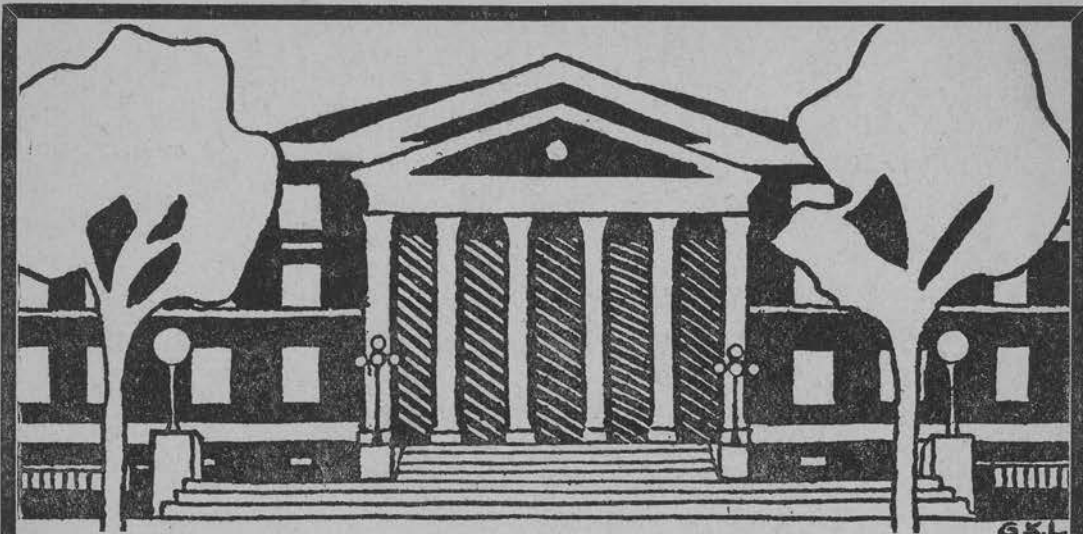


2013



The Crimson and White

Freshman - Sophomore Issue



MARCH, 1924

LIST OF CONTENTS

Editorial	1
Who's Who	2
The High Cost of Societies.....	4
A Letter	5
Good Sportsmanship	5
A New Idea About Music.....	6
Our Sophomore Class	6
The History of a Milnite—Poem.....	7
An Indian Rip Van Winkle—Story.....	9
Betsy Maria's Legacy—Story.....	10
The Pewter Pitcher's Story—Story.....	12
Robin Hood—1924 Model—Play.....	13
Alumni Notes	17
Sigma	18
Dramatic Club	18
French Club	19
Quin	19
Adelphoi	19
School Notes	20
Exchange Department	21
Joke Department	23

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XX

MCRCH 1924

No. 3

Published Every Two Months During the School Year by the Students of
The Milne High School of Albany, New York

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (5 copies) payable in advance----- \$1.00
Single copies ----- .25

BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor-in-Chief

MARY LOUISE CRAIG

Assistant Editor

HELEN HAMBURGER

FRANCES M. SMITH-----	School Editor
LOIS McNEILIE-----	Alumni Editor
MARGARET MANN-----	} Joke Editors
GERTRUDE HALL-----	
HELEN MANSION-----	Exchange Editor
FRANCES McDONOUGH-----	Assistant Exchange Editor
WERNER LIEBICH-----	} Business Managers
MILLIARD NEHEMIAH-----	
EVERETT LONG-----	} Advertising Agents
BESSIE McINTOSH-----	
VERA BUTTON-----	
EDGAR BOWEN-----	



This year instead of having another issue of the "Crimson and White" and then the year book in June, the Board has decided to have just a year book and make it the biggest issue of the year. That means work! Everybody will be asked for a contribution; so be prepared! Beside the regular class will and etc. of the Seniors, there will be stories, essays, jokes and pictures. We expect to beg'n working on it soon, and the topics will be posted on the bulletin board. Watch the bulletin board!

Then the Crimson and White seal is still reposing in its little box. If you really want to be on the Crimson and White Board, now is your time. You remember that the one who gets the most adds wins a place on the Board and the seal. For the last issue the prices are as follows:

1-10 Page	\$ 1.50
1-5 "	3.00
2-5 "	6.00
3-5 "	7.00
4-5 "	12.00
Full "	15.00

If you do not know the divisions of the page, see the business manager.

Yours for the best "Year Book" ever,

THE EDITOR.



WHO'S WHO

The scene is a crowded court, overflowing to the door with pupils and former pupils of the Milne High School. The jury, composed of the Student Council, sit anxiously awaiting the arrival of the prisoner. Hush! the door opens, and a tall, dark individual whom we all recognize as our beloved Professor Sayles enters. He is handcuffed to two prominent officers of the Adelphoi Society.

"Order in the court," thunders the judge, whom we all recognize as an eminent professor of State College. "Order, I say and let the charges against the prisoner be read to the court. Before doing so, I must say that the jury must not be influenced by either the prosecutors, whom we all recognize as the flunked pupils, or by the defendant, but justice must reign supreme.

"A-hem, the charges against the prisoner consist of two very, I say, **very** grave ones. First, he is charged with being fair and just in all his dealings with the students. Second, under his supervision Milne High ranks today foremost in both education and athletics."

"The prosecutors will now take the stand. Hold up your right hands. I said your right hands, not your left. Evidently those two young ladies do not know their right hands from their left."

"These questions I am about to ask you must be answered truthfully. Has the prisoner treated you in a kindly and just manner?"

"Your Honor he has always treated us most kindly and justly."

"Very good. When you flunked, what was the method the prisoner used toward you?"

"We were summoned to appear, and the prisoner read us the by-laws."

"Do you consider the treatment just or unjust?"

"Well, your Honor, considering our marks, we consider it just."

"What was your idea then in causing the prisoner to be brought before the court? The third young man from the end will answer."

"Well, sir, it's like this. If I am permitted to say so, we all think Milne High and Professor Sayles are just right, but you know notoriety travels fast enough for everyone to know what we know, and we don't want them to know what we know."

"You are excused from further questioning."

"The prisoner will now take the stand. Hold up your right hand. Good! That's the way I like a prisoner to look. Have you anything to say in your defense?"

"No sir, I put myself in the hands and on the mercy of the jury."

"Order in the court! The jury will now be excused to deliberate on this sad case. The faculty will now pass lemonade and cake."

"Well, I see we have all been refreshed after this trying ordeal, and the jury is ready to make its report. Mr. Foreman, what is your verdict, guilty or not guilty?"

"Your Honor, we find the prisoner guilty of the charges and as a punishment, we order that his name be placed at the head of Who's Who in the Milne High school."

KATHRYN WILSON

—o—

"Shall I brain him?" cried the Hazer—

And the Victim's courage fled.

"You can't. It is a Freshman,

Just hit him on the head."

THE HIGH COST OF SOCIETIES

Isn't that a dead topic? I think so, and it's awfully hard to write on something you just know is going to be dry. Well, if you expect to be bored to death reading this, I shall endeavor to disappoint you.

Clubs are perfectly lovely things, but, oh! Just as your allowance has come in, and you are planning what nice things you can buy with it, or how many meals it will obtain for you in the Cafeteria, the treasurer of your particular society sees you in the hall between classes, and the following dialogue takes place:

"Oh, just a minute, Eva. I have something to say to you," calls the treasurer.

You then experience a queer, sinking sensation and a great depression of mind, for you know just exactly what is coming.

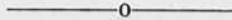
"I regret to say, Eva, that you owe quite a few back dues now, and it is very hard for me to keep accounts when no one will pay what they owe. Can you possibly settle up with me now?" she asks.

"Yes, I can. How much do I owe?" you reply, seeing the picture of that lovely bracelet and some of those lunches receding into the dim and misty distance.

"Oh, not so very much. Not over a dollar and a half," she remarks cheerfully in contradiction of her other statement. "To be exact you owe just one dollar and thirty-five cents, counting fines and so forth."

After you have given her the greater part of your wealth, you rush on to your next class, there to brood upon the high cost of societies until you are harshly awakened from your thoughtful mood by the voice of the teacher saying, "Miss Trask, if you can not pay attention to your lessons, I shall have to send you to Professor Sayles."

T. G.



The farmer in the dell,
 The farmer in the dell,
 Seniors go to heaven,
 But the Juniors go to ———.

Milne High School, Albany, New York,

February 11, 1924

Dear Pat,

You wanted to know about our French Club, didn't you? It was just started this year. Every French student in Milne may belong. We have very interesting programs. Last time we had stunts from each class and after that, refreshments. We always sing some French songs and sometimes play some French records on the Victrola.

Our Dramatic Club is very nice also. Anyone who is interested may belong. The programs have all been different. The last one we had was about the life and writings of the French dramatist, Edmond Rosetand. Another time a kindergarten scene was given, and it was most amusing.

The ones taking part had very short dresses, socks, large hair ribbons, and very cute little lisps. Another time we had to guess characters from books. The one who guessed them all correctly received a box of candy. They were very cleverly done and everyone enjoyed them, even though he did not guess them correctly. The Dramatic Club gave a play, "The Dear Departed," which was very amusing and a great success.

Don't you wish that you could come to Milne? Then you could belong to these clubs and have good times, too.

Lovingly,

ELEANOR WEEBER, '26

—o—

The High School is one of the vital factors in training for citizenship. Good sportsmanship, honor, and loyalty are very essential for good citizenship and success in the business world. Without good sportsmanship a person cannot take defeat well; and, if he does not take defeat well, he will be neither popular nor a good citizen.

Popularity often helps a person to rise in business. When one takes part in school athletics, one will learn to take defeat gracefully. Without honor and loyalty, no one will rise far in the business world. When one takes part in school athletics, one will learn to play fair, and he will always play fair. This tends to make a better citizen. Therefore, a person who is loyal, honorable, and a good sport, will become a good and respected citizen.

ELEANOR WEEBER, '26

A NEW IDEA ABOUT MUSIC

As the school is the home of learning, I think that music should play an important part in the schools. Every high school should have an orchestra composed of all the musical students of that organization. It would broaden the minds of the students and teach them to love and appreciate good music. There ought to be more musical entertainments than the schools have. One entertainment a month would make a great difference and it would give the pupils a chance to display their musical knowledge. The orchestra, singing, violin and piano playing would be presented at these monthly entertainments.

It would draw many people from far and near and would give the people an idea of what was accomplished by the students of the school.

HAROLD HEINMILLER

— 0 —

Our to-days make our to-morrows.

Unity in work is the best motto.

Reading makes a ready man.

Success follows earnest effort.

Only those who work shall be rewarded.

Practice makes perfect.

Hold fast that knowledge which is good.

Our habits may be our worst enemies or they may be our best friends.

Many hands make light work.

One kindness aids another.

Rest not on others but on yourself alone.

Every hour brings its task.

Clear thinking makes clear writing.

Lost opportunities are seldom found again.

A good book is the best teacher.

Silence is a great peacemaker.

Say what you mean, not what you think.

THE HISTORY OF A MILNITE

1. Freshman:

When first I saw a Caesar,
In a Soph-y's hand I spied it.
I'd given forty cents, I would,
To've had a look inside it.
But now, my Freshman year is past;
I've scraped and struggled thru,
And so in spite of accidents,
I'll have a Caesar too.

Chorus—I'll have a Caesar too,
I'll have a Caesar too;
The year is o'er,
I'll scrape no more,
I'll have a Caesar too.

2. Sophomore:

When first I got my Caesar,
To Study Hall I hied it.
I wished I had my forty cents,
As soon's I looked inside it.
But now I know that book by heart,
(At least, I think I do)
Though this year there are many books
Where last year there were few.

Chorus—There are French and Civics too,
History "A" and English II;
But big and small, that is not all:
The other's Latin II.

3. Junior:

When first I was a Junior,
I did not seem to mind it,
But when my brain I needed most
I could not seem to find it.
And so I struggled through the year,
And in Geometry,
I drew such awful figures that
They were a sight to see.

Chorus —But there were good ones too,
But there were good ones too;
Before the year had left me here,
I drew some good ones too.

4. Senior:

I now am called a Senior,
Much work there was behind it;
But let me tell you it was worth
The work I gave to find it.
And now before I close I'd like
To say a word to you:
When you are past your Senior year
You'll be Alumni too.

Chorus —You'll be Alumni too,
(We'll be Alumni too;).
The only thing that you will sing
Is, "We're Alumni too."

5. All:

We've had good times in High School,
While being educated;
And most of us will say that we
Have all been fairly raited.
We've had our arguments in "Bugs";
And in our English one,
We've written poems as amateurs
And had a lot of fun.

Chorus —We've had a lot of fun,
We've had a lot of fun;
We don't regret, we won't forget,
For Milne High we'll run.

DAVID SAUNDERS



LITERATURE



AN INDIAN RIP VAN WINKLE

Just one hundred years ago today the Indian chief, Pain-in-the-Face, staggered out of the settlement of Albany. He went about two miles,—crossed a small creek and had scarcely reached the other side when he became very sleepy. He decided to rest in a cunningly concealed cave. Tomahawk in hand, he slept.

He was awakened by a terrible noise, and leaping to his feet he found it to be coming from a huge, and most bewilderingly, odd bird. Two palefaces climbed out of it. Which should he tomahawk,—the men or the bird? The best thing to do would be to go away from this vicinity of magic. He slunk away deciding to visit Albany for another drink of “firewater.” He was in the act of crossing the same small stream when his hair rose on his head. With a blood curdling scream and horrible sounds in an unknown tongue, a large, black thing was rolling toward him. It turned back near the stream and continued at the side of it. The “thing” had not seen him! Now that he had a chance to see it through less frightened eyes, Pain-in-the-Face decided it was pulling a string of heavy wagons containing black lumps. In these, too, men could be seen. On it went and was soon out of sight. On he went also, for curiosity overcoming fear, he declared he would follow. Around the bend he found that the trail of yesterday had been changed miraculously and become a hard, even road. Pain-in-the-Face started along it although he could not imagine how it had come there. Trained to stealth, he quietly approached the settlement when faraway in a cleared field he saw several large, white tents. Perhaps firewater was sold there. As he drew near, he heard enchanting music apparently coming from the largest tent. He did not know that this was Barnum and Bailey’s circus. How should he? He did not know that he had slept one hundred years. How could he? And he did not know that the very tent he was approaching was the dime show of cowboys and Indians, but it was. Pain-in-the-Face had to do a great bit of manouvering to escape the crowds of people who to him were dressed in the oddest

fashion. Finally he found himself where he desired to be. He looked about him. A copper colored gentleman dressed in Indian fashion with shifty eyes arose and said in anything but a polite tone, "Say! Where'd you come from?"

"Ugh!!" Grunted the chief.

"Ugh!!" mocked a cowboy.

"I buy some firewater?" Inquired the chief stolidly.

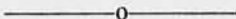
"Wh-what?"

"What is the row about?" exclaimed a new voice, and the manager strode into the tent.

"This thing—He wants to buy some firewater."

The end of it was that Pain-in-the-Face condescended to lose his dignity to such an extent that he agreed to sit in that same stuffy tent on circus days. In return he was to be allowed to eat all the good things the circus has to sell and receive his meals for his pains.

JEAN GILLESPIE



BETSY MARIA'S LEGACY

The two sisters, Betsy Maria and Kate, sat in their small home on the outskirts of the village of Delmar. Kate was striving to be a singer, and Betsy Maria was studying painting in hopes that some day she would become an artist. Their parents had died several years before, leaving the two poor orphans to earn their own living.

It was seven o'clock in the morning. The two girls had just finished their scanty breakfast. Betsy had a sorrowful face, as she picked up the dishes. Kate was bending over an old coat which she was trying to mend to wear that morning.

"Oh, dear," sighed Kate, "I think it's a shame the way we have to scrape along while that rich aunt of ours in Utica is just rolling in money, and all because of a little family quarrel between father and her. It's a pity the way we have to live. I'd like to tell her so, too!"

"Never mind Kate, dear," Betsy said in her soft voice, "We'll try and get along the very best that we can."

"Yes, but don't you see it's like this——"

Just then the postman came to the door. Kate rushed out and found a letter. "From whom can it possibly be?" exclaimed Kate tearing open the envelope and hastily scanning the contents. "Why, it's from Aunt Betsy Maria's lawyer. He says that she's dead, and

that we are to be present at the reading of the will. She must have remembered us. That means that our hard days are over."

They immediately prepared for the journey and left on the first train for Utica, arriving there late that afternoon.

When they reached the home of their late aunt, the maid met them at the door. After resting and eating their supper, they were ushered into the library, where their relatives were seated.

As they were the last to arrive, the lawyer broke the seal of the will. Their names headed the list. Kate was left the poll-parrot, and Betsy Maria an old fashioned silk dress. The two girls waited breathlessly while the rest of the will was read. All the other relatives were each left a large sum of money. After the lawyer had finished, Kate rose quickly and asked him if he were sure that was all their aunt had left them. "Seemingly it is," he replied, "for there are no other written papers."

Kate walked out of the room with her head high in the air, and Betsy followed close behind her. When they reached the hall, Betsy's arm fell lovingly about Kate's shoulders, and she said, "Never mind dear. I know it's a great disappointment to you, but we'll have to make the best of it."

"Well, I think it's a shame she couldn't leave her namesake any more than an old silk dress. You certainly deserve something for having such a name all your life. If I had been in her place, I would have been ashamed of myself."

"Oh, come, Kate, auntie saw fit to do as she did, and all your talking won't help one bit."

The two girls left for Delmar on the first train. Kate carried the parrot in a basket. She took it home more as a joke than anything else. Betsy carried the old silk dress in a worn handbag.

They were down-hearted girls not knowing what the future would bring.

Two years later we find them in the same house. They were counting their last pennies.

Betsy Maria, as her clothes were faded and old, brought the old silk dress out of the trunk in the corner of the room. It had not been touched since their arrival from Utica. As she walked to where Kate was sitting, she said in a dejected manner, "Well perhaps I can make it over, so I can wear it. Everything else is worn out."

In ripping the dress apart she found, concealed in the lining, a bond valued at ten thousand dollars.

"Oh," exclaimed Kate, "What a blessing."

"Auntie wasn't so bad after all," said Betsy, as they fell in each other's arms and wept for joy.

FLORENCE MEAD

THE PEWTER PITCHER'S STORY

On our dining-room mantel stands an old pewter pitcher that belonged to one of my grandmothers in Revolutionary times. Except for a deep dent in one side the pitcher looks very ordinary.

I was looking at it one day, when the light of the setting sun poured through the western windows, making the luster wave on the mantel twinkle brilliantly and turning even the pewter a dull red.

"I wonder," I said, "how that dent got in the pitcher."

"I'll tell you," said a voice, "I was made in Boston by one of Paul Revere's apprentice boys. My owner bought me for a few shillings on one of his trips to Boston from his farm near Northboro.

"Mistress Wood liked me very much, and was careful not to let me get in harm's way, for I had a fine figure.

"Times were exciting then, and I heard all about what was happening, talked over by my owner and his father who had both fought at Lexington, for Captain Abraham Wood was clerk of his company of Minute Men and nothing in his section had happened without his knowledge.

"One day, the fifteenth of June, 1775, I fell from my shelf to the floor. As I fell, I hit the edge of a great stone crock, and that was how the dent came to be in my side.

"Mistress Wood turned from her cooking and picked me up. She saw the dent, however, and instead of putting me in my accustomed place, she put me behind a large crock.

"The next day, as she was spinning, there came a fearful knock at the door. Mistress Wood jumped up and opened it. A man stood there asking for her husband. 'We Rebels are fortifying Breed's Hill,' he said, 'and we need all the men and all the extra bullets we can get. There is a grave lack of ammunition. Captain Wood must be at the meeting place at four in the morning.'

Mistress Wood shut the door and sat down. I had never seen her so white. Finally she said to herself, "They need bullets; well, we can eat from horn spoons for a time. I must go to the west clearing for Abraham.'

“Soon they both came in for supper, and Captain Wood immediately decided that he would not need the large outfit his wife had provided for him.

“Mistress Wood gathered together all of her cherished pewter but, whether she forgot me entirely, or could not remember where she had put me, I cannot say. Certain it is, that I was forgotten, and all that evening I watched her melt her precious pewter, and pour it into ancient bullet-moulds made of soapstone.

“The picture she made, with her flushed face, her soiled apron, and her smudged cap, was not at all ludicrous. On the contrary, with the firelight playing over her she appeared the embodiment of the Revolutionary wives, self-sacrificing, capable and brave.

“No one found me for three days, and then it was too late for the bullets I would make to do any good.

“So that is how this dent saved me.

“I had few other exciting things happen to me until—”

The door opened and the pitcher stopped speaking.

ALICIA HILDRETH ANDREWS

ROBIN HOOD—1924 MODEL

Act I—Scene I

Place—A lonely road near Schroon River.

Time—The afternoon of August fifteenth.

Robin Hood—(to a band of men)—“And now that our road is barricaded, men, we shall await the Profiteer’s coming. To your trees, men, and Allan Adale, Miller and I capture him. Here he comes.”

They all vanish. A Pierce Arrow comes down the road carrying its owner and his chauffeur. Allan Adale jumps from tree to middle of two-rutted, sandy road. The road is so narrow that cars can not pass each other. On one side is a hill and on the other a drop to the Schroon River.

“And now, fine fellow, you are ours! Get you down from your Piercing Arrow and follow us.”

Profiteer (nervously)—“Oh! A hold-up! Hurry, Thomas, d——”

Robin Hood (who has come up with Miller)—“D——on’t drive on—our road is barricaded. Hasten back to Warrensburg and when the police get here we are gone!”

He opens the door of the limousine and pulls forth the Profiteer, Esq.

Profiteer—"Thomas, back up to that last farmhouse, then go to Warrensburg, and bring the policemen. Scour these woods for me. you will all be well rewarded."

Thomas obeys.

Robin Hood and some other men bind their captive and lead him across the bridge up a hill toward a stream. They follow the water toward a lake.

Scene II

A campfire that evening on a lake shore

Profiteer (angrily)—"Where are the policemen? Where is Thomas?"

Robin Hood—"Not here, to be sure—neither will they be here. Put some more wood on the fire honorable sir."

Profiteer—"Me put wood on the fire? Why?"

Robin Hood—"Either do it or eat no more bacon. You suffered many people to do the latter last winter because you priced the coal so high. You are going to stay with us at least a year and learn how it is to be cold, to go without meals and clothing. People all over the country either froze last winter or went without food to pay your price for coal."

Profiteer—"Coal wasn't expensive last year."

Robin Hood—"No, not to you, but to the poor, yes. You either fish or go without food; chop wood or go without fire, cut ice or go without venison next summer."

Profiteer (sneeringly)—"But Thomas and the police will come soon."

Robin Hood—"Wait and see. Our lake is well hidden."

Act II—Scene I

Place—A lake in the woods on which the Profiteer is fishing

Time—The afternoon of September 20

Profiteer (to himself)—"That man Robin Hood said, 'Fish or go hungry.' I'll see about fishing. I'll show him! That bay over there looks quiet. I'll row over and read."

He rows over, drops anchor, and reads until sunset. Then he starts up.

"Oo! it's cold here. I guess I'll row back to camp, supper must be ready now."

Scene II

Profiteer alighting from boat

The Profiteer alights from boat.

Allan Adale (running to meet boat)—“Hi there! Hand over the noble fish for supper!”

Profiteer—“Fish! I have no fish!”

Allan Adale—“Tell that to Robin Hood!”

They go to the fire where men are cooking other fish.

Robin Hood—“Where are your fish Newman?”

Profiteer—“Fish! I didn’t catch any!”

Robin Hood—“Then no supper tonight. Those who don’t work don’t eat. Go and sit on yonder stump until we finish.”

Profiteer—“But I haven’t eaten since noon—”

Robin Hood—“Neither will you eat till morn.”

Profiteer sits on stump and shivers. He can only smell the fish cooking.

Scene III

Profiteer is cutting ice on the lake on a cold December day.

Profiteer (in soliloquy)—“My! but it’s cold. I guess I’ll have to cut ice, but just out of spite I’d love to be idle all day. I would if it weren’t so cold. I can see how families couldn’t afford my coal last year and how they froze when they didn’t have it. I’d like to be in my New York apartment now instead of freezing up here. Three blasts! Supper must be ready. I guess we’ll have that pick-erel that I caught thru the ice this morning.”

Scene IV

June morning. Allan Adale and the Former Profiteer picking strawberries.

Allan Adale—“My! did you ever taste anything better than these berries? I’ll not have many to take to the camp if I don’t stop eating of them.”

Former Profiteer—“No, nothing better, and say—what’s that bird?”

Allan Adale—“A scarlet tanager. Isn’t it beautiful?”

Former Profiteer—“It’s the most beautiful thing I’ve seen since I’ve been here. Allan, why is it I enjoy life here so much? I know;

I'm with honest men and not the rogues I've associated with all my life."

Allan Adale—"I'm glad, friend, to hear that. Robin Hood will be paid for his trouble. Now it is dinner time."

Former Profiteer—"Oh, venison too! I'm mighty glad I slaved all December to help cut that ice. If we hadn't where would our food be now? Robin Hood's right when he says no man who doesn't work may eat."

Act III—Scene I

Former Profiteer is leaving in the early morning of August 15th

Robin Hood—"And now, friend, do you remember August fifteenth last year?"

Former Profiteer—"I most certainly do. It was the luckiest day of my life! I think a lot of the man who measured out the punishment I have had. Now I must take leave if I am to arrive in time to see the sunset from Lake George. Goodbye. I thought I could never wait for this day and now I leave with reluctance."

Robin Hood and his men—"Au Revoir."

Scene II

A campfire near the lake in the evening of August 22nd

Robin Hood (to Allan)—"I rather miss that old fellow. He was almost decent with the conceit taken out of him. Allan, I feel as tho some one were near this ——"

Former Profiteer (jumping from tree)—"Right you are Robin Hood. My house is sold; my goods are stored; my fortune is ours. Lucky I'm a bachelor."

MARION RUTH WALLACE

—o—

Little Willie, full of fun,
Hid one time in a three inch gun.
The Fourth it was; and sad to say,
Willie came down in the form of spray.

ALUMNI

De Witt Clinton Zeh, '23, president of last year's graduating class, entered State College in January.

Dorothea George, Vassar and Marian Bardene, Smith, both of '23, visited Milne on December 19th.

Dorothy Robinson, Simmons, also of the class of '23 was at Milne December 17th.

Elizabeth Friend, '23, Sargent, visited Milne just before Christmas vacation.

Hugh McKeon, '23, is doing Post-graduate work at Albany high.

Edwin Cramer, '23, was married in November to Lueretia Smith.

Arthur Milliman, ex-'23, is attending Tome School in Baltimore.

Charles Congdon, ex-'23, is at Wesleyan University.

Emma Mulholland, ex-'23, is a stenographer for the New York Central.

Gladys Hutchison, '23, is president of the freshman class at Albany Law school.

Newell Post, ex-'22, is a freshman at the University of Oregon.

Dick Cahoon, '22, is with the Kelly-Springfield company in Los Angeles.

Jessie Filmer, '22, is with the Lincoln Motor company.

Velma Resily, '22, is with the Watervliet Tool company.

Walter Liebich, '22, is attending Albany Business college.

Thomas Cantwell, '20, is playing center on the Wesleyan basketball team.

Dorothy Hamburger, '21, is studying at Columbia.

Muriel Daggit, '20, is a member of the graduating class of State college.

Earl Mattice, '19, is attending West Point and is an honor student there.

Millicent Burhans, '19, is teaching at Wappingers Falls.

Carol Travers, '17, is teaching in Yonkers.

Gladys Rowe, ex-'25 is at Saranae lake.

George O'Connor, ex-'25, is at C. B. A.

Marian Dennison, ex-'22, is with Johnston-Lendsley.

Maizie Buchmaster, ex-'21, was married in March 1923 to Chauncey Seares, ex-'20.

Donald Booth, ex-'19, is at West Point.

Edith Paine, ex-'24, is with the International Harvester company.



SIGMA NOTES

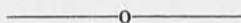
Sigma has been having good meetings of late. The following are Sigma's officers for the last semester.

President	Helen Mansion
Vice President	Emma Jones
Treasurer	Lois McNellie
Secretary	Gertrude Hall
Critic	Frances Smith
Mistress of Ceremonies	Mary Craig
Marshall	Carolyn Hohman

We hope that the freshmen have survived their initiation. It can truly be said that all the old Sigma members enjoyed the initiation.

Sigma is looking forward to a promising season with her some twenty new members.

F. S.



DRAMATIC CLUB

On January 8th, our first attempt at production of the year, "The Dear Departed" was presented in the auditorium. This humorous little play through the efforts of Miss Shafer and the cast met with great success and encouraged us to aspire to greater achievements.

What we are planning now will take your breath away. A real vaudeville show! Yes, a play and dancing, moving pictures, tableaux, comedians, acrobats, magic, candy, 'n everything. This will include everybody in the club, freshmen, sophomores and all. And absolutely free, too! The date is March 20th. Bring all your friends and come. There's room for all. Don't miss it!

L. G. H., '24

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

The French club has had some very entertaining meetings of late. Mr. Heimiller favored us with a few selections on the piano. A saxophone duet was also enjoyed. Several amusing plays have been put across by the various French classes. Many interesting meetings will be held in the near future.

W. G. P. S.

**QUIN NOTES**

Quin has been very active the past two months. Elections of officers took place for the new term.

President	Margaret Seir
Vice President	Bessie McIntosh
Recording Secretary	Margaret Mann
Corresponding Secretary	Eleanor Stephenson
Treasurer	Vera Button
Senior Editor	Lenore Hutchison
Critic	Marion Conklin
Marshall	Beth Root
Mistress of Ceremonies	Doris Clarke
Pianist	Vera Washington

Many new freshmen were elected into Quin, both they and the upper classmen were recently initiated, followed by the usual spread.

M. M.

**ADELPHOI**

Adelphoi will hold another initiation in the near future. Sometime in early March we will have a theatre party for members and Alumni. Next meeting several recitations will be given by some of the members. Previous to the mid-year we had two very interesting literary meetings. Both of these featured a debate. More debates will be planned later.



SCHOOL NOTES

Leaves From a Diary of a Milinite

Dec. 19.—Vacation started! We all enjoyed the various Christmas entertainments we had that day.

Dec. 19 to Jan. 3.—We all enjoyed our vacation.

Jan. 3.—Back to work (as hard as ever).

Jan. 30.—A sad day for our mid-years began.

Jan. 31.—More mid-years.

Feb. 1.—Still more mid-years.

Feb. 4.—At last our mid-years have ended and we have settled down to regular work again.

Feb. 8.—Milne's victory over Altamont with a score of 34 to 27.

Feb. 11.—Still a sadder day because we received the results of our mid-years. (We hope that everyone's was as good as our one).

Feb. 15.—Hurrah for Milne! Our team has won another game with a score of 27 to 21, against Alco.

Feb. 22.—Another day off!

F. M. S.

— 0 —

FRESHIES

The sophs and seniors think they're so much!
 They won't even look at us freshies and such;
 But as sure as you live, there'll come a day,
 When 'twill be quite the other way;
 And then us freshies, we'll be all the rush.

Those sophs and seniors think they're so smart,
 Advice they've oft given us how to start;
 Their words fall fast and sure as rain,
 But they give us freshies such a pain,
 Ne'er, ne'er will we listen to them again.—Ex.



Since the last issue of the "Crimson and White" went to press, we have received several new exchanges. They include the "Spy," the "Blast," the "Torch," the "Montrose High School Life," and the "Eloguge." We feel very pleased to add them to our growing list of exchanges.

Red and Black, Locust Valley, Long Island

Your magazine is complete and interesting. Our envy and wonder is excited by three things. Your excellent school notes, your excellent alumni notes and your honest exchange editor.

Cue, Albany Academy

The December Cue is distinguished chiefly by its good looking cover, and interesting, but extremely candid society notes. Your jokes are neither too many nor too few, but why rely on your exchanges to furnish you with them?

Opinator, Kingston, Penna.

In commenting on your paper, we wish to say that your literary department is much too short, although the cuts throughout your magazine are extremely attractive.

The Torch, Briareliff Manor High School

Considering your large staff on the "Torch," your book ought to have more material. On the whole it is very neat. Where did your exchange department disappear?

THE CRIMSON AND WHITE**The Review, Lowell High School**

Your magazine would be greatly improved if all advertisements were kept in one place. However the comic section is very good.

Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.

"The Panorama" is an interesting, well written, highly original publication. We should like to ask, however, why you fill in all available space with exchange jokes?

Montrose High School Life, Montrose H. S.

"The Good Old Game," was a very interesting and instructive article. We suggest that you enlarge all your departments.

The Oracle, Gloversville, N. Y.

A great many stories, and your very complete school notes make your magazine very interesting.

Elogue, —————

Your jokes are original, which certainly adds to any paper.

The Voice of South High, Peoria, Ill.

The paper though small is quite good. Why not include comments on other school magazines in your exchange department?

Blast, Warsaw

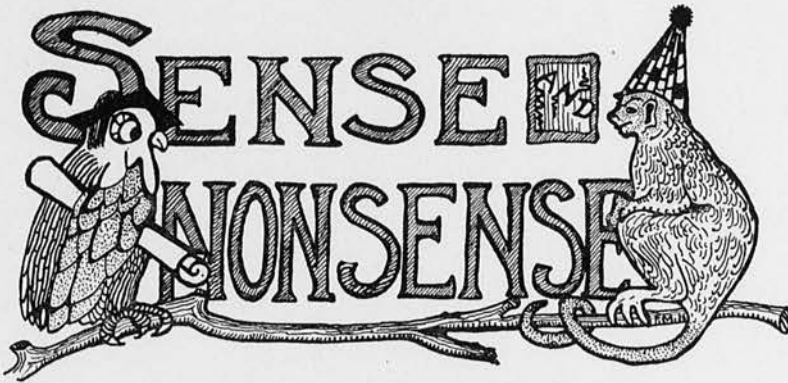
Interesting and quite complete throughout. We should now like to make our ever recurrent request for more jokes.

Spy, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

A neat, well arranged paper. We especially liked the poem, "To My English Teacher."

The Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Mass.

A commonplace cover gives a mediocre effect to a magazine not in the least commonplace. Spreading advertising matter throughout the literary department does not tend to increase the neatness of your magazine, but it is a very good plan to make the student read the advertisements.



RULES FOR FRESHMEN

Specially Prepared after Great Efforts

1. When you first enter, chase around the building for your teacher. She will seat you immediately.
 2. Your lessons are written on the scenery around the room. Be sure never to take your eyes off the walls.
 3. The greatest honor bestowed on any girl is to receive pink cards. Do not be satisfied with one; demand more.
 4. Go up all the down exits and go down all the up exits; you will surely get to the room you wish.
 5. Never come to school on test days. Questions will be sent to you specially prepared.
 6. Use all the cosmetics available. Try to get as much as you can to put on. Teachers recommend Three Flowers.
 7. The school provides banners for all those whose hands cannot reach into the teacher's face. You will surely get attention by doing this. But how?
 8. Never go to the Lunch Room; order your luncheons sent up. Don't stand for any other treatment but this.
 9. Take all the time you want in getting to your class and seating yourself; teachers are specially provided to wait for you.
 10. Honor marks are obtainable by keeping your books on the desk to copy from. You will certainly win the teacher's admiration for your cleverness and nerve.
- Do not fail to take heed of these rules. Your school careers will depend upon them.—Ex.



IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

Barber—"You look talented."

Frosh—"That's why I want my hair cut."

W. V. A., '24—"The German marks are very low."

W. McI., '24—"They're no lower than mine."

L. H., '24—"What is play?"

L. McN., '24—"A very important business that school inter-rupts."

"GRIN'S FAIRY TALES"

"Just open your mouth; it won't hurt a bit."

"Plenty of room inside."

"Glad to see you."

"Too busy to write."

"Prohibition."

"The honest dollar."

"The line is busy."

"To love, honor and obey."

"The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Breathes there a maid with soul so dead,

Who never to her man hath said—

"When do we eat?"

She—"It's very good of you to ask me to this dance."

He—"Don't mention it—it's a charity ball."

—o—

Ranger—"I'll give you ten to get away from here."

Stranger—"Show me the money!"

—o—

Father—"Your conversation is exactly like the musical scale."

H. H., '25—"Musical scale, father?"

Father—"Yes! You start with dough and you finish with dough!"

—o—

Bolski—"Wanna go on a sleighing party?"

Viki—"Who are we gonna slay?"

—o—

"Hey, waiter! There's a piece of steel in this bacon. What's the matter?"

"Dunno. Must be a razor-backed hog."

—o—

Here lies the remains
Of Augustus McLord,
His chest was no match
For a bally ol' Ford.

—o—

E. L., '24—"You looked so absent-minded when I spoke to you this morning."

M. L., '24—"I was probably all wrapped-up in thought."

E. L., '24—"It's a wonder you didn't take cold."

—o—

A little bee sat on a tree
And then he sat on me, o. g.

—o—

She—"What makes you think Jones is tired of his wife?"

He—"Sign on front of his house says 'Honey for Sale.'"

—o—

W. L., '24 (over the phone)—"What time are you expecting me?"

A. R., '24—"I'm not expecting you at all."

W. L., '24—"Then I'll surprise you."

—o—

Dumbs—"Oh, Hell!"

Dumber—"That reminds me, I've got to go home."

M. G., '24—"What's that fellow they are bouncing out of the door?"

C. R., '24—"That's my cousin—twice removed."

Visitor—"What does the chaplain do here?"

Frosh—"Oh, he gets up and looks over the student body and then prays for the college."

Frosh—"Sa funny thing, but when water freezes it always freezes with the slippery side up."

'24—"I wish to ask a question concerning a tragedy."

Prof.—"Well?"

'24—"What's my grade?"

H. H., '25—"Can you tell me how to translate this French?"

H. M., '24—"I could, but do you think it would be right?"

H. H., '25—"Probably not; but take a try at it and see how it sounds, anyway."

"Those eggs you sent me were very ripe."

"How do you know that?" asked the grocer.

"A little bird told me."

We learn that Countess Bigin Circumference who has wasted away to a mere two hundred and eighty-seven pounds, has a fine saddle horse, named Opinion.

We wish to be allowed to remark that her Opinion carries a lot of weight.

History Prof.—"And when Lord Chesterfield saw that death was near, he gathered all his friends around him. But before he breathed his last he uttered those last immortal words. Who can tell me what the dying words of Lord Chesterfield were?"

Class (in chorus)—"They satisfy!"

Instructor—"Do we import any raw material from France?"

Wit (a la critic)—"Only plays."

He—"I could dance this way forever!"

She—"Oh, no; you're bound to improve."

Little Known Sayings of Well Known People

"You must have had that a million times in Caesar."

"I never saw such a stupid class."

"This study-hall is not a tea-room."

"Girls, girls! If you can't stop talking in here perhaps you would like to chat with Mr. Sayles."

"Just open your mouth; it won't hurt a bit to have that tooth filled."

"Plenty of room inside."

"Too busy to write."

"The line is busy."

"It hasn't changed a bit from line 5."

—o—

I

A Soph stood on the railroad track,
A train was coming fast,
The Soph got off the railroad track
To let the train go past.

II

A Senior stood on a railroad track,
A train was coming fast;
The train got off the railroad track
To let the Senior pass.

—o—

Miss Rice (in English class)—"Hurry and copy this assignment and then I'll send you to a warmer place."

—o—

Here lies Henry Wallace Smoot,
His humor never failed,
Until he called a Roebuck suit
A first class coat of mail.

"Were you afraid to ask your father for money?"

"No, I was calm and collected."

—o—

Late Runner—"Did you take my time?"

Coach—"Didn't have to; you took it yourself."

—o—

Per—"She was born with a silver spoon in her mouth."

Haps—"Rather looks as if it had been a ladle."

Slow—"My home town is acknowledged to be the best laid out city in the state."

Fast—"It ought to be; it's been dead forty years."

—o—

Mah—"So she handed you the bull, did she?"

Jongg—"No, just gave me a bum steer."

Boulevard Dairy Co.

INCORPORATED

PASTEURIZED ALBANY COUNTY MILK BUTTER, EGGS
and BUTTERMILK

Phone West 1314

Oak and Third Streets

Boyce & Milwain

Clothing

Hats, Furnishings, Trunks
and Leather Goods

66-68 State St. Albany, N. Y.

A Complete Line of Ladies, Gent's and
Children's Umbrellas Carried in Stock
at Reasonable Prices

Huff Umbrella Store

Umbrellas Made to Order
Repaired and Recovered

282 Central Ave., Albany
Below Colonial Theatre

Compliments of

F. GOLDRING

Wholesale
Florist

Slingerlands, N. Y.

Just to remind you that—

BABBITT & COMPANY

Feature Young Men's Styles in Popular Priced Clothing

See Our Windows

67 NORTH PEARL STREET

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Everything in Sport Goods

Brief Cases

Luggage

Auto Supplies

Alling Rubber Company

451-453 Broadway, Albany

Albany Auto Supply Co., Inc.

145 Central Ave. Albany

Phone West 1616

SPORTING GOODS

Radio Supplies Auto Accessories

Open Evenings

Gould Battery Service Station

BATTERIES REPAIRED, RECHARGED
AND EXCHANGED

Radio Supplies

313 1-2 Central Ave.

Phone West 3711-R

Open Evenings

J. H. Baker

Mildred Elley School

The Model School

Shorthand Spelling

Typewriting Letter Writing

Send for Circular

245 Quail St. Phone West 1694

Albany, N. Y.

Our Advertisers

Help Us

Your Patronage Will

Help Them

Compliments of

Quintilian Literary Society

Albany Telegram Company

COMMERCIAL PRINTING DEPARTMENT

5 VAN TROMP ST.



PHONE, MAIN 260

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Compliments of
ADELPHOI

Gifts That Last
MARSTON & SEAMAN
Jewelers
ALBANY, N. Y.

COMMERCIAL PRINTERY
24 Beaver Street
Albany, N. Y.
Printing and Engraving
Programs and Dance Orders

CONRAD HEYES
College
Barber

82 Robin St. Albany, N. Y.

“Co - op”
for
Supplies and Milne High
Banners

ALBANY ART UNION

“Distinctive Photography”

Special School Rates for Individual Pictures of the Class
or in Group Pictures

WE GUARANTEE THE BEST SERVICE, THE FINEST QUALITY
AND PROMPT ATTENTION

Telephone Main 991

Please mention “The Crimson and White”

ALBANY HARDWARE & IRON CO.

Complete Sporting Equipment

BASKET BALL GYM SUPPLIES SWEATERS UNIFORMS
PENNANTS BANNERS PRIZE CUPS

39-43 State Street

Albany, N. Y.

27½ Steuben St.  Albany, N. Y.

Engraving : Type Printing
Imported Stationery
Easter Cards

Albany Motorcycle Co.

Harley - Davidson
Motorcycles

224 Central Ave. Albany, N. Y.
Phone West 1071-J

E. A. BEAUMONT CO.

71 STATE STREET

BOSTONIAN OXFORDS

For Young Men

\$8.50

John T. Johnson

TAILOR

35 Maiden Lane, Albany

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Senior Class

Ben V. Smith

EYE GLASSES

OPTEMETRIST

OPTICIAN

50 No. Pearl Street
Albany

356 Broadway
Troy

454 State Street
Schenectady

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

"Say it with Flowers"
ARKAY FLORIST

Floral Designs
Decorations

Phone Main 4439

15 South Pearl Street

Arthur E. Craig

Rensselaer, N. Y.

Quality
Groceries and Provisions

Fresh Dressed Poultry
a Specialty

G. WILEY & BRO.

Dealers in

Fresh and Salt Meat

348 State St., Cor. Lark
Telephone 544-543

State College Cafeteria

SPECIAL LUNCHEON

35c

Hours: 11:15 to 1:15

H. E. STAHLER

299 Central Ave.

Leading Confectionery and
Ice Cream Parlor

Whipped Cream served on all specials
No extra charge

New York State National Bank

ALBANY, N. Y.

Every Banking Convenience

Your Account Solicited

Steefel Says:

Correct

Clothes For Every Occasion

Clothing Hats Shoes Haberdashery

Smart Togs For Girls, too

STEEFEL BROTHERS

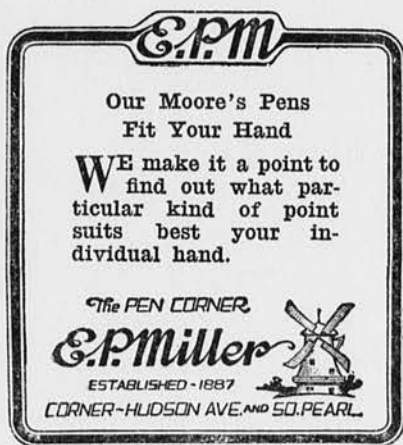
STATE STREET

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Fearey's

for

Shoes



COMPLIMENTS OF

Zeta Sigma

QUAYLE & SON, Inc.

Albany, N. Y.

Steel Engravers to American
Universities

Graduation Invitations Class Jewelry
Personal Cards

*It is a mark of distinction to use
merchandise marked "Quayle"*

Samples of Wedding Stationary Upon Request
Proper Styles, Correct Forms, Moderate Cost

Compliments of

Empire Engraving Co.

10 Beaver Street

Thomas J. Hurley Est.

OUTFITTERS FOR ALL OUTDOOR AND INDOOR
SPORTS AND PASTIMES

22 Green Street

Albany, N. Y.

Please mention "The Crimson and White"

Educates for Business Efficiency

Provides Attractive Positions

Albany Business College

Bookkeeping Accounting
Stenographic Secretarial Civil Service

Trains Ambitious Young Men and Women Quickly and Economically for Independence and Advancement in Executive and Secretarial Positions

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS

Carnell & Hoit

Albany, N. Y.

83 NORTH PEARL STREET

This Woman Believed in Savings Banks

A recent letter in our mail from a western city inquiring about an account of a deceased woman revealed the fact that she had 110 accounts in different savings banks throughout the country. Her faith in Savings Banks was well founded.

Present Interest Rate $4\frac{1}{2}$ Per Cent per Annum

Assets over \$22,000,000

City Savings Bank

100 State St, Albany, N. Y.

WILLIAM S. HACKETT
President

FRANK H. WILLIAMS
Treasurer