Leave me alone, Shakespear!"

Brin-n-n-g! The bell! The clamor is increased by hurried exits and entrances of pupils. The Sophomore(ette) in running down the aisle stumbles over the foot of the Second Sophomore placed accidentally(?) in the aisle, and condemns the Second Sophomore vociferously by his language.

A clammy silence falls over the room as Miss Johnson takes the attendance. The silence is broken by the welcome words: "You may pass."

EDGAR BOWEN, '26



THE HORRIBLE HORRORS

Another horror had been found in that fearsome cavern. They habitually were sequels to the frequent thunder-storms and were objects of terrible fascination for the adventurous. The most recent apparently was the most terrible. Only one curious person had viewed it, and obviously, recalling her precipitate, terrorized exit, this was to be the only one. She had regularly viewed each preceding manifestation with composure, but now she was in a state of mental depravity.

However, John resolved to see this new horror, and, not willing that he should appear braver, I resolved to accompany him, although my heart was even then choking my throat. After much persuasion and entreaty on both sides, John made the woman show us the entrance to this den.

A flight of stone steps descended almost vertically downward into the bowels of the earth. We could not see the bottom. If I had had my way we should never have descended those steps, but John boldly started down, and I followed, fearful and hesitating. We reached the bottom in safety, and John pushed backward the wooden door. We were struck in the face by the dank, musty, repelling air of the cave. Inside was a fearful darkness. Waiting a moment to gasp some fresh air, we stepped over the threshold. Horrors!! What a noise or rather what noises! It seemed as if something were shattering the air with shrill whistles, hoarse squalls and yells. We stood like granite statues fastened to the ground. My hair stood straight up and tried hard to get away. Moreover the dreadful noise came from directly ahead and above me. I struck a match and saw—a parrot, balancing on a high staff with a crosspiece. What a place for a bird of the air! John laughed but it was a very shaky laugh.

At once, we heard the babbling of a man's voice, and the trick-

ing of water in the immediate vicinity. Something impelled me to return at once, but my friend pushed forward. We could see dimly a flame fluttering in the distant darkness and walked firmly onward, with John preceding me slightly. Like a flash he fell and almost dragged me after him. I barely managed to pull him to his feet, as I thought. He turned in a rush for the door, but I was ahead and certainly maintained my lead. But the steps! How would we ever climb these vertical stones. We never knew or cared, no more had we touched the first one than we were at the top; yet it seemed a century while we were climbing the steps, although we could not remember mounting them at all. I surely had more sand than John or else he had seen a ghost, for he was trembling all over. I admit that I was not sleepy, and pumped his arm, while demanding what was the matter. When he had recovered partially he said: "Never go down there again! Never! There is a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. If it hadn't been for you I would be down there now. If that's not enough you should see what is at the bottom." He refused absolutely to describe it, and I certainly had no intention of taking a picture of it.

M. F. N., 1925

o

SERVICE FIRST

Among the green clad hills so far away
My heart is lodged, from there no more to roam,
And though I wander many a year, my home
There calls me back on every holiday.
But life at times is cruel in its own way.
It leads me far, and from the hills I come
To man made cities. There one finds no room
To breathe God's own pure air. There life is grey.

But where ere Honest Life leads God knows best.
And all I ask of him is a chance to serve,
And to return at last to running rills;
It's only there that I will find my rest.
From God's way I will not ever swerve,
'Till I return forever to my golden hills.

JOHN K. RUDE, '24

WHO'S WHO

The crowds emerged from the church and gathered near the entrance. The bells were tolling, the people collided with each other in trying to find standing space on the sidewalk. The individuals seemed to talk sadly and those coming out of the doors showed marks of recent crying. They wore exhausted and weary countenances. And now, you ask: "What's the cause of all this grief?" To which question comes the simple and inevitable answer: "Another soul has passed on." In this instance it was a soul of a famous man—brilliant, indeed, and yet, he, too, was now in the "Great Beyond" where fame and brilliancy count as nothing, but where good deeds are amply rewarded. Fifty-two cars drove up, were filled with passengers and drove away to escort the body to its last resting place on earth. The groups standing on the sidewalk talked about this famous man, but soon he would be forgotten also when another would be found to interest the people.

A small group of six stood on a corner. Evidently their conversation was light and gay. Suddenly one lady exclaimed: "Look at those little children on the curbstone over there!" All eyes turned and there they saw four small ragamuffins sitting on the cold curb. They appeared very interested in the funeral procession and were most unconscious of the six pairs of eyes cast upon them. One particular little fellow of ten was holding a long stick, with a cross piece near the top which made it resemble a child's wooden sword. The onlookers commented on how happy these children were—happier indeed, than if they had all the money in the world. One young girl said: "Perhaps one of these children will be a genius someday." The others laughed at this girl, although they admitted that such strange things have often happened. Today, not one of that group knows or would ever dream that that remark of those children happened to be true.

The little fellow who held the sword stayed until the last soldier had passed. Then he trotted home with a new desire in his heart—a desire to make his name famous some day in the future. Who was this ambitious youngster? Forty-three years later the world knew. For the boy was Robert E. Peary, who on April 6, 1909 planted the flag of his country at the northernmost extremity of the world—the North Pole.

FRANCES McDONOUGH and
EUNICE INGRAHM

SPRING FEVER

It was a warm day, this of course, being brought about by the rays of the sun, absence of wind, etc. The sophomores were carelessly lazy. Not one of them wished to work. One particular student was on the verge of collapse. This is common to most large people on a warm day. As I said before, he was on the verge of collapse. When third period came he did collapse. His head drooped, his eyes flickered, and the poor victim of this particular day was dozing. It might be said that he was in a stage halfway between sleeping and waking. This, however, did not prevent him from dreaming, and that is just what he did. This is the dream.

He came to in a cool green forest. This certainly was a relief as he could not have stood the sweltering heat another minute; but, he asked himself, how in the world did he get there? No answer. However, this did not lessen his comfort. A cool breeze fanned his red cheek. Another ruffled his hair. He drank in the fragrance of wild flowers with a feeling of supreme satisfaction, Ah! This was life! But hark! What was that? It seemed almost a growl, not unlike that of a dog. The Sophomore sat up. **Something** was rubbing his back. He commenced to get warm again—the perspiration stood out on his brow in little beads. He was not scared; he was just scared that he might get scared. The something still dug. Frantically, he scrambled to his feet. Horrors! A huge, tawny panther lay staring at him from bloodshot eyes. Its tail lashed furiously, and the gleaming fangs were horrible. The Sophomore, finding that he was still alive, ran—backwards. A broken branch stopped him, and, executing a neat nose-dive, he landed on a rock. The panther sprang. He landed on the poor, helpless victim. His jaws sought the throat—the poor lad gave a last scream and ——.

“Mr. ——, what on earth are you screaming for? And don't you think it would be more gentlemanly if you stopped pulling Miss ——'s hair?”

The Sophomore sat up—hotter than ever. He sighed:

“Oh, what a life!”

DAVID SAUNDERS

—o—

The very worst habit
To get in your head,
Is to send girls flowers
Before they are dead.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Dear Class of '24—

I wonder if you are going to be as sorry to leave Milne as I was. The old feeling of belonging is gone when one returns to proudly point out your seat in Study hall or in room 303, your locker, and the gift of your class to the school. You gradually grow away from High school things, ideas and ideals, but always remember it is your Milne High and that your love for it must stand true.

DOROTHY H. ROBINSON, '23

—o—

Dear Alumni Editor—

Despite the fact that I was honored by the "Crimson & White" board, I was quite "flattered" to think I am not entirely forgotten, for according to reports of certain strong arguments held with my "kid" brother, I was sure you were more than willing to forget you ever knew a Colbert. But you have dug me out of the oblivion into which many of Milne High's students and so-called students have passed, and I fear you have worked in vain ————?

All I can say is that I sincerely wish '24 the best of luck and congratulate them on the able manner in which they have carried on the tasks that '23 began.

DIX COLBERT, '23

—o—

Dear Crimson and White—

I have been an alumnus of Milne for nearly a year, and the time surely has passed quickly.

Although a year has gone by, there are still many memories that stand out clearly in my mind. I remember the day that "Swede" McKeon, feeling in the mood of a plumber, playfully unscrewed the steam valve of the radiator in study hall at a very unpsychological moment and nearly flooded the whole room. The event was unpsychological because Prof. Sayles was standing in the doorway at the moment of the disaster. Mr. Sayles took the calamity rather humorously, and told "Junior" that he had better get the mop. "Swede" made a sheepish departure, and when he returned, proved himself a better floor cleaner than a plumber. I also remember the day last year when Bill McDonough, after a suggestion from the geometry teacher that he join a vaudeville act, astounded his fellow classmates by announcing that his ambition was to drive a street car. Bill should be a scientist and investigate the old problem of Dix Colbert, "can two talk alone as well as one together."

A few words about Wesleyan. It is a college of about 550 stu-

dents, situated in Middletown, a town that reminds one very much of Rensselaer, except that the trains stop in Rensselaer once in a while. The college is situated on a hill and besides it Middletown has a postoffice, a jail, two trolley cars, two movie shows, two traffic cops, a weird fire whistle and a policeman's ball once a year.

I wish the class of '24 much success in their coming exams and hope that in the future Milne will have a large delegation at Wesleyan.

ELLY BEEMAN, '23

—o—

Dear Editor—

I was very much pleased to receive your letter in which you requested a contribution to the "Crimson & White." Your idea of having the Alumnus help out is an excellent one.

I am playing semi-professional baseball again this year with the Edmores. I also expect to play in the Twilight League.

The best of luck for the final issue of the year.

RAY KIRK, '23

Editor's Note—

Liz Friend sends her regrets, but she says that she has insufficient time to contribute as exams are under way at Sargent. However, she sends us her best wishes for our last issue of the Crimson & White.

—o—

IN BRIEF

Dewitt Christie, '22, has a position with the Manning Abrasive company.

Thomas Cantwell, '20 is to graduate from Wesleyan this June.

DeWitt Zeh, '23, recently took a leading part in the State college production of "Lady Winderemere's Fan."

Harry Jones, ex-'23, is also distinguishing himself as an actor. He is taking the leading part in the dramatic production at Lowell Tech. This is the first time the lead has been given to a freshman.

Marion Nichols, '23, is at Potsdam normal.

Wendell Hunting, ex-'20, is a senior at Wesleyan and manager of the basket ball team there.

Edith Paine has been married to Arthur Culver of Philadelphia.

Margaret Rappe, ex-'24, has a position in Cooperstown.

Betty Thompson is graduating from Troy Conference academy.

EXCHANGES**The Student's Pen**, Pittsfield, Mass.

The large amount of literature and poetry in your May number is a thing of which to be proud, for what is more pleasing than literature and poetry?

Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.

The school spirit shown throughout your book is admirable.

The Spectator, Watervliet, N. Y.

Although your material is good, it has not the proper settings. Why not design some cuts?

Garnet and Gray, Albany, N. Y.

Your May paper is indeed too limited but, nevertheless, it has a good appearance.

The Spy, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

A very complete paper. The story, "My Experience in Venice" in the Spring issue was very interesting.

The Witan,

Allow us to suggest an index for your magazine. It makes a neat introduction to your material and one does not have to wonder from what city the exchange comes.

The Student, Franklin Academy

A clever, well arranged magazine. Complete in all departments.

The Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.

A better looking cover design would greatly enhance the appearance of your magazine, as would a larger page. We have, however, no criticism of its arrangement and contents.

The Academe, Girls' Academy, Albany, N. Y.

The general standard of your magazine is fine. We suggest more jokes.

Also received:

April—**Blue Owl**, Attleboro.

Academe, Girls' Academy, Albany, N. Y.

Owl, Watertown, N. Y.

March—**Picayune**, Batavia, N. Y.



TRY AND FIND HER

You've heard about the tattooed man,
 The guy that's ten feet tall,
 The missing link, the blue-skinned gink,
 And others you'll recall.
 The three-foot dwarf and other freaks,
 There's hundreds on the list,
 But here's the one that beat them all—
 The girl who won't be kissed.

You've seen the skeets along the streets
 Of fairland's midways,
 With pictures weird of awful freaks
 The jokes that nature plays.
 You've heard the barker shout his wares,
 But here's one that he missed.
 They ought to feature far and wide
 The girl who won't be kissed.

—o—

B. P., '25—"I hear your father makes his money by the pen.

E. L., '24—"Yes."

B. P., '25—"Is he a poet?"

E. L., '24—"No; a pork packer."

—o—

Bill McDonough ambled into the office about 9:30 and found the boss infuriated.

"Do you know what time we begin work in this office?" he thundered.

"No, I can't say that I do," replied Bill, "but they're always at it when I get here."

F. S., '24—"Do you get a kick out of Helen?"

W. V. A.—"Yah! About as much as a postman would out of taking a hike on one of his holidays!"

—o—

AWAY, FALSE FILM

Twinkle, twinkle, movie star,
How I wonder what you are,
You look young and sweet to me,
Is it true you've hubbies, three?
Tell me not with mournful tears,
You are aged—forty years!
Dub it "lie" that calls you old,
Then for you I'll fight till cold.
And yet, I guess it must be so,
You looked the same ten years ago,
God of our sires, be with me yet!
Let me forget! Let me forget!

—o—

"What is it, Mr. Interlocutor, that has fo' legs and flies all around?"

"I'll bite Rastus. What is it that has four legs and flies all around?"

"A dead hoss, Mr. Interlocutor."

—o—

THE SEVEN LOVES OF WOMAN

At ten—Her favorite doll.
At twenty—Her rejected suitor.
At thirty—Her youngest baby.
At forty—Casanova.
At fifty—Her eldest son.
At sixty—Her first grandchild.
At seventy—Her husband, providing he is dead.

—o—

AIN'T LOVE GRAND?

R. C.—"I'm so sorry I missed your party last night, but it completely slipped my mind."

A. R.—"Oh! Weren't you there?"

—o—

H. H., '25—"I want a dress—the very latest style."

Salesman—"Will you please be seated ma'am? The fashion is just changing."

THE KIND-HEARTED WAITER

F. S.—“Here, waiter, you’ve brought me two eggs and I only ordered one.”

Waiter—“Yes, I know, sir, but I didn’t have the heart to separate them after all these years.”

—o—

Virginia had a little quart
Of cider hard as steel,
And everywhere she went ’twas sport
To watch Virginia reel.

—o—

HIS GOOD AIM WAS BAD

He killed two birds with a single stone,
Or so the axiom writers reason.
He’s now in jail—long will he moan—
Because he killed them out of season.

—o—

J. S.—“Here’s your vaccination song.”

N. L.—“Whadaya mean, vaccination?”

J. S.—“It didn’t take.”

—o—

It was after a crap game. The winner was proclaiming his skill. “For the past five years,” he said, “I have been buying shoes for the family out of the proceeds of these games.”

“Yes,” spoke up a bystander, “and you and your family must have cubic feet.”

—o—

INNOCENTS ABROAD

Sister, ’26—“I kissed one of the Follies girls last night.”

E. M., ’24—“Yeah? Where?”

Sister, ’26—“At the show. She threw it to me from the stage.”

—o—

EX-ACTLY

Sam—“What am you doin’ now?”

Bo—“I’se an exporter.”

Sam—“An exporter?”

Bo—“Yep, the Pullman Company just fired me.”

—o—

B. McL.—“I’m writing a song.”

G. H.—“Yes? What’s the subject matter?”

B. McL.—“It doesn’t.”

H. H.—“That prof took an unfair advantage of me. Yesterday I raised my hand——”

M. L.—“Yes.”

H. H.—“——and he called on me.”

—o—

MAYHAP?

A little bird sat on a tree
 And hopped from limb to limb,
 And kept his beady eyes on me,
 The while I looked at him.
 I stood and watched him much amused,
 Until a thought occurred,
 That it was very possible that
 'Twas I amused the bird.

—o—

“Did you hear about my roomie kicking in?”

“What? Is he dead?”

“Naw, just pigeon-toed.”

—o—

GONE, BUT NOT FORGIVEN

And now we've razzed our newest fads
 From soup to cigarette,
 We've tried to name the whole darn crew
 Including the girls who pet.
 But there's another fad I name
 In sadder, softer tone,
 She has no doubt passed on for good—
 Our valiant chaperon.

—o—

Whether or not bootlegging is rising or declining, we are quite certain that it's not on the level.

—o—

SHE LOVES SHE!

You are a dear—
 I love each glance.
 I'd love you, too,
 If I had a chance.
 You are pretty,
 And adorable too;
 You little darling,
 I'm glad I'm you!

F. S., '24—"Do the Yale profs. and students get into a fight every day?"

M. C., '24—"Certainly not. The very idea!"

F. S., '24—"Then what about those daily make-ups?"

—o—

F. McD.—"That show made its debut last night."

V. B.—"Debut! Why, I thought it had been engaged for a week!"

—o—

Sing a song of sixpence,
A cellar full of rye;
A cop called the other day,
And now the cellar's dry.

His dog was full of bitey fleas
That made life sad;
But, gee, they couldn't touch the
bunch Sir Galahad.

Mother uses cold cream

Father uses lather

My girl uses powder—

At least, that's what I gather.—Medley

—o—

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If Mendel were a Dash instead of a "Dot."

If Gipp were a Rug instead of a "Mat."

If McNeillie were Highest instead of Lois.

If Craig were Gloomy instead of Mary.

If Frances were a Blacksmith instead of a Frances Smith.

If Dorothy were a Copyright instead of a Patton(t).

If McDonough were a Check instead of a "Bill."

If Stevens were a Frances instead of a Francis.

If Hutchison were a Field instead of a "Lee."

If Levi were a Float instead of a "Bob."

If Carringer were a Coat instead of a Hat(tie).

If Everett were Short instead of Long.

If John were a Village instead of a Borough.

L. G. H., '24

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