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CRIMSON AND WHITE

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL FACULTY

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THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Volume XXVII

APRIL, 1931

Number III

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Cut — Elizabeth Woodin

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Published Four Times a Year by the Students of the Milne High School
of Albany, New York

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year (4 numbers) payable in advance.....\$1.00

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INTROSPECTION

When I try to realize just what good I'm doing by being here, it's quite difficult. Don't think I'm trying to indulge in self pity, but have I been of any advantage? I have neither done anything which should make anyone proud of me, nor do I consider myself capable of distinguishing myself in the future.

I alone can do nothing toward the betterment of conditions, yet I suppose if I am a good American citizen I am helping a little. It seems to be the idea that if I keep myself neat, I am bettering the environment or if I am covered with filth, I am degrading it. Thus, as a responsibility toward citizenship, I should try to influence others by my appearance. This same solution is applicable to honesty, attitude and divers personal characteristics. If I should possess all these fine traits, there still would be something lacking. Nine times out of ten I should feel uninfluential. Here is where I'd like to exert some responsibility. Help others! I don't wish to become a distinguished person so that I will have many persons willing to follow my advice or to yield to my philosophy, but I should like to become one of those people whom I wish to aid in bettering themselves as citizens. To have others understand me not as an idol, but as a reliable friend is one of my ideals. If this were the case, I should try all the more to overcome my deficiencies and to build up a strong character. Then, too, a good citizen strives to become well-educated, well-mannered and fraternal. Our nature finds one of its great and enduring satisfactions in brotherhood. Brotherhood may rest on any number of foundations for example, economic interest, political relationship, or the claims of culture or racial ambitions.

To better conditions is a very difficult task unless each and every person carries on his individual share of the work. His usefulness to himself and others will term him a "good American."

R. R.



The Student Council Speaks

In order to receive any commendation or encouragement in any undertaking, too much unnecessary advertising is done. The Student Council, in the belief of the student body, has done little in actually governing the school. The Council presents for your enlightenment a brief resume of its work.

At the beginning of the year, the traffic problem was a serious obstacle, but members of the governing body have untangled this affair. The entire management of the Q. T. S. A. lies in the hands of the Council, while ushers for the Christmas Plays were Council members. Conduct of Milne students in certain parts of the college has warranted a complaint from State's Campus Commission, but the organization accepted authority in the matter of keeping the cafeteria and annex livable. Weekly meetings with the Council's Senior Advisor, Mr. Sayles, and talks in chapel by Council members enable both the students and the Council to keep informed concerning vital interests.

Conduct in Milne Hall is the project of the students, but the Milne Student Council guarantees complete and rapid measures in governing the members of Milne High School who violate regulations.

E. H. C., *Secretary*

The Student Body of Milne High School appreciates the efforts of the Cafeteria Management in giving us a clean, wholesome place in which to eat. We want to pledge our cooperation to "The Better Campus Committee" in keeping both the Cafeteria and Annex as they should be.

FENTON GAGE

BETTY CHAPMAN

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ARTHUR BRUMAGHIM

Advertising Mgr.

ROGER TOWNE

Advertising Mgr.



LITERATURE



ON A DIRTY BRITISH COASTER

I am a member of the crew of this here dirty British coaster. The cap'n is a good man, but it is the first mate who gets us all bawled up in our tasks.

Y'see, he always has a grudge against us and is ready to squeal to the cap'n about any little incident what ain't "just so." The first mate, Renelli we call 'im, is a good friend of the cap'n's who always believes 'im, and now the cap'n hisself always asks the advice of Renelli.

"Hey ya lubbers! Git moovin' there!"

That's Renelli. He enjoys bossin' us but he doesn't enjoy life today. He got into a scrap over at the "Salt Bay Inn" last night, and now he's takin' it out on us. Y'see, after the scrap he was afraid he'd get in Dutch again so we hurried and finished loadin' ship any old way at all and beat it quick from harbor. Here we are on the water shiftin' and arrangin' the cargo which is a very ticklish job.

This old tub ain't such a good one to work on either. It's liable to sink in any little storm. Why, we're all loaded with Tyne coal, road-rails, pig-lead, firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays. In these mad March days it won't take much to send this rig with all on board to old Davey Jones. Just look at that old salt-caked smoke stack ready to flop over and this dirty deck, and blow me down if the ship ain't got half a dozen plugs in the bottom to keep us from sinkin'.

An' the pay ain't so big either. Just look at my clothes. I got everything I own on me except a couple of old bandanas. These old pants was made of sail-cloth I found. This jacket I bought on one o' m' voyages when a fellow sailor died. Y'see, soon as someone dies, the cap'n or the first mate c'n sell his clothes if there ain't anyone back home who claims 'em. Look at these boots, all cracked an' worn out. Then Renelli wonders why we want more pay! He's always a-callin' someone or bawlin' ya out. It's a wonder he ain't lookin' fer me now.

"Hey Brent, where in the blazes are ya?"

See? I told ya. I'd better go now.

THEODORE MATES, '33

THE MYSTERY OF THE VILLAGE BELLE

The somnolent village of Shinhopple lies sequestered in a beautiful valley of the Shawangunk mountains. At noontide of a late summer day, an air of peace and tranquility had settled over the place; the inhabitants were enjoying a blink of rest after the midday meal. The only person in sight was the country store-keeper, who dozed on a bench in front of his place of business.

Clang!

Suddenly, the sharp peal of a great bell smote the prevailing stillness. The storekeeper's nap was rudely interrupted by the unanticipated sound, which obviously had originated from the bell which hung in an open belfry over the village church.

This event, however, was not without precedence. The phenomenon had occurred at irregular intervals during the summer and had occasioned much heated discussion among the grey beards of the village, who being unable to explain the occurrence, agreed that it was an omen of dire portent and foreboded some calamity to the community. There must be something supernatural about it, they decreed, for no one pulled the bell rope and the bell hung perfectly motionless after each sonorous peal.

On this particular day, after the bell had rung, all of the townsfolk were stirred to activity, but, we are interested in following the movements of but two.

At one end of the village, a fair damsel, having heard the peal which was the source of mystery and speculation, arose from a hammock under a noble maple tree and with animated steps entered a path leading into the nearby forest.

Here, alone, appeared to be one who understood the significance of the peal. Was it a signal? Why did she venture forth into the forest on hearing the bell?

At the same time, from the opposite direction, a young woman with a determined cast of countenance hurried toward the church. She was the village school mistress and was bent on solving the mystery. She climbed to the belfry and made a thorough inspection of it. Finally, she detected a splash of molten lead on the large bell. Her conclusion was that a bullet from a high-powered rifle had been fired from the mountainside across the valley and from such a distance that the sound of the report did not reach the village. This bullet struck the bell with such force that the resulting clang was audible throughout the village. Thus, satisfied that her discoveries solved the mystery, the little school mistress descended the bell-tower stairs.

Meanwhile, in a beautiful forest glade, the rosy cheek of the fair damsel was pressed against the breast pocket of a canvas hunting coat, and an older and far-greater mystery was being solved.

CONSTANCE ANNE McCOY

A Girl Scout's Prayer

A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted.

A Girl Scout is Loyal.

A Girl Scout's Duty is to be Useful and to Help Others.

A Girl Scout is a Friend to All and a Sister to every other Girl Scout.

A Girl Scout is Courteous.

A Girl Scout is a Friend to Animals.

A Girl Scout obeys Orders.

A Girl Scout is Cheerful.

A Girl Scout is Thrifty.

A Girl Scout is Clean in Thought, Word and Deed.

Make me ever mindful of my Girl Scout pledge, and give me strength to keep it unbroken.

Make my ideals high and worthy, and give me courage to uphold them always.

Let me keep in mind my neighbor and help him along the road. Bind me close to my Sister Scouts in all my work and play.

Make me thoughtful of the wishes of others, and let me always be considerate of their happiness.

Endow me with reverence for all God's creatures, and help me to protect them from things that harm.

Make me mindful of the respect due my superiors, and let me cooperate with them in all that is to be done.

Give me a sunny nature and a cheery smile, that I may brighten life's road for someone.

Keep my mind keen to the true value of things, that I may put them to the best use.

Give me a clean mind and a pure heart, that when my Scouting days are over and my Captain questions me, I shall not be found lacking.

Let the Girl Scout Hymn be uppermost in my mind, and let me sing from the depths of my heart:

"Teach me a true Girl Scout to be and I'll not stray afield
Teach me the ways of life to see and how life's tools to wield.
The light that Scoutship sends abroad, is steady, strong and bright.
Help me, O Lord, to see the road and keep it in my sight."

M. F. W., '31

Worthwhile Friendship

Friendship, I believe, is one of the most wonderful things that exist. A true friendship, besides being very rare, is almost divine.

In choosing our friends we should not forget the duty which we owe to ourselves. We all know that we are affected in some way by every life which touches ours. The influence is like atmosphere exhaled by each different personality. Some people create a bad atmosphere. We should instinctively sense these people and avoid their company. Others have a good atmosphere. In their presence we can breathe in safety. It seems strange, yet it is true, that people who see each other as they are, become like each other. Sometimes the result is a tragedy; sometimes it is a miracle. For example, contact with a strong nature inspires us with strength. Contact with those who create a sweet and beautiful atmosphere gives us a new insight, new courage, better faith, and they inspire us to live a nobler life. Every friendship reflects character and affects it.

Also, in the choice of friends, we should not ignore any whom we have decided cannot be our intimates. Although there are only a few to whom we can open the sanctuary of our heart, we should be courteous and kind to all.

Friends should be chosen by a higher standard than one of pleasure or usefulness, selfishness or a weak attraction to evil. They should be chosen for goodness, for truth, and for worthiness. The most important point, then, about selecting friends is knowing what to avoid. A person may be attracted to someone who his conscience tells him is worthless. He may gradually slip into companionship with this set which is deteriorating his character and even his whole life. If he still has the strength of his own good character, he should break away from these relationships at once, for he still owes that duty to himself to be his best, and he can never be that under the influence of evil companions.

I have decided and I hope my reader will agree, that the choice of friends is one of the most serious affairs in life, because a person becomes molded into the likeness of the lines nearest him. It is my aim, and should be everyone's, to make friends who will influence me to live a noble and good life.

L. E. B., '31



Insurance man questioning cowboy:

"Ever have any accidents?"

"No," was the reply.

"Never had an accident in your life?"

"Nope, a rattler bit me once though."

"Well, don't you call that an accident?"

"Hell no. He bit me on purpose."

THE DILEMMA

"..... and to Stephen, I bequeath my black iron box and key, with the following warning: Should you open the box with the key, or in fact any other way, dynamite will explode and blow it to pieces.

In this way I received that little box in the corner, and as yet I haven't tried to open it, but I know it contains great wealth in the form of jewels.

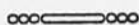
"Let me think," said one of the friends whom I had invited up to my house for a conference on what to do concerning the box. Although he was a clever engineer, his deductions did not seem to help solve the problem either.

"Ah, I have it," cried another one of my friends, and immediately we all rushed over to him demanding that he tell us his ideas. After one-half hour of much debating, my friends decided that I should take the risk that the plan called for, and as I was willing to try almost anything, we decided to make the test on the following Saturday.

When Saturday came, I invited only a few guests who were to aid me, and possibly risk their lives to see if we could gain these riches. I took the key and went over to the box. I myself put the key in the lock, and slowly, oh so tortuously slowly, turned the key. A grinding, grating noise was heard, and our nerves being keyed up to such a high pitch, made us jump. Still slowly I turned the key, and suddenly, without any warning, the cover popped off. We all jumped back, and, much to our surprise and chagrin, saw before us a jack-in-the-box, but to our happiness we saw glittering jewels, and alongside a note, yellow with age, saying: 'Congratulations! Glad you were the one to open this box. The powder sprinkled around is not explosive, but merely black pepper.'

You may be sure that my guests and I didn't sleep very well that night, but the following morning I caught up on my sleep as my mind was greatly relieved.

IRVING RICHTER, '33



A little Swedish boy entered the classroom. It was his first day in school. The teacher called him to the desk and asked:

"What is your name?"

"Yonny Olsen," he said.

"How old are you?"

"Ay not known how old ay bane."

"Well, when were you born?"

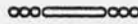
"Ay bane not born at all; ay got stepmutter."

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

It was the night of my birthday. All day long I had used my gifts, and not a frown had darkened my brow. I had dipped into my books and read snatches here and there, anticipating the pleasures they would give me. I had enjoyed the birthday dinner, especially a plum pudding filled with nuts and raisins. I had listened to my grandfather's stories of "the good old days." And suddenly I dreamed.

I found myself in a sunny meadow or rather a plateau looking down upon cornfields, glistening in the sun as with a recent rain. Beyond the fields was a lake of a deep sapphire which seemed to stretch on and on into dark, deep, inestimable depths. A log cabin stood on the lakeshore, and as I looked a family in old-fashioned clothes appeared in the doorway. I thought, "How beautiful is the world." Then suddenly I saw slinking forms stealing toward the happy family. I tried to warn them, but I could not as if in a trance, I heard the people scream, saw them die, and felt untold weights pressing upon me, and a deep, solemn, voice fraught with the pain and sorrow of all the centuries smote upon my ears, "Thou shalt not kill." My head swam and then—Oblivion!

ROBERT ANDREWS



MY DREAM HOUSE

A creamy shell, trimmed soft with green
 A lawn of fresh bright grass;
 A little gate of milken sheen,
 A beautiful flowering mass.

A sky above of deep sea blue,
 A flock of downy clouds;
 A tall pine tree that's ever new,
 With swaying, whispering boughs.

A lot of joy, some sorrow too,
 To make my dream house real;
 A loving heart to see me thru
 And make the spot ideal.

HELEN ROSSMAN

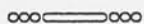
SPRING

Why talk of skies and robins
I've seen enough of those—
Spring only seems to bring to me
A mean cold in my nose.

Although the flow'r's begin to bloom
On meadow and on heath—
I always can remember
That it's sure wet underneath.

But tho' I like the winter,
And summer's just the thing,
And autumn's awfully beautiful—
Lord knows—I love the spring!

LORNA DROWNE, '31



TO LIVE

To live—not merely to exist
Should be our aim in life.
To live, to do the best we can
The end for which we strive.

To make the road a sunny one,
To do our work each day,
To firmly tread the righteous path,
To live, not just to stray.

To have our share of troubles
And staunchly see them through.
To learn to laugh when skies are gray,
The same as when they're blue.

To give to those we daily see,
The best that we can give.
To reach a hand to those in need,
Not to exist—to live.

HELEN ROSSMAN

Junior High School

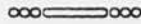
SPRING

Spring is in the air,
And buds are on the trees,
Even the old gray mare
Is prancing about with glee.

Seeds begin to stretch
Beneath the softening sod—
While brooks begin to flow
Over the old gray rocks.

For spring is in the air,
And summer's coming soon;
Who has a single care
As spring begins to bloom?

D. A. D.



THE SAILOR

I'd like to be a sailor
And sail the seven seas
In my good staunch ship with all sails set
Before the evening breeze.

I'd like to be a sailor
And sail the seven seas
But the coming home again
Is the best of life at sea.

WILLIAM EMERY

MUSIC

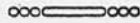
Music is full of rhythm,
It fills the heart with pleasure,
Its source is deeply hidden
Like the tricky pirate's treasure.

A pirate first his men must conquer
And form them in a crew.
To be a good composer,
The musician must his notes subdue.

The pirate must the high seas roam
And capture his wealthy trophy.
The musician spans earth, air, and foam,
To win our little harmony.

The pirate upon some lonely island
Hides his golden treasure.
The musician gives his to the world,
To fill all men with pleasure.

JAMES REED



The Growth of a Tree

First I was a little seed
Upon a man's big hand;
Then in around the soft, cool moss,
I came to take my stand.
First I grew to be a stick,
Beneath the bushes big and thick.
A change came quickly, that ere I knew,
Some blossoms on my stick soon grew;
As years went by I grew so tall,
And blossomed out in spring and fall.
One day a frightful storm passed o'er,
The lightning struck, so I'm no more.

JANE OGSBURY

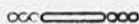
THE MORNING RUSH

A small boy came rushing out of a house in one of our residential districts and tore down the street to the corner, just managing to catch a bus. On the bus he tried to find a seat, but as usual there were none. As a matter of habit, he raised his arm and clasped his hand around a strap with a resigned look upon his face. At each corner more people crowded on the bus. At the corners the driver would sing out "Move back in the bus, please. Plenty of room in the rear."

It was natural that the bus would become crowded toward the rear. The boy, happening to be at the back, got the full benefit of the crush. As the bus would stop to take on passengers, it usually did so very quickly, causing the people to sway back and forth. It was a wonder the straps did not break. The boy, catching a glimpse of the outside world, saw that he had to get off next. He struggled to a signal button and pressed it. No answer. It was worn out. He got a man on the other side of the bus to ring for him and the bus stopped. The bus had no back door so he had to plow his way to the front. He threw people right and left and finally emerged disheveled but triumphantly smiling. He gathered himself together and raced across the street, causing several motorists to have something close to heart failure.

Reaching the school, he rushed into his home room and got his books out. For the next twenty minutes or so, he did several kinds of home-work on which he was supposed to spend about a half an hour each at home the night before. His interest in a certain movie the night before had prevented him from doing the work. When the eight o'clock bell rang, he carefully composed himself and proceeded to his first class, knowing that when he was called on to recite, he would be prepared—for ONCE!

WILLIAM LOWENBERG



My Flower Garden

The flowers in my garden,
Are growing strong and tall.
I planted all the tiny seeds,
Right near the garden wall.
I watered them, and watched them
Grow so fast and tall,
I hope my flower garden,
Will last until the fall.

RUTH BABBITT

CAT TALES



DRAWN BY DUDLEY WALSHBYEAT WASH. D.C. 1928

Buzz, buzz, meow! And the approach of another social event is heralded by the fair sex of this school. Meanwhile each member of the "fare" sex may be heard muttering, "Gosh, I'll bet a 'tux' is uncomfortable." Why, haven't you heard? Milne is having a *formal* dance. Do come and see us in our borrowed finery.

And as to "borrowed" apparel—Fellow Citizens, something must be done about our miniature crime wave. The "Scarface Als" of the school are getting obnoxious (look it up). A similar sign of "one-way borrowing" earlier in the year was checked by the vigilance of all students in school. May I suggest that perhaps if you will only cooperate, we may have the same success this time.

There is something in the air suggesting that Spring is not far away. No, it isn't the increasing strictness of the Faculty and our teachers, although that has its significance. It is the gleam in the eyes of many new society members as they contemplate the possibilities of another initiation. I truly fear for the poor "pledges."

At the twenty-seventh annual "Prize Speaking Contest" the attendance was very meager. It's all the fault of these after-dinner speakers. They spoiled the world for all other orators. However, for you who did not come, the program was worthwhile. Osmond Smith brought distinction to the Sophomore class when he won the boys' medal, while Lorna (Lorna Drowne, of course!) upheld the battered reputation of the Seniors, by her victory.



VARSITY CLUB

Now as the basketball season is over we turn to baseball. We hope that our baseball team this year will have a very successful season and this is assured if we have as good support as the basketball team had. We wish to thank the student body for its wholehearted support which helped to pull the team out of a slump early in the season. Give us your backing at the baseball games and help Milne put a winning team on the diamond.

RONALD SMITH, *Secretary*



The Adelphoi members sincerely hope that everyone has enjoyed the recent Easter vacation.

So far this year the meetings of Adelphoi have been quite successful and have shown a marked literary improvement.

The nineteen new members who were recently initiated into Adelphoi have not only shown great interest in our meetings but have cooperated in every way possible with us.

Our social activities this year have been limited to two theatre parties which were enjoyed by all who attended.

Plans are now under way for another initiation which is to take place in the near future.

R. W. F.



Quin has been forging ahead, and we have many remarkable accomplishments to our credit. The party that the old members gave to the new members was met with marvelous cooperation by all, and it was a great success. The election of new officers has taken place, and the result is one of joyous mention. Quin is planning to support the annual Q. T. S. A., and a card party is being planned. A successful term has been completed by all Quintilians, and we are certain that the coming semester will be auspicious.

R. U.



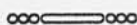
Sigma has been greatly enjoying herself in the past few months with many interesting socials to which Quin has been invited. We are planning a party to be held in the near future which we are sure will be just as enjoyable. Mention has been made to remind us of our annual banquet. All the Sigma girls are eagerly looking forward to the Q. T. S. A., hoping to help make it a greater success than ever. Plans are in preparation for the usual girls' day program.

Sigma sincerely hopes that everyone has had an enjoyable Easter vacation.

R. N.

Alumni Notes

Friends, Milnites and schoolmates,
Lend us your eyes,
And we'll tell you some problems
Which to editors arise.
It isn't so easy as you might suppose,
To get for each issue letters from those
Who will bring us a message that's ever so wise
And interesting, so that you'll read it p'raps twice.
And now for this time we thought it a change
To select our contributors from not a wide range;
We hope that you all will approve our decision,
For we've a message from those within our own vision.
Words of advice and comparison too,
These two belov'd Milnites have written to you.
Please don't think that we've been complaining,
'Cause to fill up the space we're only explaining.
And now we'll leave you to enjoy these our pages—
(And if you'll believe it),
For these clever verses we're receiving no wages.



New York State College
March 21, 1931

DEAR MILNITES:

It seems so incongruous to be writing to persons whom one sees every day. Nevertheless, I felt greatly honored when I was asked to write a letter for the "*Crimson and White*."

As most of you probably know, I am teaching plane geometry. Being a teacher in Milne is of especial interest to me because it gives me the opportunity to experience the two sides of the story—that is, of student and teacher. However, it was not until I became a teacher in Milne that I realized the superior qualities of my Alma Mater. Having studied several teaching methods and education courses, I find that Milne ranks very high scholastically. Naturally, it makes me proud to be graduated from so excellent an institution.

Of course, you have a much finer building than that of four years ago. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the same friendly school spirit exists. I congratulate you on your accomplishments.

A word of advice—if I may venture—appreciate the values of your school now. Do not wait until you become a teacher. You have a fine school. I feel it is a privilege to be connected with Milne. As the old saying goes, "Profit by the experience of others."

Sincerely,

RUTH PARRY HUGHES, '27

P. S.—In reading over my letter it seems rather like a sermon. Please forgive me. I really didn't mean to preach, but sometimes I think we are wont to forget the values of the present, and to "call on the past and future to bear witness we are living."

R. P. H.

State College
March 22, 1931

DEAR MILNITES:

It is quite like old times to be writing for "*The Crimson and White*" again. The biggest difference is that this time "*Crimson and White*" has asked for a letter. I used to write with much doubt whether my contributions would ever reach its pages—and very often they didn't.

I used to wonder, when I was at Milne, how it would seem to be a teacher instead of a pupil. It isn't very different. I had always promised myself that teaching would be fun and it is. It is a great deal more work than I would have believed a few years ago, but when it is the kind one enjoys doing, the work gets done somehow. And I used to assume, in a careless way, that by the time one had finished college, he would have acquired all the information which a reasonable person needs, as well as other less important facts of general interest.

"*Crimson and White*" once printed, in its joke section I think, something which wasn't all humor. There was some pretty solid truth attached. Here it is:

"The Freshman—He who does not know and does not know that he does not know.

The Sophomore—He who does not know and knows that he does not know.

The Junior—He who knows and does not know that he knows.

The Senior—He who knows and knows that he knows."

Well, this particular mortal belongs in the sophomore classification because I am finding so many things to know that it will probably take the rest of my life to make a beginning. So there has certainly been a change in my way of looking at things between Once-Upon-a-Time and Now.

This will be my last letter to "*The Crimson and White*," I suppose. And it won't be many months before I shall have to say good-bye to Milne all over again too.

I wish you all as pleasant memories of Milne as those I keep.

Sincerely,

JEAN M. GILLESPIE, '27



"The High School Recorder"—Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Literary department shows real talent; the advertisements show co-operation.

"The Forum"—Lockport, N. Y.

Excellent cover design for the Valentine issue—"Study Hall News" is very amusing!

"The Tiger Cub"—Hastings, Nebraska

A complete paper, containing remarkable material in the editorials.

"The Patrician"—Aquinas High School, Columbus, Ohio

The page on sports is very good. The amount of advertisements show hard work. May we suggest?—a few more cuts would add greatly.

"The Hermonite"—Mount Hermon, Massachusetts

Your "Poet's Corner" is excellent. The editorials contain some valuable common sense. Come again!

"Academe"—Albany Girls' Academy

We found your winter number attractive, amusing, and peppy. After reading your "Book Reviews," we decided that the young critics knew what they were talking about.

"Oracle"—Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y.

"Poet's Corner," and the jokes seemed to stand out in this publication. Both happened to be good, too.

"Maroon and White"—Bay Ridge High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This is by far the finest school magazine we have yet received. Its make-up is excellent, and the "interviews" are something novel and interesting.



SPORTING EVENTS

Milne Completes 1930-31 Campaign

Another season of Basketball has just been completed in Milne High, and generally speaking it may be considered as a success.

The team got off to rather a poor start this year, and consequently dropped four games in succession. The cause for this can be generally contended to over-confidence, but when fighting spirit and morale was raised the boys were unable to be defeated. Probably one of the immediate causes lies in the fact that a number of the games were played away from home, and a general lack of support was evident; however when the team played at home the attendance was very good, and the team wishes at this time to thank all the students who supported them during the campaign.

Coach Baker's prophecy, earlier in the season, that our boys would not be able to win in the first part of the year evidently held true. This is proven by the four defeats at the beginning, and the comeback of victory upon victory later on. The team contends most of its success to the help and hard work of assistant coach "Charlie" Lyons. Let the whole school give him a hand of cheer; his interest did a great deal toward keeping Milne on the map. Both he and Coach Baker remarked that they did not expect as much from the team as they showed; however, both believe that next year's team should be very successful, owing to the fact that few regulars will be lost through graduation. Of course it is hard to forget the 1929-30 team, but let's all look forward to having an equally as good a team next year.

In the first game this year the opposition was afforded by the Paramount Boys' Club, and our boys had an apparently easy time turning them back by the score of 26 to 13. The game was well played and every member on our team did his part toward earning the victory. This game set the team's confidence high and in the game the following week their confidence even reached a point that was harmful. In this second game Milne was opposed by the strong Watervliet High team, and a victory was not expected; however the boys swept aside all previous expectations of the pessimists and turned back the invasion by a score of 25 to 21. This game proved to be a very hard-fought contest, and it afforded interest throughout every minute of play. Our team started out with a rush, scoring ten of its points in the first few minutes of play. This broke the spirit of the Watervliet boys and they were never able, throughout the game, to gain possession of the lead. They showed great team work and ability however, and

proved to be one of the best teams encountered during the season. A substitution of the second team toward the end of the game allotted the visitors six points, which probably would not have been scored against the first team.

From this point on the Milne boys met with a series of setbacks the first of which was encountered at Cobleskill in a game with the local high school. This game was played on a poor court and advantage was decidedly in favor of the home boys. It was a hard-fought contest and many of our fellows believe that we should have won if the game were played at home. The scoring was slow in this game, the score at half time being 3 to 2 in favor of Cobleskill. During the second half our boys took the lead, and then lost it during the last few minutes of play, the final score being 15 to 11.

Our hard luck continued for the next three weeks dropping games to Troy Country Day School, Industrial High, and the State College Freshmen. The Troy game was a bitter defeat because our team had no fight, no morale, and were unable to do any amount of consistent scoring, resulting in an easy victory for the Troy boys, the final score being 32 to 16. Most of our players were wishing for a return game with their team, but because of certain conditions this was made impossible.

Our next defeat was encountered in School 14 at the hands of the Industrial High School. This was what is known as a "hard luck" game in basketball, because the defeat was by only one point, the score being 20 to 19. This game was hard fought all the way through, and it is the writer's opinion that if certain conditions had been better and if all of our first team had been present, Milne would have been victorious.

The High School encountered the State Frosh in its annual game on February the sixth. The Frosh having rather a strong team this year, the game resulted in a 41 to 27 victory for them. The High School boys showed lots of "pepper" and "fight" that night and completely outplayed the Frosh during the first period; however the stamina of the High School boys did not equal that of the College fellows and consequently during the latter minutes of play the Frosh were able to hang up quite a number of baskets. Most of the Frosh scoring was done by two players, Garrett and Brooks, and not by the fellows who usually showed up good in other Freshmen and Varsity games. If our fellows who played these two players that night had been in their usual form, it is contended that the High School team would have stood a better show.

This game ended our streak of defeats and starting the following week at Delmar the team continued to take the remaining games on the schedule. The Delmar game proved to be the most exciting one of the season, and those of you who saw it, I believe will heartily agree, the final score of 20 to 19 not being decided until the last ten seconds of play. At half time, after a hard-fought period, Milne was leading 8 to 4, two of Delmar's four points having been scored on fouls. However Delmar came back strong the next half and tied the score

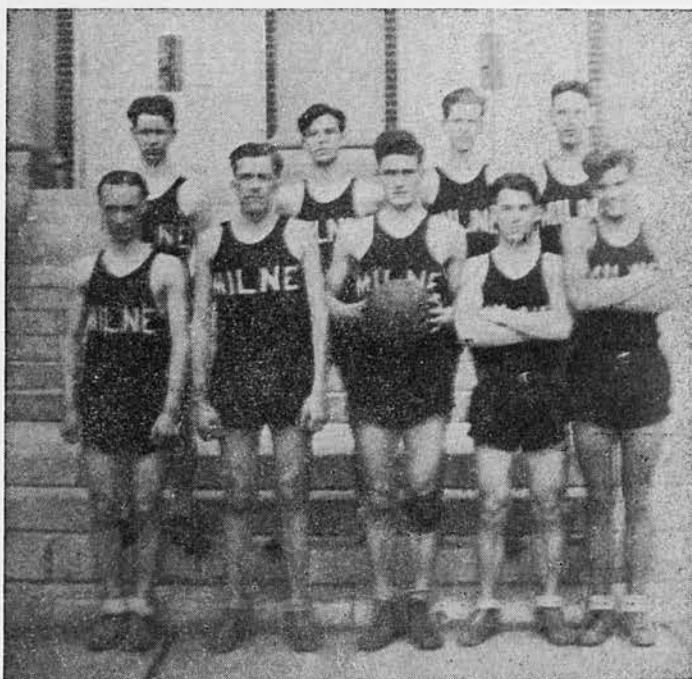
within a few minutes of play. From this point on the score varied by about one point's difference, and at the end of the third period it was a tie. During the final session of play Delmar led most of the way and it looked as though our boys were going to register another defeat. The Milne team became more excited by the loud shoutings of the crowd that packed the sidelines, and with but a minute of play remaining one of our boys was fouled in the act of shooting, but because of the tenseness of the game he had the misfortune to miss both free throws. The ball never left the Milne territory, however, and with but a few seconds of play remaining a field goal was registered by the Milne team. This game was very well played throughout and it aided our boys in winning their remaining games. This game was also "hard luck" defeat for the Delmar team, and this was realized by our boys, as they also had encountered such a defeat at the hands of Industrial.

The following week Milne played host to its alumni, the members of the graduating team being Eggleston, Rosbrook, Wiley, York, Ramroth and Sharpe. This was a surprising victory for the Varsity as everyone was expecting an overwhelming victory for the alumni. However the game was very well played and it afforded plenty of excitement, the final score being 30 to 28.

Delmar again formed our opposition on the 28th and this time did not prove to be such hard combatants. Milne took the lead early in the game and were never able to be overcome. The final score was 25 to 16 and although it is not shown by this result, nevertheless the Milne team completely out-played its opponents.

In the last game of the season Milne played host to the Industrial team and had an easy time taking them over by a score of 27 to 16. The game was very well played, and throughout the Milne boys flashed a form that was lacking during the first part of the season, and one that netted them most of their latter victories. There was quite a feeling of regret in this game on the part of some of our boys as they realized it was their last for dear old Milne, and probably this was the basic reason for such a good game.

If one remembers the list of games correctly he will realize that there were many coincidents formed in playing off the contests. In the first place it will be remembered that Milne was defeated by Industrial by the score of 20 to 19, and two weeks later they began their campaign of victories by defeating Delmar by the same score. Another coincident lies in the fact that our last defeat was at the hands of Industrial and also our last victory was scored against Industrial. Such coincidents as these are constantly being formed in basketball campaigns and it is quite amusing to figure them out.



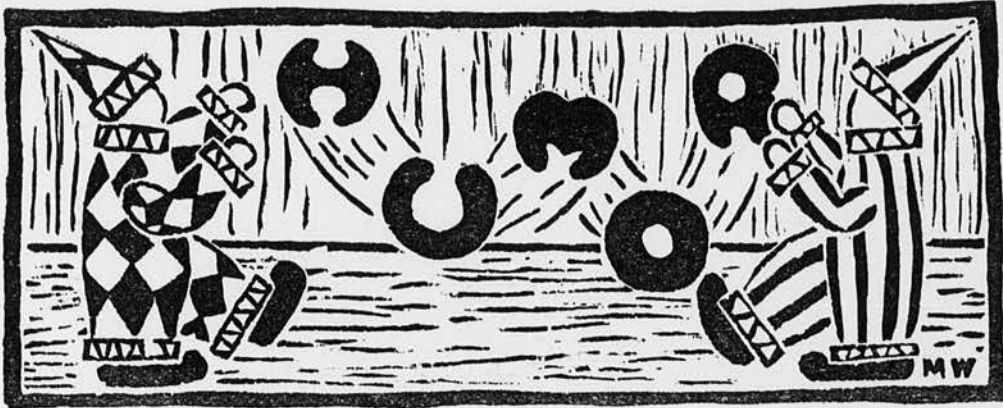
Baseball Notes

Coach Baker will be telling the boys to get out their gloves pretty soon and begin to practice, as the warm days are steadily approaching. Practice sessions will be held every afternoon at Ridgefield Park. Let's have big turnouts for the games this year as they all will be played at a convenient time.

The following is the schedule that has been arranged; up to the time of writing, for this season's campaign:

DATE	GAME	PLACE
Friday, May 1	Milne vs. Troy Country Day	Away
Tuesday, May 5	Milne vs. Albany Academy	Away
Wednesday, May 13	Milne vs. Industrial High	Away
Wednesday, May 20	Milne vs. Scotia High	Away
Friday, May 29	Milne vs. Industrial High	Home
Saturday, May 23	Milne vs. Scotia High	Home
Saturday, June 2	Milne vs. Albany Academy	Home

R. F. P.



JUST IMAGINE:—

Prof. Sayles being unable to call "flunks."
 "Bud" Donnelly being on time for school.
 Lola without "Elmer."
 Paul Beik as a class nuisance.
 Ray Carvel and Janeth Whittemore at the Q. T. S. A. together.
 Lois Potter flunking anything.
 Oscar Tausig as a cheer leader.
 Emily Williams at a "fast" party.
 Kenneth Phelps without a grin.
 Emma Grace without her horses.
 Roger Towne acting "grown up."
 Adelaide without Janet, and vice versa.
 Miss Shaver not having to sign any excuses for tardiness.
 Caroline Twitchell not being pessimistic.
 The girls' locker room without a mirror.
 "Bob" Harding with his feet out of the aisle.
 Jayne Buckley without an imagination.
 "Willie" Munsinger out for track.
 "Dot" Boom at a library table without "one" of the basketball team.
 "Ginny" Garrison with *all* of her home work done.
 Milne with as many boys as girls.
 Arthur Brumaghim ——— (?)
 Ruth McMahan going home without any school books.
 The sophomore girls without the junior boys.
 The Milne library without Miss Redway.
 Jennie Hughes missing anything.
 Betty Rapp sitting still for two minutes at one time.
 Rhea, Ruth, Dorothy and Alma eating in the college cafeteria.
 Katherine Stott staying *in* Milne High School after school.

A "FRIEND" (Believe it or not)

“ We All Make Them ”

(Taken From Recent Examination Papers)

1. The oracle told Loins that if he had a son it would kill him.
2. The Papal Bull was really a cow that was kept at the Vatican to supply milk for the Pope's children.
3. A polygon is a dead parrot.
4. A skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outside off.
5. Cassius was a vile selfish man who was always doing his best to make his own ends meet.
6. Keats is a poet who wrote on a greasy turn.
7. Syncopation is emphasis on a note that is not in the piece.
8. Degrees of comparison of “Bad.”
Bad: Very sick; dead.
9. The opposite of evergreen is nevergreen.
10. The wife of a duke is a ducky.
11. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.
12. All brutes are imperfect animals. Man alone is a perfect beast.
13. Martin Luther died a horrible death. He was ex-communicated by a bull.
14. Henry VIII had an abcess on his knee which made walking difficult.

A little miss of four noticed a spaniel whose tail had been cut off leaving only a short stump. Calling to her mother she asked: “Say mamma, did that dog's tail get broke off or did they drive it in?”

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SMART TOGS FOR GIRLS, TOO

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

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STATE STREET

Rozbrook (hunting)—And how can you detect an elephant?

Bill Gray—You can smell a faint odor of peanuts on its breath.

Chem. Prof.—Oxygen is essential to all animal existence. There can be no life without it. Yet, strange to say, it was discovered only a century ago.

Frosh—What did they do, then, sir, before it was discovered?

First cannibal—Our chief has hay fever.

Second cannibal—What brought it on?

First cannibal—He ate a grass widow.

She—"Don't you want to tango?"

"Indeed, I do," said Herbie. "I want to dance it the worst way."

She—"Oh well, you'll have to excuse me. There are laws against that you know."

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First Indian—Let's go on the warpath.

Second Indian—Can't; it's being paved, and there's a detour sign up.

Employment Agent—What kind of a job are you looking for?

Herbie—Oh, striking a gong in a hothouse every time a century plant blooms.

Watkins—What is an operetta?

Getman—Don't be foolish; it's a girl who works for the telephone company.

Teacher—Define the first person.

Frosh—Adam.

Editor—This line is devoted to Philip.

Ass't Editor—To Philip who?

Editor—To Philip Space.

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Barbara Hall—Have you an envelope?

E. G.—Just because I'm sitting still, don't think I'm stationary.

Teacher—What does 'Pax in bello' means?

Towne—Freedom from indigestion.

Munsinger—You're the greatest soup eater in the universe.

Brumagin—How's that?

Munsinger—Well, I've seen soup siphoned and gargled, but you're the first one I ever saw who yodels it.

Author—You can't appreciate it; you never wrote a book.

Critic—No, and I have never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelette than any hen in the country.

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Lorna—Only my conscience!

Admiring Visitor—How do you account for your success as a Futuristic Artist?

M. Williams—I use a model with the hiccoughs.

Herbie—Daddy, what was the date of the battle of Waterloo?

Daddy—I don't know.

Herbie—You don't know! And to think that tomorrow I shall be punished for your ignorance.

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